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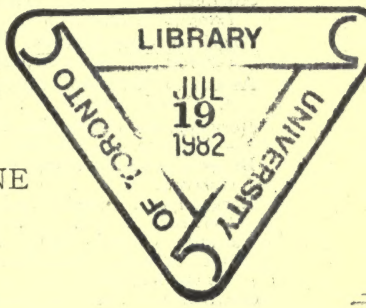

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THE ENGLISH ROYAL COMMISSION ON DIVORCE.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.

AT first sight it might seem that a discussion of the recent Report* of the (English) Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes must be doubly out of place in the pages of an American Catholic journal. For, on the one hand, this official document is concerned solely with possible suggested legislation which could only affect British subjects, or, to speak more precisely, those who are inhabitants of England and of certain British possessions overseas. And, on the other hand, Catholics who are opposed on principle to any divorce, in the sense in which the word is understood in this Report, cannot, it would seem, be in a position to appreciate or discuss the arguments and evidence in regard to proposals for granting further facilities for divorce, and extending its dubious advantages to new classes of the community. For this reason, it may be presumed, no Catholic is found among the members of the Commission, though some representative Catholics, it is true, gave evidence in the course of the inquiry.

None the less it will be found, on further reflection, that there are good reasons why the Catholics, and the non-Catholics also, of the United States should give this document their serious attention. For though directly and more immediately it may affect

*_Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes:_ presented to Parliament by command of His Majesty. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1912.

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British subjects only, in such matters as matrimonial legislation what is done in one land cannot fail to have some effect, whether for good or evil, among other nations.

And Americans, it may be added, have a more special reason to be interested in the proposals set forth in this English Official Report. For they will find that what may be called the American argument fills a conspicuous place in its pages. To put this in a few words, it may be said that the Commissioners who sign the Majority Report recommend such further facilities for divorce as would make the English law on this matter approximately the same as that already in force in many States of the Union. And though they do not follow it in every respect, and look for some light and leading elsewhere, it is hardly too much to say that American divorce law is their great example and source of inspiration.

On the other hand, it will be found that the three distinguished signatories of the Minority Report, who offer a strenuous opposition to the proposed changes, make a powerful and effective appeal to American experience in this matter. They point to the outstanding fact "that in the case of the great English-speaking American people, which has, and for many years has had, a Divorce Law largely similar to that which our colleagues would see established in this country, the number of divorces has grown rapidly year by year."

This moral is further enforced by a reference to the formation of the "American National League for the Protection of the Family," and the minority cite some emphatic words of its Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Samuel Dike, on the evils resulting from easy divorce. And after noticing and discussing the argument that the increase in American divorces was due to the independence of the several States and the facility of immigration, etc., they go on to say:

> After making all allowances for differences of national temperament, climate, and circumstances between England and the United States, we are bound to recognize that the two countries have too much in common to make it probable that if we in England adopt what are substantially the American grounds for divorce, we shall escape the grave disasters which have admittedly followed their adoption in the United States.

American readers, we imagine, can scarcely remain indifferent

to this spectacle of English legislators and social reformers, drawn one way by the example of American laws, and in the opposite direction by the lessons of American experience. But comment on this aspect of the divided Report of the Royal Commission had better be left in the safe hands of American Catholic critics.

In much the same way, it may be said, that while Catholics would not be directly affected by any of the suggested changes in the Divorce Laws, such a document as the present Report undoubtedly challenges criticism from a Catholic standpoint. We cannot well be content to let it pass as something in no wise concerning our own people. For in any case the Catholic objection to divorce is not a mere matter of domestic discipline, like clerical celibacy, for example. Our defense of this latter rule need not imply any censure on those without the Church and free from any such obligation. On the contrary, the Catholic belief in the absolute indissolubility of marriage applies in principle to the marriages of those who are not Catholics. And even if it were the case that divorce laws had no effect on our own people, we must needs regard the growing tendency to relax the bond of Christian marriage as a grave national evil, and do all in our power, whether by word or political action, to arrest its fatal progress.

But here, again, there are further and more special reasons why Catholics should take an active part in this struggle. For it is clear to all who understand the influence of evil example and environment that the disastrous effect of increased facilities for divorce among Protestants must carry with it some danger to the morality of their Catholic neighbors and fellow citizens. And what is more, many of the arguments here brought together to make out a case for these further facilities, constitute, however unconsciously and indirectly, an indictment of the Catholic system; and naturally challenge some answering defense of our own position. It is true that the Report, as becomes its official character, is free from anything like religious controversy. We can notice nothing in the nature of offensive language, unless it be one passage quoted from an old Protestant bishop of the seventeenth century.* And if the evidence of the Catholic witnesses examined by the Com-

*"The distinction betwixt bed and board and the bond is new, never mentioned in the Scripture, and unknown to the ancient Church; devised only by the canonists and schoolmen in the Latin Church (for the Greek Church knows it not), to serve the Pope's turn the better, till he got it established in the Council of Trent, at which time, and never before, he laid his anathema upon all them that were of another mind; forbidding all men to marry, and not to make any use of Christ's concession." These are the words used by Bishop Cozens in Lord Ross' case.

missioners has unfortunately had little effect on the conclusions set forth in the Report, their views are treated with becoming respect.

But this very freedom from polemical prejudice, and the generally impartial tone of the Report, will only serve to make any incidental misrepresentation of Catholic teaching, or any disparagement of Catholic principles, and practice doubly dangerous. For a discerning reader, who would make a large allowance for ignorance or bias if he found these things in a no Popery tract, might more easily be led astray by the strangely misleading language of the Commissioners who were conducting an official inquiry, and had taken evidence from competent Catholic witnesses. For this reason it will be well to enter an emphatic protest against the account of Catholic practice given in the following passage of the Report:

> The only divorce which the pre-Reformation Church recognized, and its courts granted, was a divorce *a mensâ et thoro* (equivalent to what is now termed a judicial separation), as the Church held that a valid marriage between Christians was indissoluble. The hardships which result from holding marriage indissoluble were, however, mitigated by a system of effecting complete divorce by means of decrees of nullity, the grounds of which were numerous. [Referring to the rules as to the forbidden degrees of consanguinity and affinity, Sir Lewis Dibden says]: " These elaborate, and highly artificial rules produced a system under which marriages theoretically indissoluble, if originally valid, could practically be got rid of by being declared null *ab initio* on account of the impediment of relationship. This relationship might consist in some remote or fanciful connection between the parties or their godparents, unknown to either of them until the desire to find a way out of an irksome union suggested minute research into pedigrees for obstacles—a search which somehow seems to have been generally successful."
>
> The grounds still recognized by the Roman Catholic Church for declaring a marriage null are given by Monseigneur *(sic.)* Moyes as fifteen in number.

Now it is scarcely necessary to say that this passage, which has a conspicuous place in the early pages of the Report, is a ludicrous misrepresentation of the Catholic position. This is obvious to anyone who is really familiar with Catholic history in the past and Catholic practice in the present day. But we fear

that too many readers may be unaware of this, and may readily accept this as a faithful account of the facts. They may fail to observe that this curious description of the Catholic system is taken from a Protestant authority; and that the Catholic witnesses (who would certainly have repudiated this perversion of facts) is merely cited for a simple figure. And as few who read the Report will also study the voluminous evidence for themselves, it is probable that many will remain unaware that some of the aforesaid fifteen grounds of dissolution would also hold good in English law (which, on the other hand, has several grounds *not* admitted by the Church).

It is, withal, some relief to note that the misrepresentation is certainly not malicious. For though it may be thought an absurdity, the alleged system of annulling marriages *theoretically indissoluble* is really regarded as mitigating the hardships otherwise involved in the Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage. But however honest and well-meaning they may be, these interpreters of the Catholic "system" are strangely at fault in their account of its purpose and mode of operation.

It is hardly necessary to say that we have no desire to dispute or minimize the true facts on which this strange statement is, apparently, founded. It is certainly true that while the Catholic Church resolutely refuses to acknowledge divorce, in the sense in which the word is here understood (*i. e.*, the complete dissolution of a marriage originally valid), she allows such separation with liberty to remarry in cases where the original contract is proved to have been null and void *ab initio,* by reason of some diriment impediment, and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise.

For the most rigid, consistent, and absolute doctrine of the indissolubility of the marriage bond could not have the effect of holding together those who, *ex hypothesi,* were *not* married.

It is also true that before the time of Innocent III. (1216), and not as the Report implies in the whole period before the Reformation, the forbidden degrees were numerous, and presented considerable difficulty—which was the great Pope's main reason for reducing them.

And it is, further, the fact, that in this matter, as elsewhere, the law has occasionally been abused by evil-minded men, by false evidence, or by intimidating bishops subservient to their authority. But the serious student of Church history may well be filled with wonder when he reads the above account of the Catholic system, and learns how easy it was to be successful in the search for satisfactory

evidence of nullity, and thus dissolve a bond "theoretically indissoluble."

For if this were really the case, how came it that so many powerful princes, from Lothaire in the ninth century to Henry of England in the sixteenth, found the bond so hard to break, and even whole kingdoms were shaken by their unavailing efforts? The divorce of Lothaire might be sanctioned by local bishops and subservient councils, but the Pope annulled the iniquitous sentence. Philip Augustus of France could persuade the Archbishop of Rheims to divorce him from his Danish bride on a pretense of affinity, but Innocent III., by laying his kingdom under an interdict, compelled the king to take back his true wife. King John, it is true, was more successful in getting free from his union with Avice of Gloucester on the plea of consanguinity, in spite of the Pope's remonstrance that the impediment had been removed by a dispensation. But if wrong was done in that case, the success assuredly brought its own punishment in its train. And it may be remarked that it was the same great Pontiff who, after rebuking these lawless kings, took steps to reduce and simplify the forbidden degrees of consanguinity and affinity (c. 8 X. *de consanguinitate et affinitate*).

The repeated failure of powerful princes, in corrupt and lawless times, should suffice to show that the average sensual man could have little hope of success without genuine and convincing evidence. And a little knowledge of the facts would serve to dissipate this illusion of a systematic use of decrees of nullity as a working substitute for divorce in the case of Catholics who have contracted unhappy marriages. For these decrees are only granted on real grounds, which are by no means so numerous and fanciful as these writers imagine. And in the case of most Catholics afflicted with those matrimonial troubles, for which Protestants seek a dubious remedy in the divorce courts, there is no possibility of getting a decree of nullity. This is really a plain question of fact, not a disputable opinion. And the candid and impartial Protestant, who will examine the evidence for himself, will certainly find that our Catholic marriages are really indissoluble in practice as well as in theory.

This explanation, it may be hoped, will be enough to dispose of this initial misrepresentation of the Catholic system. But when once the notion of this illusory mitigation is out of the way, we find ourselves left to bear the full force of all the arguments and

evidence gathered together in this Report, to show the necessity of a simple and facile system of divorce, and to oppress us with a painful picture of the terrible sufferings and immorality that must almost inevitably follow where no such remedy is available.

It is true, as we have said, that these well-meaning Commissioners are not assailing Catholics or writing and arguing against them. And although they briefly notice other and divergent views on this question, in the main they seem to make the present English law their point of departure, and, declining to discuss the opinion of those who would fain do away with divorce altogether, they proceed to consider the advisability of increasing the grounds on which divorce may be granted, and bringing the remedy, now monopolized by the rich, within easy reach of the poorer classes. Thus, for the most part, their arguments seem to be directly addressed to those who agree on the common ground that divorce is a rightful and a real remedy. And it may be freely allowed that when once this fundamental principle is granted, their arguments hang together with a logical sequence, and their practical conclusions are by no means unreasonable.

Certainly if divorce be, as they suppose, a rightful and real remedy for evils, so very real and so very common, it is obviously unfair that it should be confined to the rich, or to only a small section of the victims of unhappy marriages. And it is idle to deny that as the Act of 1857 was the logical sequel of the system of divorce by act of Parliament, which was a privilege of the very rich, so is this further extension of facilities for divorce a logical sequel of the Act of 1857. But we may be permitted to remark that we can easily see that the same logical sequence will eventually carry the reformers yet further on their path of destruction.

But while the underlying argument of this Report is thus directly addressed to those who admit this common ground that divorce *a vinculo* is a real and rightful remedy, all that is said concerning the evils that follow from its inaccessibility to the poorer classes of the community, must needs hit those who would refuse this remedy altogether.

And if the reader accepts what is said, and blames the system which puts a prohibitive price on divorce, he must also blame the Catholic system which will not allow it at any price. Thus, we are given an imposing array of facts and authoritative opinions, all tending to warrant the conclusion of the Commissioners that "the remedy of judicial separation is an unnatural and unsatis-

factory remedy, leading to evil consequences (*i. e.*, to immorality), and that it is inadequate in cases where married life has become practically impossible." And the further conclusion is drawn that by the extension of grounds for divorce, and by improved and less costly methods of procedure, such parties should be enabled to obtain what is, apparently, a more natural and more satisfactory remedy in a complete dissolution of their marriage.

Yet, elsewhere in the Report, in an earlier stage of the discussion, the reader is warned that the aforesaid judicial separations must still be retained, not only as a protection for the very poor, but also " because these orders afford a remedy for Roman Catholics and persons disapproving of divorce." And thus he is reminded that for Catholics there can, as it would seem, be nothing but an inadequate and unnatural remedy.

It is on this very matter, moreover, that Bishop Cozens was speaking when he condemns the distinction " betwixt bed and board and the bond " as something devised by canonists and schoolmen to serve the turn of the Pope, who is accused of " forbidding all men to marry, and not to make any use of Christ's concession." (*Cf.* above p. 3.)

It is obvious, as we have said, that many readers may well be moved by such passages to form a very unfavorable opinion of the Catholic system. And though the Commissioners themselves refrain from any such controversial recrimination, some readers, we fear, may be tempted to go farther, and make the Pope and his hard, inexorable law the *fons et origo mali.*

For it is certainly the case that many advanced advocates of marriage-law reform do regard the indissoluble marriage bond as part of an obsolete or antiquated ecclesiastical system, from which the Protestant Churches have been but partly emancipated, while Rome still maintains it in full rigor.

The old Protestant bishop would probably find many to agree with him in throwing the chief blame on the Pope, since this troublesome doctrine of indissolubility comes down to us in a well-knit system of dogmas and laws, finding their main sanction and support in Papal authority.

It would obviously be out of place to attempt any vindication of the Pope's authority on the present occasion, for the problem of divorce and marriage-law reform is quite enough by itself; and there is no need to perplex the reader with an incidental discussion on Papal supremacy and infallibility. Yet it may not be amiss

to remark that a right appreciation of the Pope's position in this question of divorce should be enough to upset most Protestant or Rationalist theories on the origin and growth of the Papal power and authority.

For all who do not accept the Catholic belief as to the origin of the Papacy, must needs hold that the Pope claims high powers which are not really his. And some are prepared to explain how these pretensions have grown and developed in the course of time; how favorable circumstances have been turned to account; what use has been made of political changes; what part has been played by the Donation of Constantine or the forged Decretals.

There is, indeed, a large literature of historical controversy, or controversial history, wherein the Papacy appears as an ever-increasing and encroaching power, ever on the alert in its own interest, strengthening and consolidating old claims or advancing others in new directions. And it may be admitted that even in unskilled hands the argument may sometimes be plausible and imposing. But there is one plain fact that cannot by any ingenuity be reconciled with this reading of Papal history; and this is the attitude of the Popes in this matter of divorce and marriage. For what would that attitude have been on the Protestant hypothesis of arrogant ambition and ever-increasing claims? The Pope would surely claim the most absolute and extensive power over the bond of marriage. And it is easy to see what a far-reaching influence it would give him in his dealings with kings and princes if he claimed a paramount and exclusive power of dissolving the bond of a valid marriage.

Yet with all the plausible arguments that might be used to support this claim, and all the motives that might recommend it to crafty or ambitious Pontiffs, there is the one plain luminous fact in all the dark history of political intrigues and matrimonial troubles, that they never arrogated to themselves the power of putting asunder those whom God had joined together. Even in the case of the decrees of nullity, the Popes only claimed the right of judging as to the facts and interpreting the law. And all that they risked and suffered in resisting the imperious demands of mighty princes, shows how strictly they acted according to law and justice in this matter. For when they resolutely refused to annul a marriage not really void *ab initio,* they were not denying a grace they might have granted if they would. Here, as in many other

matters, the Papal refusal is a *non possumus*. Like the great rebel in a later age, each one of the mediæval Popes who refused to dissolve the bond of a royal marriage said, in effect, I cannot do otherwise *(Ich kann nicht anders)*.

In the case of Henry VIII., it is true that powerful interests were at work on both sides, and the fear of England was balanced by the fear of the imperial power. But in other cases the Popes risked everything for the cause of justice alone. Thus in the case of Lothaire, the injured wife herself joined in the prayer for a dissolution, and the Pope, though driven from his palace, would never consent to annul the marriage. And when we turn to a later page of history, after the lapse of a thousand years, we find another Roman Pontiff resisting the power of Napoleon, and firmly refusing to dissolve the bond of marriage between Jerome Bonaparte and his Protestant American bride. The letter of Pius VII. to Napoleon on the Bonaparte-Patterson case makes the Pope's position in this matter perfectly clear, and plainly shows that he disclaims any power or right of dissolving a full and valid Christian marriage.*

Protestant controversialists have much to tell us of the arrogance of the Roman Pontiffs, who set themselves, as it would seem, above the law of God. Yet, here we find the Popes consistently disclaiming the possession of a power which is now freely claimed by the meanest mushroom state in Christendom.

It may seem that we have been led away from the question of divorce, considered in itself, to the perennial discussion of Papal authority. Yet, as a matter of fact, it will be found that the principle involved in the Roman *non possumus* contains the key of the problem. As we turn the pages of this Report we find the words of witnesses, or of the Commissioners themselves, enlarging on the evils that follow from the want of divorce, and arguing that this saving remedy should be granted with greater facility, and not only for adultery, but for a variety of other reasons. And as we read of the widespread immorality and suffering ensuing in a society under the present limitations and difficulties, we might be tempted to think it right and reasonable to give these further facilities and this bold extension of the grounds of divorce.

But before proceeding to discuss the advisability of the suggested reforms, it would be well to ask by what authority it is

*See the letter in Artaud de Montor's *Lives of the Popes*, English translation.

proposed to dissolve the bond of marriage in these cases? The Popes, as we have seen in the plentitude of their power, felt that this was beyond their competence. Modern Parliaments, rushing in where the Pontiffs feared to tread, freely pass bills of divorce, or erect courts empowered to grant decrees of dissolution. But does it follow that they really have this power, and that the parties thus divorced are really free? Bishop Cozens, in the forcible passage quoted above, boldly talks of "Christ's concession." But, of course, he is only thinking of divorce for adultery, then defended primarily by appeal to the excepting clause in Matthew—a text which is variously interpreted by Catholic commentators, and is now apparently regarded by some Protestant critics as an interpolation.* But divorce for other grounds, at any rate, cannot be defended in this manner. And the authority on which this can be granted is still to seek. Are we to suppose that the power of the state, unlike that of the Pope, had absolutely no limit in these matters, and that Blackstone's "omnipotence of Parliament" is to be taken literally, and holds good in the domain of morals? Will it be competent for some future Commission to recommend, and some future Parliament to pass, a law allowing a Christian people the practice of polygamy?

For a Catholic (may we say, for a Christian?) these questions should answer themselves. And the only answer is that there is no power really competent to put asunder those whom God hath joined together. In the light of this plain principle, it will be readily seen that most of the arguments of our Report proceed upon a false assumption. Thus one of the strongest and most effective arguments is that drawn from the immorality resulting from the impossibility or inaccessibility of divorce. The parties who get separation orders, because divorce is out of their reach, very frequently form other and irregular unions. And the same thing often happens with those whose partners have become permanent inmates of prisons or lunatic asylums. And it is suggested that if divorce were only given with greater facility, and granted on these additional grounds, most of these irregular unions might be converted into legal marriages. But, apart from some practical objections which may be urged against the expediency of the pro-

*Thus one of the witnesses, the Rev. J. Cooper, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasglow, and a minister of the Church of Scotland, considers it doubtful whether the clause, "Except for fornication," was ever spoken by our Lord.

posed remedy, it may be remarked that the reasoning of these reformers is somewhat superficial. It is, apparently, agreed on all sides that these irregular unions are immoral. But it remains to ask wherein this deplorable immorality consists, and whether it can be removed by any mere legal proceedings. To us, at any rate, it is clear that the immorality lies in living with one who is the wife or husband of another; that this is something wrong in itself, and that will be just as immoral however much it may be declared legal. Ardent social reformers, in questions of temperance, for example, are often reminded that we cannot make people moral by act of Parliament. And though this is certainly true as it stands, it is often used to suggest the false idea that nothing can be done in these matters by Legislative measures. But be this as it may, it is at any rate entirely true that immorality can never be made moral by act of Parliament.

It may be difficult to get men of the modern world, with its loose ideas of marriage, to understand how Catholics view such plausible proposals of removing the immorality of the aforesaid irregular unions by a legal dissolution of the existing but disregarded bonds of marriage with others. But it may be possible to illustrate our position by an analogous suggestion in regard to something which the modern world still considers sacred. The analogy is naturally suggested by the juxtaposition of the Ninth and Tenth Commandments, in which the sin of coveting a neighbor's wife is associated with the sin of coveting his possessions. This may remind us that sexual sin is not the only form of immorality, and that offences resulting from the violation of the last commandment are still unhappily common.

And, certainly, if many are unhappily living with wives or husbands who rightfully belong to others, there are also many who are wrongfully in the enjoyment of their neighbor's goods and chattels. But what would be thought of a modest suggestion that this wholesale dishonesty might be healed by an act of ex-prohibition, annulling all previous rights in such property, and transferring it to those who now hold it in their hands without legal warrant? Would such a measure really make the wrongful possessors a whit more honest? Yet in reality there is really more to be said for such measures in questions of this kind: for the state might really take over private property, and in certain exceptional circumstances it may interfere with the rights of the original

owner, for the sake of peace and in the interest of the whole community. But there is no room for the right of eminent domain in the case of a man with his wife.

It may be thought that Catholics only take this ground on ecclesiastical principles, because marriage is a Sacrament, and the Church which has all Sacraments in her keeping has declared the bond to be indissoluble. And, no doubt the sacred nature of a Sacrament adds a higher sanction and a higher force to the human contract of marriage, and the Papal decrees on this matter give greater certainty and security to our belief in the doctrine of indissolubility. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the indissolubility in this matter is only something sacramental or ecclesiastical. That this is not the case is very clearly shown by the marked difference which the Church herself makes between *matrimonium ratum* and *matrimonium consummatum.* When nothing has taken place but the contract and ceremony in the church, the Sacrament of Matrimony has already been received. But this *matrimonium ratum,* as it is called, though valid and binding, can still be dissolved by Papal authority, or by religious profession. And it is only when the parties have actually lived together as husband and wife that the Church feels that she no longer has any power to dissolve their bond of union.

On the other hand, a marriage contracted by pagans is not a sacrament. Yet though this may be dissolved in the exceptional circumstances known as the case of the Apostle, it is otherwise regarded as indissoluble. And, indeed, it is abundantly clear from the action of the Popes, and from the language of Catholic divines, on this question of indissolubility, that it is something really belonging to the natural institution of marriage. Happily there are still moralists and deep thinkers, even among those who are outside the Church, who can see this natural necessity of the unity and indissolubility of marriage as maintained by Catholics. And whatever reckless new writers may say on this matter, their own extreme proposals only serve to show us the logical issue of the principles adopted by such comparatively moderate men as these Commissioners, and we may add, to illustrate the fallacy of much that they say, of the hardships suffered under the present system.

Here let us add that, for our part, we have no wish to overlook these hardships and evils; or to treat them lightly. Perhaps such a course might be possible in the case of a writer whose only

knowledge of this subject came from books, who was more at home in theory than practice, and knew no matrimonial cases but those of some imaginary Tituses and Berthas. But it is otherwise with the present writer, who has been working for years among the poor, and knows many who suffer from all the matrimonial troubles that are considered in this Report. But the greater our sympathy with such sufferers, the stronger must be our opposition to measures that would bring them no real relief, and must inevitably add to the evil that is, in most cases, the cause of their trouble.

As a writer in the *Times* remarked sometime ago, the extreme advocates of marriage-law reform make the mistake of ascribing to the existing laws of Christian marriage evils which would be present under any system. And, certainly, a little reflection would suffice to show that if the extremists had their way, or, in other words, if the principles adopted by all advocates of divorce were carried on to their logical issue, the sin and suffering that now fill our hearts with sorrow would be multiplied a hundredfold. With all that is now done by the laws of Church and State to keep them together, there are yet many homes broken up by unfaithfulness, and many wives left desolate and forsaken. But what would it be if the marriage union were generally recognized as something terminable at pleasure? If it were not so painful, it would be amusing to see how easily some of these reformers assume that all might be made better with the panacea of divorce. The victims of unfortunate marriages are to be set free, and find new and better helpmates, and live happily ever afterwards. These amiable optimists forget how many have really given their hearts to the first faithless lover, and have no wish to look elsewhere; how many again may never find any other to ask their hand; and how many may find a second partner worse than the first. The relief, were it possible, must still remain doubtful and precarious. But the harm done by loosing the marriage bond, and weakening that foundation of all human society—fidelity to the spoken word—must surely follow.

In taking leave of this Report, it may be well to say that there are many points of detail in which a Catholic critic must find himself in agreement with the signatories, for example, in their suggestions of a drastic restraint over the publication of journalistic reports of cases in the Divorce Courts. Yet even here we cannot help feeling that the real remedy for this evil had far better be

sought in the more drastic measure of abolishing divorce and Divorce Courts altogether. On this point it may be well to recall the wise words of one so free from conservative and ecclesiastical prejudice as Matthew Arnold:

> When one looks, for instance at the English Divorce Court—an institution which perhaps has its practical conveniences, but which in the ideal sphere is so hideous; an institution which neither makes divorce impossible, nor makes it decent, which allows a man to get rid of his wife, or a wife of her husband, but makes them drag one another, first, for the public edification, through a mire of unutterable infamy—when one looks at this charming institution, I say, with its crowded trials, its newspaper reports, and its money compensations, this institution in which the gross, unregenerated British Philistine has indeed stamped an image of himself, one may be permitted to find the marriage theory of Catholicism refreshing and elevating.*

It may be hoped that the same reflection may be suggested to some readers of the present Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes.

*Cf. *Essay on the Function of Criticism.*

THE MOCK CHATTERTON.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

I.

THE late Mr. Churton Collins was an English literary scholar whose like we shall not soon see again. One of his greatest pleasures was to dig out buried merit from the rubbish-heap of time; and in his published anthology figures more than one exquisite poet, thus first restored to his rights and the homage of posterity. In these pages the reader falls across a bard, otherwise unknown, named Dermody. Mr. Collins editorially alludes to him as "a hapless child of genius," who might easily have become "the Burns of Ireland." Such praise is interesting to a degree, and piques every lover of modern verse who is ignorant in the particular instance, yet eager to be enlightened. How considered, or how hasty and untrue is this verdict of one of the most competent of critics? Let us prick up our ears, and approach the untrodden Dermodian shrine.

Thomas Dermody appeared on this planet in January, 1775, selecting for his birthplace Ennis in the County of Clare, Ireland, and for his father the local schoolmaster, a well-educated, good-for-nothing ex-tutor. The family were above the peasant class. Also, they were Protestant: whether by ancient conviction or recent compromise, is not stated. The nameless mother seems never to have counted. Nicholas Dermody had opportunity, the respect of good men, some share in the goods of this world, and even a certain repute of his own, until he fouled the gifts of the gods by drink and low company. His unlucky son Tom, the eldest of three, gathered the fruit of the days of his decadence. From the day he was four years old, Tom seems to have been crammed with all the learning which his most accommodating head could contain. Only Evelyn's little Richard, or the lisping Pico della Mirandola, could hold a candle to him! Aged eight, and very small for his age, he was promoted not only to be usher in the parental schoolroom, but assistant instructor there in the Greek and Latin lan-

guages: entering, in fact, upon that career of pedantry which is pregnant of such peculiar dangers and unlovely results to the Gaelic temperament. To balance his dizzy professional eminence, he began at once to consort with naughty grown-ups (probably his father's circle), and to pick up, in the green pastures of County Clare, so much of the trickery of the wicked world as could fall in a small child's way. He is said to have felt remorse, even at the time; but remorse is an adult condition, and would have been affected, were it not felt. Much poetry, well-worded, well-metred, and well-derived, could already be laid to his infant account.

In 1785, died of small-pox a little brother of seven, and Thomas, in orchestral measures, mourned at length his Corydon, "Fond Corydon, scarce ripen'd into boy," who, being "a shepherd Swain like me, of harmless guise," did all the usual things, such as feeding his kine and tuning his pipe in lays

> Yet unprofaned with trick of city art,
> Pure from the head, and glowing from the heart.

The survivor reproves the "healing Powers" at large for not doing their duty by the other literary babe, who is described as a starry shade by this time, flourishing a "lyre of gratulations loud." Tom strews upon the "hillock green" much myrtle and laurel, and beholds in air a vision on which the lyrical curtain falls: not, however, before he works in a truly classical allusion to himself as the "rude youth" who ends his "pastoral strain" by making off through the woods in most approved fashion, "brushing the dewdrops from the glittering spray." The Cowleian, Miltonian, Virgilian opulence of all this is staggering in a perpetrator aged ten.

Corydon's companionship may have meant a good deal to his elegist, for their academic sire was by now in a sad way. Tom's biographer remarks, in that large placating manner of the late eighteenth century, that "Mr. Dermody did not at all times pay a strict regard to the rules of prudence," and that "his habits growing too powerful to be conquered by ordinary means, the sacrifice of domestic felicity appeared unavoidable." In other words, Nicholas was going to the devil at a hot pace. When deadly poverty stared him in the face, he planned to do what he had done once before: leave Ennis, and try his luck elsewhere. Just then his wife died (variously egged on, perhaps, to that singular

display of practical intelligence), and for one at least of the family, all problems got solved.

On the heels of this sad event, Nicholas, with his remaining boy and girl, was invited by a kindly neighboring squire, a Mr. Hickman, to visit his estate of Newpark: which forethought of Mr. Hickman may be supposed to have built up the learned and threadbare Nicholas, and sent him home with many new, though brittle resolutions in his widowed breast. His small son, like Hazlitt at the same age, and almost at the same hour, was meanwhile curled up on a window sill reading *Tom Jones,* and drawing from it one glorious over-mastering ambition: that of seeing for himself the great world. "The domestic scene was too confined for his expanding ideas." So wrote a certain sympathetic Mr. Samuel White, long after and in sober earnest, of Tom. With his book, two shillings, and one clean shirt stuffed into the pocket of his nankeen trousers, the embryo "Burns of Ireland," giving neither to his host nor to his parent any warning, ran away from Newpark, and made a bee line for Dublin. Before midnight, he had two adventures. Footsore, and thinking to lodge there, he came to a solitary cabin in a wood. The occupants turned out to be five miserable-looking children, an aged woman dumb with grief, and a younger woman's corpse, stretched out on a board in the middle of the floor. Tom went in, sat a moment by the fire, spoke a condoling word, and in his new rôle of rich tourist, bestowed on the grandam one of his shillings. Having gone his way, he presently returned, nominally to fetch his walking-stick left behind, but really to press upon the sorrowing creatures the only money he had left. Apparently, there was a sweet action, "all conscience and tendre herte," as dear Father Chaucer says!

But a knowledge of Dermody's character, which was all of a piece from childhood, brushes the bloom clean off the deed. He could not by the law of his being have held on an hour longer to those slippery coins. He was never charitable, he was simply non-prehensile: the prime moral necessity for him was not to share nor even to spend, but to shed and to scatter. Back to the road went the pilgrim, and stumbling into some wind-swept mediæval ruins, there abode, not indeed with intent to sleep, but in order to think out a poem, which, in its own nervous language, should

> —lend a venerable dread
> To the lone Abbey's rocking head.

The experienced author's pity flowed forthwith over the adjacent graves of the victims of

Superstition, fiend deform.

We get through him a glimpse of the "fat Abbot," the "friar's secret glee," and (interesting addendum!) white-veiled shades "dulling their bright eyes in the dread abode,"—all the funny old unhistoric paraphernalia dear to tradition. Out of these monastic Gothic shadows suddenly sprang a grotesque figure, flourishing a cudgel by the light of the moon, and, in appropriate extension of the mood of the small Orangeman who was startled by the stave, loudly singing Lillabullero. It was the parish clerk, returning from a neighboring fair, and cutting across country in no dejected temper. Tom ran after him. The conversation was voluble, and turned on politics and religion: for were they not in Ireland? Presently the parish clerk vanished down a lane; total darkness supervened, providentially relieved by the sound of wheels, and of a human voice, this time that of a carrier with whom the child was well acquainted, and who offered him a ride and a crust of bread. That carrier, moved by what representations we know not, seconded the runaway to such good purpose that he conveyed him practically the whole distance from Ennis to Dublin, one hundred and forty English miles. Creation viewed on such an extensive scale, and for several days on end, again provoked the bardling's poetic fire; it burst into some decasyllabic couplets, smooth as Pope's, on the benefits of travel.

Who like a Worm in one dull spot would crawl?

and so forth and so on, exclaims the soaring Muse imparadised on the van. Dublin, in the shadow of her enchanting hills being reached, Tom promptly and successfully lost the benevolent carrier.

Now for life! The clean shirt, with its frilled ruffles, is made into merchandise; and on the proceeds, three blissful days float by. Presently Tom remembers that he somehow provided himself, ere leaving home, with a letter to an eminent apothecary in College-Green; and thither he goes, only to be received by that worthy with chilly skepticism, and cast anew upon the tide of street-life. The Dublin bookstalls are almost as enchanting as those on the Quais in Paris, and inevitably and strongly did they attract the *doctorcule sine libris*. Once, when he put forth a small grimy hand towards

a Greek dramatist, the alarmed owner, suspicious of so much lore in a hungry-looking gamin, hurried up from a cellar entrance to rescue his property. Having come to scoff, the man remained to pray: for he ended by inviting the accomplished infant to dinner, and by then engaging him as tutor for his son! This pleasing appointment, however, presently came to grief. Pupil and master, exact contemporaries, fell out most unphilosophically over subjects probably only remotely connected with the accidence; and the parent-patron, called in to arbitrate, let the wild hawk from Ennis shake off his jesses. Mindful, however, of Tom's friendless condition, the good man recommended the young stranger to a neighboring tradesman, one Lynch, who stood in need of an attendant in his little second-hand shop. Here, too, were books, books by the hundred, and hither came all Trinity College, in search of bargains and exchanges. The shop-boy, with his beauty and his big black eyes, his thin little frame, his now tattered attire, became an object of instant attention. One youth borrowed over-night the manuscript of Tom's poems, and whispered that he would send him a pretty shirt. Next day, the loan was returned: the parcel held nothing else, and was provocative of scowls and kicks and a fountain-flow of words from the disappointed clerk. The proprietor intervened to save the repute of his customer, and the shirtless one, silenced and driven to bay, grabbed pencil and paper to jot down a four-line epigram. This was deemed by the shopman's kind soul so clever and convincing, that it was forwarded to the forgetful undergraduate. Needless to add, the present was sent. Tom had scored: he always scored.

His next inspiration was to quit the employ of the excellent Lynch. Once more a freeman of Dublin streets, he came immediately to a halt at another of the innumerable old booths where books were stacked up: and seeing a Longinus, and seeing an amiable gentleman somewhat contiguous to the Longinus, he popped his young designing nose into the thorny text. The gentleman, Dr. Houlton, was instantly limed. He opened conversation, tested the boy's Greek, found it prodigious, and took him home, learning many autobiographical particulars, mostly accurate, upon the way. By poetic license, however, he was told that Tom had begged his way to Dublin! There followed a generous meal, much Homer and Horace, and great edification over the guest, "a little being composed entirely of mind." In fact, Dr. Houlton opened his house and heart to the boy, who, nothing loath, took possession of both, to

the ineffable satisfaction of the benefactor. The two talked of the Georgics, and of the annotations of Scaliger and of Madame Dacier, Dr. Houlton all the while wondering delightedly at Tom, at his archness, his gestures, his adroit and correct speech. One day the elder scholar gently challenged a couple of false quantities, and was met by scowls and peevish subterfuges, things which had not been looked for. An acquaintance of the Doctor's, a Mr. French, was a ripe classical scholar, and to him was the eleven-year-old paragon introduced, looking so extremely babyish with his long hair, his little frilled old-fashioned collar, his delicate build, and his grave face, that the newcomer thought some joke was being played upon him. However, he was induced to tender the Elzevir *Horace* he carried in his pocket. Tom had never seen an Elzevir: his enthusiasm rose at finding it complete: he construed, he translated, he argued, he collated, in grand prancing style; and he made such droll knowing remarks about Leuconoë that Mr. French, doubled up with laughter, and quite won over, rapturously shook him by the hand. Of course, he gave him the Elzevir, also a handful of silver coins, envied Dr. Houlton the guardianship of such a ward, and affectionately took his leave.

Tom seems to have read by day and by night while at Dr. Houlton's. One morning at breakfast he announced a presentiment that the beginning of the Epitaph in Gray's *Elegy* (a poem, so he said, which he had often perused with tears) would be "not unsuitable for my own humble tombstone." This appears to be the first outward expression of Dermody's excessive preoccupation with his own genius and his own fate. He had contracted the habit of reading in bed, by the light of tapers, which he did not always remember to blow out. Dr. Houlton objected to the practice as dangerous, and shortened the supply of candles, but Tom outwitted him, and bought more for the same purpose. He was found out, and reproved, and sulked all day. More: from that time he showed a radical and growing restlessness. It ended in a declared wish to quit the house, in which he had spent but ten weeks. Dr. Houlton gave him money, and wished him a successful future. Tom was unperturbed, and expressed no regrets, either for material loss, or for the forfeit of so much friendship and chivalrous care. The good Doctor, in short, was an episode, an old love: and it was time to be on with a new!

Within a few days the boy had squandered every penny, and went about needing food and shelter, and, in the nick of time,

getting both. A certain scene-painter at the Dublin Theatre, one Coyle, had been employed on a piece of work at Dr. Houlton's, and into his ravished ear Tom had poured ere now much imposing historical lore. On this good-hearted creature, whose house was in Dorset Street, the elfin diplomat now began to call, and even as he foresaw that it would, that large and poor family expanded, to welcome yet another member. There was no servant, and Mrs. Coyle sent the guest on divers errands: one of these was to carry his morning meal to her husband, then too busy to step home from his work. Haughty, Tom took most unwillingly to his new avocation, but eventually he settled down not only as commissary, but as superintendent of glue, oil, and color-pots. Here in the greenroom he wrote a pasquinade on Astley's circus feats which greatly excited the performers, bringing them in a drove to behold the wonderful author. There he stood, without shirt or waistcoat, in an enormous pair of trousers never cut down to fit him, encasing him from his armpits to his loose-slippered feet; in his hands were a hairbrush and a pot of size, and his tiny naked chest was grotesquely smeared with paint of every hue, like a native Briton's. Thus did the poet, subdued to what he worked in, turn what was discoverable of his intensely intelligent countenance upon the irruption of the actors, thus suddenly become his ardent admirers. One of them was Mr. Robert Owenson, an accomplished, helpful, disinterested man, self-made, as the phrase goes, whom Goldsmith had taken pride in introducing to Garrick. Mr. Owenson fell madly in love on the instant, and led young Thomas Dermody home, to be washed and fed.

II.

As for Mrs. Owenson, she played up to her lord in the most maternal way, and wept over the waif and his rags. Tom was at once given a task: to turn out some impromptu verses on Dublin University. Results were such as to fix in the new protector his purpose to bring the boy to the notice of that sacrosanct institution. One of the dons was a distant relative of Mr. Owenson's: the celebrated Dr. Matthew Young, then Professor of Natural Philosophy, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert; and that very day he was privileged to hear in his drawing-room the charms of Tom, and to discover the prodigy on his own doorstep, where Tom had advisedly been left in the rain, until eloquence indoors should have

put in its work. Small and wet and ridiculous and shivering, the object of interest was hurried into the house, and planted in its lordliest armchair next the fire. "By Jove!" said Dr. Young, in his playfullest mood, thereby doing no great good to Tom's soul, "by Jove! you are fit to sit by the side of the King." He instantly arranged that the child should come thrice a week to be coached for entrance examinations. Murray's *Logic* was one of the books: the donor of it fell into a somewhat immoderate fit of laughter on being told by Tom that it was a work of supererogation, as almost anybody can quibble, without studying to quibble.

Kind Mr. Owenson now took little Dermody into his family, thanking heaven for this seeming substitute for the only son he had but lately lost. There were two little daughters, growing up to be both lovely and clever. (The elder became well-known in later life as Lady Morgan, wrote novels which were considered brilliant, and verses of a sentimental cast, now forgotten, held liberal and patriotic views, and made distinguished friends.) There was a mother worth having in the person of Mrs. Owenson, who was a perfect reservoir of what our ancestors would call the noblest feelings of humanity: by all three Tom was petted and worshipped, and looked upon with awe. His first act, on receiving new attire such as befitted his improved condition, was to make a solemn bonfire of the old upon the biggest domestic hearth, apostrophizing in highly humorous and Hudibrastic strain the youthful breeches thus offered to the gods. He and that extraordinary person, Dr. Young, however, did not pull well together. Mental discipline was hardly in the line of the inspirational Tom, and he revolted from what was to him sheer drudgery. The day came when he turned truant, and with adroit and prolonged duplicity fooled both Mr. Owenson and Dr. Young. The former forgave him as soon as the fault, once found out, was confessed, with the ingenious rider to the confession that the bent of Tom's mind was towards other studies: forgave him not without a grave reminder of the violation of honor which such conduct implied.

At this very time, there called at the benevolent actor's house a schoolmaster-clergyman, the Rev. Gilbert Austin. He, need it be said? was suddenly transported with joy on meeting the resident phenomenon; and Mr. Owenson, ever generous, let no word of his diminish the dazzling impression his foster-son had made. Mr. Austin desired the latter to attend his own very select academy, without fee, while still residing at home. Tom was pleased to try

the experiment, but the distance was considerable between his desk, and his meals and bed. Mr. Austin therefore, transferred him, bag and baggage, to his own house; introduced him, as Mr. Owenson had previously done, to all his friends, opened a successful subscription for his education and support, and during the Spring of 1789 printed in a private issue, and at his own expense, a volume of Poems of Thomas Dermody. The boy-author, at the date of this publication, was some two months past his fourteenth birthday; but good Mr. Austin, being somehow misled, announced in the preface that Tom had not yet attained his thirteenth year, which must have been taken by everybody to mean that he was not yet twelve! In this preface it is stated that the contents are selected, but unedited and unaltered; and a strong and well-worded appeal is made for the interesting genius so much in need of future protection and furtherance. The book starts off with a pre-Byronic exposition of the past miseries which by now were beginning to be Tom's most precious stock-in-trade. The faultless numbers are addressed to Mr. Austin, and do not fail to invoke their originator,

> Ah, doom'd to suffer all that Man can bear,
> Far from a soothing father's anxious care!

This abrupt reappearance of Nicholas Dermody in his son's visions is instructive; the soothing father, left behind and never yet communicated with, seems to have sat in Ennis unprotesting, while Tom, loose upon the great world, was making, after his own fashion, such extraordinary headway. One is glad to hear the lyrist express his intention to sing Mr. Austin's praises "to the verge of life." Nor does he quite forget to hail Mr. Owenson, though

> Long has my Muse, devoid of wonted fire,
> Her song neglected, and unstrung her lyre.

The scribe, in fact, is ever in the forefront of his own mental landscape: a more personal and concrete poet does not adorn the very personal and concrete eighteenth century. The charming, animated, informal Owenson girls, Sydney and Olivia, come in for a share of their foster-brother's maturest admonition. They are to avoid "idiot suitors," a "tinsel race" armed with "pleasing lies;" they are to "look round" for an "honest face" like the incomparable Tom's!

The boy was now living in the full atmosphere of that humane, cultured, extremely animated society which was to be found in Dublin before the Union. He studied literature by day, and bestowed himself on parties and "symposiums" in the evening. This was a course of life then thought to be the thing for "little poets," in order to instill into them the true principles of knowledge and virtue. One of his schoolfellows at Mr. Austin's was the eldest son of that admirable Irishman, Lord Charlemont: whereby Lady Charlemont, the Duke of Leinster, and other exalted personages, all fell captive to Tom's attractions. They busied themselves over him to so much avail that Mr. Austin was at one time able to place in the bank no less than £1,500 towards the maintenance of his ward, and with promises of yearly renewal. Tom, however, refused, according to his biographer Mr. Raymond, to be "formed into greatness." Daily teas, in a fresh collar, with peers and dowagers, were well enough for a week or a month; but his real taste, from first to last, were Tony Lumpkin's, and many an elegant invitation went to the wall unanswered, in order that alehouse cronies, tinkers, gypsies, and other unmentionable offshoots of city life might sport in the tangles of Mr. T. Dermody's delighted hair. Somewhere, somehow, when he had small innocence left to lose, the boy met a certain disreputable Martin, by profession a drawing-master; this person aimed at getting a foothold in Mr. Austin's aristocratic academy. Tom was what is called good-natured, the term, in his case, connoting the absence of any moral backbone whatever: so the man found him an easy accomplice to bribe.

The bibulous Martin drew a flower, a very personable flower it seems to have been, and Tom agreed to show it to Mr. Austin as his own work, accomplished, as by magic, after three lessons. Any instructor so miraculously successful as that, might well be promoted to a position worthy of his powers! The party of the second part duly exhibited the specimen to his friend and patron, told the tale he had agreed to tell, strongly recommended Martin as uniquely expert, and was disconcerted to find that Mr. Austin was not taken in at all. On the contrary, he quietly accused Tom, who vigorously attempted to brazen it out, of the lie and the cheat. Matters were clinched when Mr. Austin required him to copy the incriminating flower. He was unable to do it, and he, the star of intellectual assemblies, with fame at his beck and call, was sent in disgrace to serve awhile in the kitchen. No one who knows boys and boys' schools will suppose that his lot there was allowed to be

one of heavenly calm. Tom, for some time, had been boarded out on Grafton Street with a zealous Methodist, Mr. Aickbome; and with joy he flew nightly from the academy, now a penal cell, to his luxurious lodgings. Across the street lived Mr. Samuel Whyte, Sheridan's schoolmaster and relative by marriage. How the neighboring rebel first caught his eye is not, and need not be, apparent. "Suffice it is to say," as the orator remarked, that Mr. Whyte, as if by incantation, arose upon the scene, to love, honor, and cherish the indomitable Tom. So soon as he had listened to those lamentable annals which lost nothing with each re-telling, so soon as he had apprehended some features of that juvenile facility impressive to warm-hearted Irish faith, Mr. Whyte (himself author of many critical and educational books), invited to dinner a dozen littérateurs and connoisseurs, that they might make acquaintance with the Marvel, and be drawn to adore. The guests came, but not the arch-guest; the viands were brought in, but not he! Servants were dispatched to inquire. Word was presently forthcoming that the bardling had strolled away with grimy persons unknown; the company lingered on till midnight, but there was no apparition of the expected one, and no apology in lieu of that apparition. Mr. Whyte was of a forgiving nature, and despite this untoward reef in the mouth of the social harbor, the two sailed amicably together thenceforward. Meanwhile, Tom continued to dwell in Mr. Austin's reformatory, the kitchen. One luckless day, he reverted to a kind of revenge he always favored. He satirized, not the situation nor himself (as the young Villon would have done) but his benefactor, and all the Austin family. The quatrain was accidentally dropped upon the floor at Mr. Aickbome's, and was discovered by that functionary himself, who, contrary to the usual run of mankind, had conceived no passion for Master Dermody's mind and manners. Mr. Austin was shown the manuscript. The result was that he tore up those poems of the boy's which he had collected for future publication, returned to the subscribers the whole of the money given for his education and support, and refused, in pardonable indignation, even to admit him to his presence. And thus was Tom once more not undeservedly, thrust upon the same old step-mothering world.

Mr. Austin was, perhaps in his finality, too disciplinary; but a good man cannot be a headmaster without paying for it by some psychic deterioration. His resentment created a new Dublin for the young outcast, who was not only unpitied, but shunned as a

moral monster, on all sides. Then, with his usual resource, Tom bethought him of the Owensons, with whom he had had no lasting quarrel. Alas, Mr. Owenson was absent, Mrs. Owenson was dead. As a next move he wrote a maturely dignified letter to the Secretary of War, and took it over himself to Dublin Castle. This gentleman, Mr. Sackville Hamilton, had previously given Tom money; he now did so again, and in larger measure. The boy began to write for a daily paper: any daily paper in the land would print poetry, *circa* 1789-1790. It may be taken for granted that he rhapsodized, in many moods, on his recent woes, and his injured sensibilities. One of these effusions may be worth quoting for its vigor, and its signs of acquaintance with the biographies of great men; incidentally, for its mendacities and audacities.

Scarce fourteen summers crown my age,
And yet on life's oft-varied stage
(Such are the hapless poet's losses),
I've met with fourteen thousand crosses:
Debts, duns, proud patrons all so squeamish,
Who damn one for a single blemish,.....
Full many a bitter pinch ye gave me,
From which, O god Apollo! save me.

* * * * *

That I have never seen the child
Of injur'd merit weep, and smiled;
That I have never heard the poor
Sigh out their plaints, and closed the door;
That I have never wished to wrong
The good man in satiric song,
Bear witness, Heaven that know'st my heart!
And now, Oh, take thy minstrel's part.

Like sad Darius, bruised and beaten
'Mong those by whom his goods were eaten;
Like Belisarius, poor fellow,
Dressed up in rags black, blue, and yellow;
Like grave Cervantes in a jail;
Like Butler, without soothing ale;
Like Tasso, praying, in the night,
His cat's clear eyes to lend him light;
Like Chatterton who sung so sweet;
Like princely Theodore in the Fleet;

Like Tippoo Saib by strangers plundered;
Like—like—(ah me, Sirs! like a hundred)
Behold Tom Dermody quite humbled
From Fortune's wheel (the gypsy!) tumbled:
Petitioning, in paltry verses,
Great George's head-piece from long purses.

The moment Mr. Owenson returned to town, the local press lost its most accomplished junior contributor. It might be thought difficult by this time to extend the circle of Tom's believers. But Mr. Owenson again took the field, and captured a fresh Maecenas in Mr. Atkinson, Judge Advocate for Ireland, the author of some comic operas and comedies which have had their day; and Mr. Atkinson and the Rev. Edward Berwick, in their turn, succeeding in engaging as Tom's principal and most powerful patroness, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, widow of the first Earl of Moira,

—one made up
Of loveliness alone:
A woman, of her gentler sex
The seeming paragon.

This lady, daughter of the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, the Methodist light, furnished him with every necessity, and placed him at her own expense under the care of the Rev. Henry Boyd, the translator of Dante, in the Rectory at Killeagh, near Tullamore.

How it came about is indeed "rop in mistry:" but in Killeagh Rectory did Thomas Dermody abide for two mortal years! Not, however, in the peace of the saints. Despite the Countess' wise and bountiful solicitude; despite the very literary Mr. Boyd's extraordinarily tender forbearance; despite his own new interests and very great mental prowess in his changed condition, the nearest public house took on a glamor superior to that of all the mountain lawns of Parnassus. "'Twixt quill and can" is one of his own phrases about himself. He could always reinforce his badness by ample rhetoric.

> Censures are liberally bestowed on the children of the Muse, [he says magisterially], by those phlegmatical blockheads, who, wanting warmth themselves, decry its possessors. .....I do not fear to assert that relaxation and corporeal indulgence are both grateful and necessary to the overlabored

> intellect; and it is certain that Addison's humor was most inimitable after a sprightly libation to the social powers..... Examples are sufficient without going back to the time of Anacreon, Pindar, and Horace, the professed *bons vivants* of antiquity.

However, he kept Lady Moira well in the dark regarding his less starry propensities, and Mr. Boyd was no Aickbome, to report on them and him. *The Triumph of Gratitude,* the title of a pastoral written at this time, aimed with cunning art directly at the sensibilities of the elderly patroness. In his dedicatory humor Tom, as we say in vulgar parlance, "laid it on thick." Euphranor, the chief shepherd, stands for the author. The blank verse balances itself most neatly, with an adjective (and generally the quite inevitable adjective, too!) apportioned to every other noun, and plays about

> Ether-mantled Truth and oliv'd Peace.

It is a matter of astonishment both how faultless it manages to be, and how it says absolutely nothing. It is all the kind of thing which nowadays men simply cannot read, and which shall be remembered by them no more at all for ever. The variety of Tom's poetic output addressed to, or intended for, his kind Dowager Countess, was immense: one begins to sniff in the underwoods for the reason of it, and the reason is not long in forthcoming. One fine April morning, he writes her a letter in which he reminds her ineffably well how "God has endowed you with the capacity to relieve the son of sorrow," and he proceeds to add: "I know I shall never rest till I try the grand theatre of literature, London, and would wish then to have my own free-will!" He asks for introductory letters, and proceeds in a bold burst of not unexpected eloquence:

> How soon might you, from the well-deserved wealth you possess, bestow some untransitory possession on the humblest of your creatures, and smooth the road of life for ever! How soon by only your recommendation might you cheer a heart long broken, and enliven your soul with the thought of freeing one of your dependants from future worldly mischance!

Lady Moira was less a sayer than a doer: she did not at once answer this epistle of the fifteen-year-old heart "long broken,"

but her wish, then and ever, was to advance Tom in all his legitimate desires.

That caged eaglet was by no means unhappy in Killeagh. His antennæ of sociability touched the whole circumference of the place. His rhymes, ever controlled by the subject immediately under his nose, expended themselves on everything within range, beginning with the Dean, and not ending with the weaver and the piper. Essays, too, of a Maginnis-like texture, were produced about Woman, "that fair seductive female Satan," and a Widow, "the most tremendous Wild Beast in creation," and the "rigorous but salutary" genius of Oliver Protector. The uppish little boy has his say, too, about Shakespeare, considered by him "a vineyard of plenty, where many of the finest branches are ruined for want of a pruning-knife;" or he is a poet (counter to the philosophical soarings of the preferred Milton) "whose ecstasies are the flights of an invisible being." Again, he is "a cataract at one time rushing through rocks and caverns, foaming and terrifying, then sinking into a sluggish calm, with nothing but the bubbles of his former sublimity. Milton is a full, not overflowing, river; and like the river to the sea, hastening towards his illustrious design, never pausing, and seldom dangerous to the passengers (!)" And once more: "The wild scenery of Shakespeare is the unconnected magic of Merlin, variously diverting: that of Milton is like Plato's *Elysium,* enchanting, yet built on the basis of an opinion which bears the air of probability."

All this is in strict accord with the old-fashioned ideas of "Fancy's child" and his accidental, indeliberate artistry, but it is historically interesting, as a late eighteenth-century attempt at criticism on the subject, and it has never been gathered into any appendix of Shakespeare's *Century of Praise.* One of Dermody's treatises written in the country rectory gives a playful and probably allegorical account of a tramp dog, but it betrays no gleam of the loving fun which would flow from the true *animalier.* Another paper is entitled *A Mad World, My Masters! or, Remarks on the Present State of Affairs in a Letter Just Arrived from John Bull, Esq., to Mr. Paddy Whack.* Its usefulness is that it gives one a first inkling into the heartless and thoroughly servile attitude on national questions, of one who grew up in the rashly heroic generation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of Robert Emmet.

Very many, and among the earliest of their kind in point of date, are Dermody's imitations of Burns. Dialect and all, he follows

his robust model, and talks to himself as to a very wicked blade indeed.

Gude faith! with all thy roguish trick,
Thy Pegasus has got a kick;
Flat as a tombstone, dumb as stick
Thou liest at last:
God send thou gang'st not to auld Nick
For frolicks past!

* * * * *

At Judgment-Day, when strong-lung'd cherub
Shall pipe all hands, frae silence here up,
He'll know thee, Tom, to be a queer cub,
And gie thee quarters:
Wouns! What a sicht to see thy knee rub
'Gainst saints and martyrs!

After which, hear this:
"By many wrong'd, Gay Bloom of Song,
Thou yet art innocent of wrong!
Virtue and Truth to thee belong,
Virtue and Truth,
Though Pleasure led thy step along,
And trapp'd thy youth."

Now the vindications of this last stanza are by no means ironic. This dreadful young person was sincere in one thing: his colossal self-love. With such an unparalleled record of profaned friendships and wasted benefits and favors strewing his way, he could quite calmly allude to himself as one who had been

Unnoticed for talents he had, and forgot;
But most famously noticed for faults he had not!

One of his several self-enamored elegies and epitaphs has seriousness and some beauty, though it is manifestly an echo of Collins' lyrical sigh over Thomson's grave at Richmond. What vitiates it is its false characterization. Take this quatrain:

The graceful tear of pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belong'd!)
For well his doom deserves thy care:
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

Place beside it the similar utterance of a poet also Irish, also ultimately a wreck, born the year after Dermody died.

> Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble;
> Deep in your bosoms there let him dwell.
> He too, had tears for all souls in trouble
> Here, and in Hell.

The difference is not so much literary as moral. Clarence Mangan said what was true.

III.

The Dowager Countess of Moira, in most motherly fashion, tried again and again to correct the foibles which, as she could not but learn in time, sullied Tom's character. But seated on the unreachable eminence of his pride, he bewailed that "you seem determined to misunderstand every good sentiment of my heart:" this chiefly by way of answer to her gentle and quite authentic reproach that he had flattered her, and that she did not wish flattery from him. Eventually, he commits to her ladyship's "humane disposal" his future career: "whether Dublin College, or Glasgow, or Oxford is to receive me, is equally indifferent." Two months later, he is "sorry," by post, that

> the only person in the world whom I can call a real friend and patron should conceive ideas so horrid of my disposition..... My last and most sincere petition is that you will remove me from Killeagh. I confess that when pressed down by misfortunes either real or imaginary, being of a melancholy turn, I soon proceed to desperation, and do that which I afterwards view with perfect abhorrence.

From Moira House in town there came presently a letter signed "E. M. H. [astings]," so well thought out, so kind, so salutary, that nothing could exceed its value, had it been but accepted and applied. Lady Moira reminds the boy, who a week before had attained the age of sixteen, that he had yet time to study, to form his mind, and to acquire from Mr. Boyd "that classic knowledge which is the foundation of every other science, (so our pre-scientific ancestors all thought it was!) and the duty and respectability of moral virtue." She goes on to say that she is aware he thinks he knows everything, but that humility belongs

to the largest minds, even in youth; that he never can be a great poet without great themes; that such a fuss would not have been made over him had he been a mere English boy over in England; that she thanks him for his recently sent verses, but cares very little for their reiterated compliments and flatteries; and that so long as he acts with integrity, she promises to remain his friend.

In his answer, Tom (as he was to do how often thereafter, with futile unspoken comparisons in mind!) lays stress upon the fate of his boyish forerunner, upon the fate of Chatterton; Lady Moira, indeed, who had a great love for the dead poet, having warningly spoken of him first. Chatterton, says that far other Thomas, was one who, when neglected and spurned, flew to the bosom of the "Almighty Patron!" But he, the writer, is made of more enduring stuff: he can struggle through life, and calmly die. "No thoughts of death, in defiance and rebellion to my Omnipotent Creator, shall ever enter my head!" It is quite staggering how religious Tom can be—on paper. He continues: "How can I improve my taste, or embellish my natural parts in Killeagh, a sordid village with no one of any literary intelligence or even common-sense, that I know of, resident in it?" Here he suddenly recalls the Rector: "but Mr. Boyd is only one, and not very talkative." This is a rather human touch. Tom next unfolds his desire to get Lady Moira, as dedicatee, to lend her name to the title-page of his forthcoming book of verse; he also suggests the advisability of proceeding at once to London, where, duly introduced and enthusiastically welcomed, he means to found a weekly periodical to be called *The Inquisitor*. The new prospect does not seem to have fired his venerable correspondent. About this time his clerical friend Mr. Berwick turned from his busy biographies of dead Greeks and Romans, to communicate with Tom, and tell him how sorry he is to hear that he has not yet entered college, and how he fears that he never will do so. He affectionately warns him to take good care of his health, and assures him that he may count on "all our attention," and that nothing can make that forfeit but "a previous forfeiture of character."

If it can be believed, the rusticated young poet pursued more and more violently his course of actual hectoring of the lady upon whom his security depended. The day came when he intimated his desire to free himself altogether from her guardianship. Lady Moira was therefore driven to write a letter in the third person, commenting sadly on "that ill-founded degree of self-conceit Der-

mody indulges himself in, respecting his genius, [which] will prevent his ever having friends, or arriving at success, unless he alters his conduct and his sentiments." The letter enclosed a note for ten guineas. "As Dermody has thought proper to withdraw from her direction and protection in a manner equally ungracious and absurd, this is the last attention he is to expect from Lady Moira or any of her family." Thus, by an act of unparalleled folly, as even his indulgent biographer calls it, the lad's scene was cleared again, as if by a general slaughter, and the limelight falls upon his solitary and perverse figure, attitudinizing in the middle of an emptied stage!

Tom hastened back to Dublin, spent freely, and exhausted his purse. Reduced, after his fashion, to hunger and rags, he looked up Mr. Whyte, his benignant ex-neighbor of Grafton Street, with whom he had not been of late in touch: looked him up with a view to procuring a theatrical engagement under Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Whyte dissuaded Tom, and Tom was huffed. Failing to realize his latest scheme, he turned paragraphs, as before, for a Dublin newspaper, and that expedient again falling short, took up begging as a regular profession! sometimes walking thirty-two Irish miles in a day, and wearing out his shoes and his feet. Mr. Whyte tracked him to his flock pallet, and fed him; Mr. Owenson, with infinite goodness, rallied again to his cause, and by hard, dogged, and fruitful exertion (he was greatly respected in the town) actually got Tom's second volume of poems published and circulated. More: he extended his credit at all the shops to his prodigal, as of old. Mr. Boyd also wrote fondly to "dear Tom," urging him to matriculate at Trinity College, and bespeaking for him, through Lord Donoughmore, the Provost's very special interest.

Dear Tom could dispense with such advice, as he had by now acquired in full perfection his best-beloved art: that of writing begging letters. He pointed at high game: such as Bishop Percy of the *Reliques;* the great Mr. Grattan; Joseph Cooper Walker, the author of *An Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,* and of much else worth reading; and the Rt. Hon. Monck Mason. In these precious documents, the scribe neatly alludes to himself as the Child of the Muse and of Misfortune; lies about his age; almost invariably mentions Chatterton as his twin in sorrow; and expresses his poetic willingness to exchange the thorns of misery for the

olives of quiet, through the agency of that potential deliverer whom he is at the moment addressing. Grattan, never at fault where something chivalrous was called for, quoted Dermody in the House of Commons, and brought him to the notice of his own distinguished colleague, Henry Flood. Once more funds and invitations poured into Tom's unfathomable lap. Once more he wandered off to alehouses while his elegant friends were expecting him to dinner, sent no excuses, and never called on them again!

His encounter with Mr. Edward Tighe was ludicrous, and proves how excessively juvenile was Dermody's appearance in his seventeenth year. He had brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Tighe's house, but the owner had gone out. Shortly afterwards, Tom guessed at, and began to accost his gentleman (a very choleric gentleman, with a supply of wrath like Landor's!) in a bookshop, and was promptly told to go about his business. But when Mr. Tighe reached his own door, the ragged lad, anxious to prove the truth of his story, was close behind him. Mr. Tighe turned and raised his stick, the door was opened by the man-servant, and the follower fled away. On reading the letter left for him, a moment later, Mr. Tighe repented of his rashness, and dispatched the porter after the poet, who was by this time far down the street. Tom, looking over his shoulder, and seeing a man in hot pursuit, with heated eye upon himself, and evidently bent on giving him the bastinado for his impudence, took to his heels in earnest, and was run down only after a terrific chase! Mr. Tighe and himself, on acquaintance, managed to enrage each other at once. But the love-quarrel ended in five guineas for Tom, and a remarkable grown-up suit of snuff-colored small-clothes, with coat-skirts, and a cocked hat, both infinitely too large for him: which solemn and sufficient habit he was requested, nay, commanded, to wear without alteration. Mr. Tighe rode two darling hobbies: one was the abolition of spirituous liquors, and the other the rearing by the State of orphan children who were to become the parents of an uncontaminated race. On these two godly and rocky subjects, as also upon the Lakes of Killarney, Tom was vainly urged to exercise his epic pen.

Meanwhile, Nicholas Dermody awoke from an unbroken and protracted silence, and posted to his son a letter, which, for its triumphant avoidance of all real points at issue, beats Mrs. Nickleby. In it, "my dear Child" appears as "unprotected Youth far from sincere counsel," who is to guard against " the wiles of the Designing

and the profuse promises of the Exalted," and look on College, in the most modern utilitarian spirit, as "a good way for future Bread." How could he have deserved such cruelty at Mr. Austin's? How it will raise him in the opinion of County Clare that the famous Mr. Grattan is among his subscribers! Lastly, may the Lord protect the Child from the jaundice-eyed Malice of all his enemies! In this Hebraic outburst there is one phrase which seems to ring true. Tom had written that he hoped to revisit Ennis. "Five years, which have been five thousand to me," says Nicholas, "have now nearly elapsed since you left me." (It was really nearly seven years. What an unchronological family!) But so far as one can make out, the two, alike in their mental conceit and their moral futility, never met again.

Tom, on the slippery off-slope of Mr. Tighe's favor, bethought him anew of Rev. Mr. Berwick, chaplain at Moira House. An impending marriage in the Berwick family had been announced in the Dublin journals, and on the strength of it, Tom committed an epithalamium. On addressing it to those most interested, he did not fail to drop a sizable hint, also in verse, that a restoration of Lady Moira's patronage would not be unwelcomed. Letters of the invisible fish-hook order were cast simultaneously at another old friend, Mr. Whyte, and at a new one, Mr. James Grant Raymond, afterwards Dermody's observing but placating biographer. About this time appeared a poem of light-heeled optimism, beginning:

How vile to me this guilty Globe appears!

Vile, verily: for as the poem goes on to remind us, it was rude to Otway, to Dryden, to Savage, and (inevitable item!) to

Sweet Chatterton, by felons spurned.

Lastly, as the culminating reproach, you are to understand that a certain nameless person,

In dauntless infancy a finish'd Bard,

is being wasted upon contemporary Europe. However, this same person makes up his mind to appeal, ere he perishes, to Lady Moira, acting against her express prohibition. With great magnanimity, she tells her bookseller to print at her expense whatever Mr. Dermody may send him. Mr. Dermody, unsatisfied, informs her that he is in extreme distress, but "still laboring to perfect his studies for college examination (!), assured that his permanent

happiness can arise from that quarter alone." As he gets no answer, he writes again, and yet again. The last echo of the correspondence is instructive, and has a quite ineffable dignity. He "cannot but wonder at receiving half a crown from that hand which has bestowed so many guineas!" He is distressed at Lady Moira's uneasiness, "more than at Dermody's disappointment." Suddenly comes a brand new inspiration. The bookseller at his service receives and prints a pamphlet, entitled *The Rights of Justice, or, Rational Liberty,* and a poem, *The Reform.* In these that "narrow self-ended soul" steps forth for one brief amazing moment as a glorifier of France, and a home revolutionary.

Shall the sons of Erin droop,
Slaves, slaves alone, amid the unfetter'd World?

and all that: a torrent of it! It is sad, indeed, when young hearts of the purest idealism were beginning to beat for Ireland's freedom, that any poet of hers should utter what he never felt, and abandon instantly what he had uttered. This game of nationalism for a purpose failed. Letters spent upon new patrons in high places came back unopened. Tom was sunk to the very lowest depths of physical misery consistent with life, when the Attorney-General, Kilwarden, later Lord Chief Justice, (a man dearly loved up to, and long after, his tragic death), found him out, and visited the attic where he lay. Despite the fact that Tom's clothing fluttered from his body, as he moved, like pennons from the mast, he was immediately carried off to dine. That old winning diffidence and modesty of his, every bit of it pure sham, charmed Lord Kilwarden as it had charmed many another humane gentleman, oh! in what an endless single file!

But wine, long foregone from necessity, worked on the bardic brain, and the guest had to be sent home, dreamy and dumb, in a carriage, with a filled purse in his pocket. Of all Dermody's illustrious backers, there was hardly one so loyal, so persistent, as Lord Kilwarden. His major move was to engage rooms for Tom in the much-talked-of college, promising to furnish them, to defray the whole of his expenses there, and to allow him £30 a year for pocket money. Enough was never as good as a feast to our young gentleman. He does not quite say so, but £30 strikes him as an impossible pittance. He sings at large to Lord Kilwarden of his "embarrassments," and his "unavoidable distresses," and his "strange fatalities;" he cannot "study amid misfortune;" he thanks

his benefactor, but is "forced to forego the generous offer, so honorable to me, and so worthy of yourself," at least until "the obstructions to my happiness are removed!" And back went "the Muses' boy" (as he chose to call himself at the time) from the hilltop of final opportunity into the cesspools of his foolishness. He was over seventeen. The real Chatterton, unfriended, was at that age in his pauper's grave.

Needless to add, Tom plied his pen during the next two years in begging from men of note, and he won patron after patron, slipping in turn from between their caressing fingers. But his annals can be summarized. He wandered to every door; he aroused villages with mystery and window smashings, or lay sunk in long stupors by the wayside; he produced a hideous poem on his own country, where he had received a kindness almost incredible, a consideration far too high; and he enriched his variegated career by enlisting as a recruit in the army of His Majesty King George the Third. A sergeant of nineteen, he set sail for England. He saw service in France, Holland, and Germany, and, strange to say, behaved decently except for frequent drunks; moreover, he was several times wounded. His happy star, or his own plots, had given him for superior officer the Earl of Moira, the son of his lost Egeria, who had won his soldier's laurels in the American war. The Earl, after Dermody had been discharged on half-pay, helped him to settle in London, and forgave him, and furthered him to seventy times seven, until his entirely angelic hopefulness slowly gave out, thereby causing Dermody, as one is relieved to hear, "excessive pain." Nevertheless, though Lord Moira had to withdraw the light of his countenance, he continued sending money! The ex-sergeant sank into a Westminster slum, where he concocted an *Ode to Frenzy* full of personalities, and posted it to Mr. Raymond in Dublin. The latter rushed enthusiastically across the Irish Sea, took coach to the metropolis, and ran into a pallid threadbare fellow in St. James' Park who proved to be the bard. "Once more, O ye Muses! yet once more," all went merrily as a marriage bell.

IV.

After his thrilling rescue by Mr. Raymond, Dermody had "a tremendous fit of poetizing." His topics, for almost the first time in his life, were objective and large in scope, thanks to the sights he had seen a-soldiering. Mr. C. Allingham, member of an interesting

English family long settled in Ireland, found a willing firm of publishers, and poured into their ears the praises of the young author. Actuated by that hearsay alone, the firm paid down a liberal sum in advance for the book. They appear not to have brought it out. The manuscripts bore a dedication to the Rt. Hon. the Dowager Countess of Moira: so much reward attended Dermody's obstinate courtship of the great! The free-stepping sonnet on the fly-leaf beautifully exemplifies the definition that gratitude is a lively sense of future favors:

> Deem'st thou ingrate or dead the shepherd boy
> Erewhile who sung thee to the listening plain?
> Still pausing on thy deeds with pensive joy,
> Ingratitude nor death has hush'd the strain.
> Still drest in all her captivating hues
> Smiling in tears, will languishingly steal
> O'er my fantastic dream the well-lov'd Muse,
> Like Morn dim-blushing through its dewy veil.
> Her wildflowers, bound into a simple wreath
> Meekly she proffers to thy partial sight:
> Oh, softly on their tender foliage breathe!
> Oh, save them from the critic's cruel blight!
> Nurse the unfolding blooms with care benign,
> And 'mid them weave one laurel leaf of thine.

In *The Pursuit of Patronage* we have Marlowe, Spenser, Dryden, and Butler, together with numerous others, in the exhibition window, and, needless to say, we get Chatterton again, and plenty of him, inclusive of a slap at "the listless peer," Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) who himself had been most kind to Dermody on more than one occasion. Mr. Raymond thinks it a fine trait in Dermody that the latter never courted patronage until he was in desperate straits, and deems it creditable that he had no arts to keep it! The faith of these Dermodians is a sight to see.

Mr. Allingham painted the admired one's interesting gypsyish portrait, and introduced his sitter to one Mr. Johnson, a bookish ex-military personage of influence and originality. Feeling quite unable to put up with his new protégé's persistent choice of ill lodgings and soiled clothing, at a time when "the world was so full of a number of things," Mr. Johnson on one occasion beguiled Dermody to his own rooms. They were near Sadler's Wells, on the banks of that New River pleasantly familiar to lovers of Elia and of George Dyer. There, under much verbal compulsion, John-

son the disciplinarian got Mr. Thomas Dermody to pass through the terrors of the cold tub, next to be shaved and barbered, and finally folded and buttoned and buckled into the numerous elegant habiliments of a Georgian dandy. The discarded costume was with small ceremony pitched out of window! and lay in a heap beside the stream while the two friends, high above, sat down together in all gentility to a toothsome repast. Later, moonlight drew them to the casement, and they perceived several figures wandering up and down the riverside, evidently in a distressed state of mind. Presently, torches were stuck in the ground at even distances, and boatmen appeared with a drag-net and grappling irons. Long and earnest was the search in the deeps for that corpse which had thus left its mortal sheathings conspicuous on the brink. Night wore on; the business increased. In the hubbub of the gathering crowd, many gave testimony. By one, the late unfortunate had been seen to wander up and down; by another, to plunge; by a third, to float; by a fourth, to sink to the bottom; by a fifth, to have been fished up, dripping, and dead. The sympathetic populace dispersed only in the small hours, bathed in apprehensive tears. Dermody and the ex-officer, who watched the farce from their sill, thought it well never to interrupt it. Admire a dramatic detachment possible to the Celt alone!

Despite Mr. Johnson and his salutary comradeship, Tom relapsed into lowest Bohemia. One must not be unjust to him: this time it was partly owing to disappointment caused by the deprivation, without cause, of his regimental pay. While he was under the passing cloud, he was inspired to write to Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. (who afterwards changed his name to Lamb), describing himself as a youth "indigent and unpatronized," but dear to the Muses. Sir James was likewise, it seems, a poet, and had paid a tribute in metre to Richard Lionheart. Our cunning scribe alludes to the circumstance, and salutes his unknown correspondent as

> That soaring spirit which disdains to creep
> Round the smooth base of the Parnassian steep,
> But hurried with the whirlwind's force along,
> Grasps the rough summit of sublimest Song!

The blushing baronet must have grasped the rung of his chair as he read. One can almost hear the comment: "Whew! How well said!" wrung from him. The unerring marksman had bagged his bird: Sir James turned out to be a most believing

and relieving creature. A discussion over a draft for ten pounds, lost, and repaid checkered the first days of the acquaintance; another draft of like magnitude served to clothe the unclothable in the resumed hues of the fashionable world. But within a week of that metamorphosis, the convert, very ragged, very muddy, very drunk, escaped from a "spunging-house" to Sir James' library door, with one of his best poems, the *Extravaganza,* fresh-laid, in his pocket. Reproof was administered; debts were paid. The episode was only a prelude to a lively duet, of a fiscal nature, between the two. Mildly but firmly the poet solicited more money, and ended by drawing on his patron's bank for an alehouse score. The baronet very properly resented such usage, and, uttering tempered maledictions, dropped communication with his fellow-minstrel. The latter, however, was not daunted; not he! He brought up the heavy guns of prose, and bombarded the closed citadel of income with his "not uninteresting applications:" ten of these did Dermody fire off during the spring and early summer of 1801. They are masterpieces of their kind; the temptation to quote from them is acute. But one *bonne bouche* will do. Mr. Dermody laments that the age which leaves him bobbing up and down precariously in the trough of time, had already shown signs of taking to "the vulgar puerilites of Wordsworth."

One might digress here to say that Sir James should be an interesting figure to posterity, as the undoubted original of "young Jamie" in *Auld Robin Gray.* As a youth he fell in love with a lovely girl, Lady Margaret Lindsay. Opposition arose; the sweethearts were parted, he being sent abroad, and she forced to marry the banker Alexander Fordyce. The poem about them, dear to many hearts, was written by Margaret Lindsay's sister, Lady Anne Barnard. The romance had a happy but curious sequel some forty years later, when the widowed Lady Margaret Fordyce became Sir James Bland Burges' third wife! Sir James had a lively and honorable career as Member of Parliament for Helston, and in the Foreign Office; but letters were dearer to him than statecraft, and in his later years, when Tom Dermody profited by him, he was all for books and the Muses.

It was not Thomas' habit to have but one iron in the fire. All along, as counter plot to the bounty of Sir James, he had been gathering in private subsidies from the Literary Fund, the trustees of which were wont

To bless the hapless bard, unseen by vulgar eyes.

This, according to their charter, was what they were bound to do; it was also exactly what the hapless bard in question had instructed them to do. Had they only existed a while before, he artfully tells them, Collins, aye, and Chatterton, would have escaped their disastrous fates. Not fewer, but more frequent donations thenceforward rained upon his path. One of the cultivated and benevolent group who came forward to finance Dermody even burst into poetry on the occasion. It begins:

Like Chatterton, a gifted youth,

and goes on and on. Poor Chatterton! Flank attacks were being made by "the Muses' Child," meanwhile, upon Henry Addington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Hilary Addington, his brother, two Right Honorables of wonderfully wise practical kindness. Messrs. Allingham and Raymond continued unintermittently devoted.

The gutter gentry with whom Dermody chose to lodge had by this time, as was natural, scented some advantage to themselves, and turned extortionists without further ado; his fine new garments, deciduous as forest leaves, hung continuously under the eaves of the pawnbrokers. Then he fell ill of asthma, and got his first scare, and bethought him to purge and live cleanly, but, of course, without reference to such a trifle as his soul's salvation. In an unwonted fit of industry, he wrote in the course of one day a satire in two cantos on a subject made to his hand in the altercation between Peter Pindar and Giffard of the Bairad; also a really excellent essay on Browne and other poets little prized by that generation. It was one of Dermody's illusions to think of himself as like Spenser in his day, Chatterton in his, and William Morris in ours, a native of a past age, wearing "the coronals of that forgotten time:" whereas, of course, Dermody's mind is parti-colored, and has no one recognizable ancestry. At his best as at his worst, he bears everywhere the hall mark of the eighteenth century. He had sense enough, however, to appreciate the sixteenth and seventeenth: a merit he shares with hardly anyone else of that day, save the busy pioneer, Sir Egerton Brydges, whom, indeed, Dermody anticipated.

Time wore on. Mr. Addington in 1801 got Dermody's postponed book of poems published by Hatchard, and Hatchard swallowed the profits. The author was not unnaturally much distressed: he was capable of a great depth of feeling on such truly

afflicting occasions. To add to his wretchedness, he had become consumptive. Ill as he was, he managed to dictate to Mr. Raymond his last applications for help to two former friends whom he had justly offended, Sir James Burges and the Earl of Moira: both men responded liberally, and the Hon. Baron Smith sent not only a check, but a long, affectionate message. Early in July, 1802, after some months of alternate suffering and convalescence, during which he fell into a prolonged dejection, and was importuned for many old debts, Dermody fled from a lane near Gray's Inn to a cottage on the outskirts of Sydenham. It was a ruinous hovel, exposed to wind and weather in an unusually stormy season. There, racked with coughing, alone, without food or care, he was at last found by Mr. Allingham and Mr. Raymond, and their faithful friendship quickly did all that it could. They procured a nurse, and hired a lodging on Sydenham Common, whither Dermody was to be moved the next morning. But he died during the night. He was twenty-seven years old. They buried him—all those patient people who had so unselfishly tended what Sir James Burges calls his " transcendent genius "—in Lewisham Churchyard. His grave was chosen in what was considered a peculiarly romantic nook. It is not romantic now. They had one of his own self-caressing poems graven upon Dermody's tomb: and there it is yet, on a monument twice renewed by public subscription.

The biographer, Grant Raymond, whose indulgence goes to all lengths in all directions, yet remarks that " had Dermody's ambition kept pace with the encouragement he received, had he studied and pursued moral, with the same ardor as poetical propriety, posterity with delight would have recorded his name." No: the upshot is not even matter for guesswork. The flaw is fundamental. Dermody had it in him to become a really perceiving and independent critic, had he also had it in him to do one stroke of work. But his kind of poetry—has it not had its day? Its striking perfection of manner, a perfection as of very best whalebone or crinoline, will not save it. It has no space, no infinity; no visions, such as belong by right to the Gael; no love, neither for beings human, sub-human, or super-human. The Elizabethan roisterers, Marlowe, Nash, Greene, had a sense of unfollowed ideals, and the sincere torments born of it; the like had Villon, Rochester, Burns, Poe, Verlaine. Not a splinter of aspiration, so far as man can judge, ever pricked Dermody's " brass-hard guts " of pride. Can poets be made of hogs? We trow not.

In Dermody's scribbling youth the old long-blessed patronal system had its field day. That system, with its abuses and indignities (which gave a transient wound and a lasting armor to Samuel Johnson), came practically to an end with the dawn of the nineteenth century. Wordsworth and Coleridge, however, both poor men, were saved from want and worry, throughout their productive period, by patrons. But never was there such an aided and abetted career as Dermody's. One-twentieth part of the heaped-up abundance of the means of liberty which we so grudge to his diffused intelligence and concentrated worthlessness, would have saved the glory of Bristol, who in personal relationships had honor and a heart. That the case of material succor lies as it does between the mock Chatterton and the real one, is the most bitter irony in the history of English letters. Dermody must have been born for something better than to amuse us. Let us say it was his office radically and expressly to show forth in long detail two impressive facts: one, the touching ubiquity of human charity; the other, the readiness of this silly world to take a man at his own value. No outstanding use, beyond this, has the "transcendent genius" who now

With sparkless ashes loads an unlamented urn.

Surely, his wages have been excessive. His posthumous cult has produced a biography, and a sepulchre erected and re-erected, inscribed and re-inscribed, at the public cost. Modern Lewisham, now part of London S. E., is perhaps yet grateful that to her it is given to guard some very unheroic Irish Protestant dust. When Dermody's poetical works were gathered together in 1807, the editor, Mr. Raymond, gave them for general title: *The Harp of Erin.* It was a sad misnomer. The Harp of Erin is eminently not Thomas Dermody's instrument, either in fact, or by intention. Ireland has no need of him; England can do without him. Mr. Churton Collins has only wasted time in twining bays for that cheap precocious brow.

CANON FOR THE REPOSE OF THE MOTHER OF GOD (AUGUST 15).

St. John Damascene: Died Circa A. D. 780.

Taken from an *Anthologia Græca Carminum Christianorum,* edited by W. Christ and M. Paranikas. (Teubner, Leipzig, MDCCCLXXI., pp. 229-232.)

Done into English verse by G. R. Woodward, M.A., sometime Scholar of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

NOTE.—Dr. John Mason Neale, one of the earliest and most accomplished of the translators of the sacred verse of the Orthodox Communion, in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church* (1863, second edition), gives some account of the poetical Canons which are used in the Office for Lauds, and explains the omission of a Second Ode in the present version of the Canon on our Lady's Assumption. In a passage which is here somewhat shortened, Dr. Neale says that a Canon consists of nine Odes, each one of which contains any number of Troparia, or Stanzas, from three to beyond twenty. The reason for the number nine is this: that there are nine Scriptural Canticles employed at Lauds, on the model of which the Odes in every Canon are formed. The first is that of Moses, after the passage of the Red Sea; the second is that in which Moses blessed the Children of Israel before his death; and third and following ones are those of Hannah, of Habakkuk, of Isaiah, of Jonah, of the Three Children, of the Benedicite, and, lastly, of the Magnificat and Benedictus. From this arrangement, Dr. Neale adds: it follows that, as the Second Canticle is never recited except in Lent, the Canons never have any Second Ode. Dr. Neale's valuable estimate of the composition and contents of the Odes, as well as of their style and manner, is too long to be quoted. But one sentence, in regard to the author's history, whom he considers to be the greatest of the poets of the Eastern Church, may perhaps be permitted. It is surprising, he tells us, how little is known of the life of St. John Damascene: that he was born of a good family in Damascus; that he made great progress in philosophy; that he administered some charge under the Caliph; that he retired to the monastery of St. Sabas in Palestine; that he was the most learned and eloquent with whom the Iconoclasts had to contend; that at a comparatively late period of life he was ordained a Priest of the Church of Jerusalem; and that he died after A. D. 754, and before A. D. 787—these facts seem to comprise all that has reached us of his biography.

To this it may be added, that the Canon of St. John Damascene is an early and valuable tribute in verse, from the Greek Office Books, of the position held by our Blessed Lady in the divine scheme of the Christian Revelation; that the present version was generously made by the translator on behalf of the Third Series of *Carmina Mariana,* which is now in course of compilation; that the translation was made upwards of seven years ago, and was made again at the close of last year; and that a preliminary and wider introduction to American Catholics has been accorded to the Odes, before their addition to the Anthology, by the courtesy of the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—O. S.

ODE I.

I WILL ope this mouth of mine,
To be fraught with breath divine,
Anthem loud that I may raise
To the Royal Mother's praise,
Whom, and that in glorious wise,
Openly I eulogize,
And the wonders of the same
Readily herewith proclaim.

Virgin damsels, more and less,
With the Songster-prophetess,
Miriam, exalt with us
Greater Mary's Exodus;
For the Maiden, whom alone
Mother unto God we own,
Meriteth to journey o'er
Jordan to the heavenly shore.

Sooth, 'twas very meet that thou,
Seen as "Heaven on earth" till now,
Shouldest be, most holy Maid,
Into heavenly courts convey'd;
That thou shouldest, on this day,
Glorious and in bright array,
Take thy stand, a spotless Bride,
By thy God and Sovran's side.

[*This Canon has no Second Ode.*]

ODE III.

Goddès Mother, Fountain rife
With abundant streams of life,
Stablish us who hymn thy worth,
In concént of holy mirth;
Think on us; and, more than this,
Win us crowns of heavenly bliss.

Born of mortal womb, fair Maid,
Debt to Nature thou hast paid,
Hast accomplish'd thy decease,
And hast pass'd, by glad release

(Not till thou hadst given birth
To the Life of all the earth)
To that Life which is divine,
Real, true, and hath no fine.

From the North, South, East, and West,
Sped the Twelve Apostles, prest:
Thither drew there, from on high,
Flocks of wingèd Angels, nigh;
Urged by God's Almighty will,
Bound were all for Syon's hill;
Lady, straining every nerve,
At thy grave-side thee to serve.

ODE IV.

This unfathomed godly plan
Of the Word in Flesh of Man,
Offspring of a Virgin-womb,
Was foreseen by Ambakoum,*
When he cried in olden days,
"Mighty Lord, be thine the praise."

'Twas a wonder-sight to see
Soaring over lake and lea
Her that was the lively Shrine,
Palace of the King-Divine.
Marvellous are thy works and ways;
Mighty Lord, be thine the praise.

Mother of thy God, to-day
Upward as thou went'st away,
Angel-hosts, in joy and dread,
Snow-white wings around thee spread,
O'er that body, which could fold
Him, whom heaven can no-way hold.

If the Infinite, her Child,
(Whereby "Heaven" she is styled),
If the Fruit of Mary's womb
Fain endured a mortal tomb,
Why should be the Mother spared
Sepulture, whereof He shared?

*i. e., Habakkuk, or Habacuc.

ODE V.

All Creation with amaze
Eyed thy glorious heavenly rays;
When, unwedded Maiden clear,
Thou didst quit this earthly sphere
For abodes, that last for ever,
And the life that endeth never,
Granting life with ceaseless days
To the hymners of thy praise.

Let th' Apostles wake the morn
With the winding of the horn;
Let the anthem now be sung
By the men of many a tongue;
With unbounded light ablaze
Let the welkin ring her praise,
While the Angels, all of them,
Chaunt our Lady's Requiem.

In thy praises, Maiden blest,
One by far out-ran the rest:
'Twas that "chosen vessel," Paul,
Wrapt in ecstasy withal,
One that had himself been caught
Into bliss exceeding thought,
'Fore his fellows, truth to own,
Consecrate to God alone.
He to-day, beyond all other,
Magnified thee, Goddès Mother.

ODE VI.

Come, good Christens, West and East,
Keep to-day a solemn feast;
Clap the hand, with one accord,
For the Mother of our Lord,
Praising God, who did indeed
From her blissful womb proceed.

From thee sprung the Life-Divine,
Nor unbarr'd thy Virgin-shrine:
How, then, did that stainless Tent
Which to Life once shelter lent,

Share the death, that doth befall
Eva's sons and daughters all?

Life's own Temple heretofore,
Life thou gainest evermore:
Through the gate of death thou hast
Unto Life eternal past—
Thou who erst didst clothe and wind
Life itself in human kind.

ODE VII.

Sooner far than disobey
Their Creator's law, and pay
Worship to the Image, see
How the Holy Children Three
Trod the fire, and play'd the man
Gladly, while their anthem ran;
"Thou, our fathers' God and Lord,
Alway art to be adored."

Come, young men, with maiden-kind,
Bear this Maiden well in mind,
Goddès Mother, mild and meek.
Come, old men, and rulers eke,
With the judges of the earth:
Come, ye kings, make solemn mirth:
"Thou, our fathers' God and Lord,
Alway art to be adored."

With the Spirit's trump around
Let the heavenly heights resound;
Let the mountains merry be,
And th' Apostles leap for glee.
Mary's feast it is to-day:
Raise we then the mystick lay.

Lord, thy Mother's pure decease,
Her departure in thy peace,
Gath'red beatifick legions
From aloft to earthly regions,
To rejoice with men who cry,
"God, thou art extoll'd on high."

ODE VIII.

Holy Childer Three were freed
In mid-fire by Mary's Seed:
There the shadow, dimly shown,
By the substance here is known;
And it setteth all and some
Carolling through Christendome:
"All thy works, above, below,
Bless thee, Lord, for evermo."

Maiden clean, thy fame is sung
By Angelick trumpet-tongue:
Theme of Archangelick zones,
Virtues, Princedoms, Powers, and Thrones,
Dominations, Cherubim,
Yea, of awe-full Seraphim:
And with these we men below
Magnify thee evermo.

Maiden, in unheard-of way,
God in thy clear cloister lay,
Borrowing pure flesh and breath,
Born as mortal, prone to death;
Wherefore, Mother, we below
Magnify thee evermo.

Oh, the wonder passing thought
Of that humble Maid that brought,
From her ever-Virgin shrine,
Unto birth the Son Divine:
See, her grave is, in our eyes,
Turnèd into Paradise;
Whereby standing, we, to-day,
Full of joyaunce, sing and say,
"All thy works, above, below,
Bless thee, Lord, for evermo."

ODE IX.

Let us, every child of clay,
In the Spirit leap to-day,
Holding each his lighted lamp:
Next, let yon supernal camp

Of unbodied beings bright
Celebrate this heavenly flight,
By a path, as yet untrod
By the Bearer of our God;
Hailing Mary, blest o'er other,
Holy, ever-Virgin Mother.

Come, on Syon's Olive-hill,
Of the living God the Rill,
Make we joy; as in a glass,
Viewing what is come to pass.
Christ, to far more worthy station,
And more sacred habitation
Doth convoy his Mother lowly
To the Holiest of the Holy.

Come, ye faithful, haste away
To the tomb where Mary lay:
It salute we, e'er we part,
With true homage of the heart,
Of the forehead, lip, and eye,
Drawing thence full free supply
Of the healing balms, that mount
From this everlasting Fount.

Take of us, thou blest Abode
Of the Living God, this Ode
On thine Exodus from hence;
And, of thy beneficence,
By the bright and heavenly grace
Streaming from thy blissful face,
Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Give the victory to the King;
To good Christen people, peace;
To thy Quiristers, release
From their sins, that they may thrive,
Yea, and save their souls alive.

THE POETRY AND PROSE OF LIONEL JOHNSON.

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY.

II.

THE prose writings of Lionel Johnson consist of an early volume on *The Art of Thomas Hardy* (1894), and a large number of reviews and critical papers written for the London literary columns between the years 1891-1901, which have been but recently edited by Mr. Thomas Whittemore (1911), and published under the Latin title *Post Liminium,* alluding to "the right of a man, after a lapse of time, to enter again into his own, over his former threshold."* From the time when he came up to London with an Oxford degree, prepared, as many other literary men before him, to win fame and fortune with his pen, until the beginning of "the long spell of enforced idleness," as he termed it, which ended with his death—during these ten years he wrote articles for *The Daily Chronicle, The Anti-Jacobin, The Spectator, The Academy, The Speaker, The Outlook, The Fortnightly Review,* and the *Westminster Gazette.* In his Clifford's Inn chambers, Lionel Johnson lived and worked, quietly, unostentatiously, persistently. When he was not penning in his small, fine hand sheet after sheet of pertinent criticism, he was making and confirming friendships, for he always loved a friend, and there was in his heart a sincere man-to-man worship for his fellows, so well expressed in the lines to *A Friend.*

In the preface to *The Art of Thomas Hardy,* he said, "It amply contents me to dream, that some gentle scholar of an hundred years hence, turning over the worn volumes upon bookstalls yet unmade, may give his pence for my book, may read it at his leisure and may feel kindly toward me." By Lionel Johnson each of his acquaintances was received as though the newcomer were perhaps a present personification of that "gentle scholar of an hundred years hence." He always had a certain scholarly attitude, and loved to discuss with his friends the various aspects of literature

*Preface to *Post Liminium,* page xi.

and of life in which he was interested. Mr. Victor Plarr, who roomed near him, has given us the following picture:

> It was wonderful to be present when he built up a scene out of the past. He would slip about, a slim, active figure with dark expressive eyes, and pale intellectual face, playing a kind of tune among bells, the bells being books, which he drew from shelves high and low, till they littered tables and chairs on every side. But the books, annotated, conned, inscribed with favorite excerpts, were so many voices in his support. Never did he take one down but it was to show you some beautiful passage, some illuminating description, generally unfamiliar to his breathless interlocutor, but always appropriate in the discussion. One can imagine Sir Walter Scott excelling long ago in similar bouts.

Well could we wish to have been among those who "sat in his beautiful rooms, so symbolic of his mind, among the choice carefully-collected drawings and prints, the literary mementos, and the countless shelves crammed with rare volumes, with large paper editions—hundreds of well-conned, well-loved books—listening to his delightful flow of cordial talk, and noting the deep glow of his poet's dark eyes as he read or recited verse in his tense inimitable way."*

A perusal of *The Art of Thomas Hardy* leads us to the opinion that the idea stated by Mr. Plarr can be reversed, that Lionel Johnson may be said to have addressed his literary audience—the gentle scholar of an hundred years hence if you will—with the same tone, in the same fashion, and through the same materials as he addressed his personal friends at Clifford's Inn. He seems to have subscribed to the Wordworthian theory preached by Matthew Arnold,

> There is
> One great society alone on earth,
> The noble Living and the noble Dead.†

In the opening paragraph of *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, and on pages 71 and 72, he has declared that there is no distinction of time, "the great books and utterances tell all one story under diverse forms," we can pass from epoch to epoch "with no sensible discomfort or surprise of complete change," and "the good of all

*The Poetry Review, June, 1912. †Prelude II; 393.

ages and of all kinds are more like each other than they are like their bad contemporaries." On this basis Lionel Johnson discussed each writer under consideration as a postulant who was seeking admission into the "one great society," and examined his qualifications by a *touchstone* comparison, by reference to the highest of high ideals, and by deep and scholarly study of technique and style. Indeed, in this first critical book he falls somewhat into the usual error of erudite young men who have but recently been idlers among academic bowers. He thinks of the subject matter of which he is talking, in terms of the rigid conventions of the ideal-intellectual society which he has constructed for his purpose, and not in terms of the reactions which the subject matter produces within himself. Constructive criticism may be academic or personal; and it seems that that of Lionel Johnson is academic. He does not study the psychological effects of the novels of Thomas Hardy upon himself. He compares them with "the fair humanities," with "the best that has been thought and said in the world."

As Mr. Victor Plarr has told us that "books were so many voices in his support" in the Clifford's Inn discussions, so in the written discussions on *The Art of Thomas Hardy* Lionel Johnson calls many quotations to speak in his support. Where he does not actually quote, he often mentions writer after writer in what might seem either feigned or unnecessary erudition of manner. It would be unwise to accuse him of a feigned erudition: he was an extraordinarily widely and deeply read man; he came to his task rich with the intellectual legacy of past years. As for the unnecessary phase of this scintillating eruditeness, a quotation and a short demonstration will best explain. Lionel Johnson is speaking of his favorite period, the eighteenth century, as follows:

> Experience, verified facts, the ascertained contents of life, the clear principles and powers of human nature: these were the plain arguments and matters for the consideration of reasonable men. The roll of moralists, or of metaphysicians, illustrates this reliance of thought upon common sense in very various ways: there were the elegant Shaftesbury, with his characteristic of *Men, Manners, Opinions, Times;* Mandeville, with his *Private Vices, Public Benefits;* the rhetorical commonplaces, uttered in no commonplace rhetoric, of St. John; the mixed depravity and charm of Chesterfield; Johnson's golden mean of wisdom; the composed and Attic reasonings of Berkeley; the Gallicized Scotch skeptic, Hume; the moral father of political

> economy, Smith; Butler, the champion of probability; Burke, the Hooker of statesmen, upon whom at last fell the moral horror of the French Revolution in all its lawlessness. Here is no lack of variety; here are prelates and professors, statesmen and politicians, lights of the court and oracles of the coffee house: but in all we note a desire to be sensible and reasonable; to present, each his own views of truth, as the plain, sane statement of facts; demanding, doubtless, care and labor from the student of truth; yet not exceeding the grasp of any honest and educated man.

Then, when we consider that this is merely a "critical preliminary," we wonder what does all this have to do with *The Art of Thomas Hardy?* He deals with the whole history of the novel, with the truth that lies in artistic expression, with the ideal of obedience to fine traditions and the worth of the humanists, with the various elements mixed into the literary crucible of the eighteenth century, and excellently with the characteristics of the modern novel as compared with its predecessors—all by the way. We read two pages on the awakening of the romantic spirit—two splendid pages, in which with singular felicity our author has hit off the traits of a small battalion of writers and relegated each to an appropriate niche—we read these two, and other, pages and begin to wonder if to give nearly the whole history of English literature is not over-stepping even the license which Lionel Johnson takes of approaching Thomas Hardy "in a leisurely way." In fact, so much irrelevant or slightly relevant material is included and detailed at length, that the temptation is very strong to turn against our poet-critic a quotation which he himself was very fond of using, "A very pretty book, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

This has been a question of rambling and diverse subject matter strung on a single slender thread. There is the more serious matter of style. It really becomes almost tiresome to read through an excellent criticism of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* and to find that, from the Goethe statement about *Faustus,* "How largely it is all planned," to the quotation from Bishop Blougram, it is not the work of Lionel Johnson but the combined work of Lucretius, Lovelace, Burke, the Doge of Genoa, Emerson, Renan, Alciphron, Shakespeare, Æschylus, Browning, Plato, George Herbert, Pope Leo XIII., Abelard, Cotter Morison, Hume, Molière, Mansel, Hartmann, Dr. Johnson, Prior, Ezechiel, Chaucer, Boethius, Samuel Butler, Cud-

worth, Pascal, Newman, Christina Rossetti, and Carlyle—all in twenty-five pages. It may be well to have "so many voices in his support," but it seems that this is a little too labored. Yet, these one or two instances of stylistic transgression mentioned are the exception rather than the rule. In the great majority of cases the citations are exceptionally appropriate and excellently illuminating. The conclusion to which we must come, with reference to this fault, is that the book was written by a rather young man of distinct genius who had accumulated more than the ordinary quota of knowledge; had gathered facts without giving his mind time to mature; had not yet come to a realization of his own immense innate power of thought. It is a youthful effort, marked with all the reliance on the opinions of others, usually found in one who is yet an earnest searcher after truth.

Lionel Johnson has been termed a disciple of Walter Pater; and their relationship is nowhere more evident than in the subtleties, in the richness, in the variety of his style; in the carefulness of balance and the solemnity of movement. A short quotation will illustrate the evident care taken in the construction:

> I confess that the tragic novels contain purely idyllic passages; that the idyllic pair are not without their unhappy or satiric touches; that the remaining books, among their engaging medley, exhibit simple tragedies and simple idylls. But the dominant tone and nature of the fifteen volumes warrant their careful reader in making this triple division: a touch of innocent joy does but deepen the prevailing tragedy; a stroke of grim ragedy does but add fresh zest to the sad laughter of the satirist; a ripple of mockery, a breath from gloomier places, best serve to embrace the charm of idyllic scenes.

Lionel Johnson is more varied, more brilliant, more rapid than his Oxford master "who gave of his welcome and of his praise." Walter Pater seems to present the "delicate dawning of a new desire;" while Lionel Johnson was more positive in his convictions. When we think of the influence of one man upon another, we must preface our reflections with the axiomatic assumption that as time goes on the pupil will develop his own individuality; he will show less and less trace of the master's guidance, and that the earlier work is the place where we must look for the delicate traceries, for the vague hints, for the unconscious emulation and fleeting similarity in attitude and manner which may be taken

as fast fading indications of the instructor's personality. In the light of this, we had best remember that *The Art of Thomas Hardy* was an early volume, and that in it, if anywhere, we must look for the marks of his education, and for the characteristics derived from him whom he called a " classic saint."

Usually, as Poe has remarked and demonstrated, a piece of literature, be it poem or novel, creates in the mind of the reader a certain impression. *The Fall of the House of Usher,* for instance, represents an " all-pervading sense of insufferable gloom." Lionel Johnson, with true and keen insight, has typified the effect of the Hardy novels as that of a landscape, a landscape of open country, rolling hills, a few relics of the cruder fiercer civilization of other years, and a solitary laboring man watching on the moors at nightfall. Only to one who has read and appreciated Thomas Hardy, is it given to know how extra-ordinarily profound, and yet how marvelously simple, is this piece of enlightenment. It is the translation of a broad and complex impression into a single definite mood —the mood of Thomas Hardy. In other places, Lionel Johnson may be academic, but it cannot be charged against him that this interpretation is bookish—it is introspective and humanitarian to the last degree.

But, to lay aside the mere incidentals of an academic or an unacademic manner of procedure, the allusive tendencies of his phraseology, and the appropriateness or the inappropriateness of any particular passage or citation, to lay them aside for a moment and briefly to summarize, *The Art of Thomas Hardy* is the effort of a young man who had not yet served his critical apprenticeship in the smaller and less pretentious things which should ripen his powers for the larger tasks of the future. In matter, he still depended, possibly too much, on the opinions of those who had gone before; in manner, he still depended, possibly too much, on the instructions of his teacher Walter Pater. Yet, with Lionel Johnson, in substance and in style, it was reverence and emulation, not dependence and imitation. Although he used quotations profusely, he was far more than a mere compiler of the ideas and opinions of others; he wrote with restraint and dignity, with acute insight and apt illustration, and his work deserves no mean position among the critical writings of this and other ages.

We all have to go through the process of becoming educated, and until the richness of real maturity comes of its own accord, we must fall somewhat short in true constructive criticism, and

merely handle our material as best we can with our yet unordered feeling for perspective and our yet unordered capacity for reflection. The result is that a young critic is either inordinately susceptible or is inordinately severe. The book on *The Art of Thomas Hardy* represents a stage in the critical education of a mind of genius well-trained in academic conventions. *Post Liminium* gives us glimpses of the various stages in this education from the first beginnings to the end.

A perusal of the critical pieces in *Post Liminium* and such of the periodical contributions not therein included as are accessible on this side of the water, a perusal of these year by year, shows a fine strengthening of powers without loss of the high idealism, the gradual development of an individual taste free from bare traditional dictates, the slow acquisition of an incomparable *finesse* in apperception, appreciation and expression, and the blossoming of a broad humanitarian sympathy which comes only with the confidence and the discretion of age. As we note the rare ripening of genius with the passing of the years, and that which is more than genius, as we think of what the future might have held in store, there steals hauntingly into our memories the old, old saying, "Whom the gods love, die young"—true, all too true in the case of Lionel Johnson. To restrict ourselves in our investigation to his opinions on somewhat kindred topics, there is a very real and a very evident difference between the early paper on Newman and the later one on Savonarola. The former has the fault of the mere piling up of names and the weakness of depending on quotation; the latter has an inherent strength and an intrinsic worth of its own. Witness the intensity, the power, the grandeur of the following:

> An age of luxurious corruption, renascent paganism, hideous crime and moral laxity; Christian upon the surface, indifferent or superstitious within; resplendent with gorgeous vanities and cunning inventions and exquisite arts—such to Savonarola seemed the enemy assigned to the sword of his word. "Thunders of thought and flames of fierce desire" surged through his soul; after a time, and for a time, he triumphed. Sacred oratory, able to inspire Michelangelo at work upon the Sistine Chapel, thrilled Florence, and threw multitudes prostrate at his feet; he found himself ruling where Lorenzo de' Medici had ruled.....His earlier preaching was full of fiery apocalyptic warning, of vehement appeals to Church and State, of sternest

> denunciation and pathetic entreaty; but from that he passed to a perilous conviction of his prophetic insight into the immediate politics of the day, his divinely-given right to inspire and direct the policy of Florence, to defy authority in the name of higher authority.

Writing in 1893 of Walter Pater, we see him penning words in the style of his master, long, involved sentences, evenly-balanced clauses, and studied alternations of periodic and loose constructions. Then, if we turn over a few pages and look at the paper on Vergil, written in 1900, the distinction is obvious. The idea of balance remains; but the whole impression is so much less mechanistic—there is less of the unnecessary punctuation of early days—there seems a live interest stronger than that of the cold technician:

> For in the melancholy majesty of his mighty line we commune with the "white soul" which, at the height of Rome's magnificence, was not of that age, but of all ages, by virtue of an intense humanity. If he did not, in man's service, control the powers of nature, none has more profoundly expressed and praised them, the august workings amid which man lives. If he did not with high authority go about doing good to men, none has more fully and perfectly given a voice to the infinite longing of their souls, nor spoken with a tenderer austerity.

As there was in the end but one inspiration to the poetry of Lionel Johnson, there was one moulding motive behind his prose criticism. He seems to have had always in mind that "one great society alone on earth," in the light of which he had considered *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. And, naturally, to him the Catholic heritage was the present manifestation of the *quondam* spiritual dignity of classicism. In poetry he could be tense with present faith; in prose he must be restrained in harmony with ancient dignity.

It is interesting to look over the papers in the volume entitled *Post Liminium*, with a view to constructing a synthesis of his opinions on ancient civilization and culture, on Ireland and on the Catholic Church. A paper on *Friends That Fail Not* tells of his love for companionable books, for the quaint old-fashioned writings of the past, and especially for the classics. With respect to the last, we may recall the lines in the poem to Walter Pater, which says that "deep within the liturgies lie hid the mysteries." He thought that we should look on the wisdom of old with a reverence that

should be a religion, and that with the lamps of our intelligence we should strive to penetrate the dimness. He loved Ireland, and lauds the various Irish politicians for their devotion to their ideals. Clarence Mangan he praises as a brilliant Irishman, who from dejection, defeat, and deception "rose and rang the very glory and rapture of Irish song to his dark Rosaleen." Then, for himself, in a paper on *Poetry and Patriotism in Ireland,* he shows his own deep reverence for the true idealism: not particularly as expressed in the practical, political, propagandist poetry, but rather in poetry written in the Irish spirit in any form, so long as it is good and fine in itself. He would "welcome all who write for the love of Ireland, even if they write in fashions less familiar," and let the subject be what it will, so long as the spirit is brave and optimistic.

Humble Saint Francis of Assisi, austere Dante, lovable Thomas à Kempis—these have come in for their full share of eulogy from the man who was a strong believer in their Faith. Lionel Johnson loved English literature because of its mysticism, because of its strangeness and propensity, because of the dimly discernible underlying subtleties in its movements. He wrote on *The Soul of Sacred Poetry,* and wrote well, unconsciously characterizing his own poetry very nicely when he said, "Sacred poets must feel towards the contents of their creed as lovers towards the separate and single beauties of their mistress: a personal devotion to each gracious detail, with a comprehension of their place and office in the gracious whole. There must be a reverent familiarity, no less than an awed veiling of the eyes." The genius that was not sufficiently developed to write a *book* about Thomas Hardy, was fully capable of making one of the finest judgments that have ever been made of the whole inspiration of sacred poetry. And, of course, there was an excellent reason for his insight on this subject, for Lionel Johnson himself must be ranked as one of the foremost of all those sacred men who have poured out their fervid souls in poetry. The gorgeous glorious ecstasy of *Te Martyrum Candidatus* is as wonderful as the intensity of *The Dream of Gerontius*—and the stirring chants of the choir angelical. It is "more than imagination; it is nothing less than vision." Lionel Johnson said—and proved it himself—that it is necessary to believe before writing sacred poetry.

The little snap-shots of life and letters* which have been

*Short essays and criticisms, included in "With Our Readers," on *St. Vincent de Paul,* on *Two Early English Mystics,* on *The Ambitious Church,* etc., etc., etc.

reprinted in THE CATHOLIC WORLD—would that they could be collected and published in even more permanent form—seem to merit separate consideration. There are many on this side of the water who know Lionel Johnson chiefly, if not solely, in the delightful attitude therein revealed. Whether he deals with matters of literature or of religion, he is ever inspiring and instructive. He always has a high ideal to which he would have humanity attain; he always sees the better side of life, even when correcting faults; he always holds lofty and noble hopes for the future. Just to mention a few: his gentle contempt for the *fin de siecle* "flowery Paganism such as no Pagan ever had:" his appreciation of *Irish Poets Writing English Verse,* whose poetry "will not pass away till the passing away of Ireland," and his keen insight into the mind of Gibbon are in his best literary mood; he is most intensely and ideally enthusiastic when he writes of "the sacred purple of Rome," of old-time visionaries and mediæval dreamers, and of the ambitious Church and Catholic duty; and with modern subjects he can do as well, hitting off with remarkable felicity of phrase splendid Fénelon, kindly Cardinal Manning, and the noble Reverend William Lockhart, or poking fun at Alfred Austin's first discovery of Ireland, and at the Laureate's unsympathetic and unnatural attempts at "wearing of the Green."

But let us dismiss the subject of mere facts and mere construction, and contemplate the spirit which actuated the worker. In poetry Lionel Johnson is intense; in critical vein he is large, broad, and kindly. Whether we read his early effusion on *The Fools of Shakespeare,* whether we entertain ourselves with the essay which revolves about *The Art of Thomas Hardy;* whether we assist at a review of the credentials of a newly-published volume; whether we read the poetic eulogy to Walter Pater; whether we dip into his work at an early or a late period; whatever the style, the spirit is the same. And that spirit is one of fine nobility, vast scope, and gentle thoughtfulness. There is always a feeling for humanity, a dignified respect for a sympathetic interpretation of men and of man. It is a critical attitude, and it is a critical manner, infinitely desirable though rarely found.

Lionel Johnson enjoyed a limited reputation as a critic; he won recognition as a poet; and his fame has not only persisted since his death: it has increased. Previous to 1902 he had published only three books: *The Art of Thomas Hardy* in 1894, *Poems* in

1895, and *Ireland with Other Poems* in 1897. Each of these was almost immediately re-issued in either New York or Boston, and all were reviewed by almost all of the periodicals then publishing critical notices of new books. Most of the comments were very favorable, except for occasional mention of unnecessary scholarliness in the poems, of unnecessary display of learning in the Hardy volume. It is very interesting to notice how he has come into his own since his death.

Selections from his poems were published in London in 1908; in 1904 Mr. Yeats picked out *XXI. Poems* to be printed by the Dun Emer Press of Dublin, and Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, maker of fine books, reprinted these in 1908, with seven additional ones of his own choice at Portland, Maine; in 1911 Mr. Thomas Whittemore edited *Post Liminium,* which appeared in New York in 1912, and which met a hearty reception among the critics on both sides of the Atlantic; and in 1912 Mr. Elkin Mathews published another selection entitled *Some Poems,* with a biographical sketch by Louise Imogen Guiney. Aside from the notices of these books, which were published almost as a matter of course, there have been an amazing number of papers written about him. It seems from the tenor of these that the spirit of the man lives and obtains influence aside from any specific item of his writing. Since 1902 there have been no less than ten critical articles, all of considerable length, and dignified, sober, serious articles in reputable magazines, or as parts of more pretentious essay collections—not the dashed-off, hasty-and-shallow-judgment, book-review type. Ten articles, one for each year! These fall naturally and immediately into two groups, those occasioned by his death, and the very recent ones.

The number of appreciations of Lionel Johnson which have been printed since the beginning of 1912 would seem to augur that our poet is at last coming into his own, that the brave optimism is beginning to win the general recognition it deserves, and that the future will see his renown steadily grow greater and greater as the world comes to know more and more of the acute little thinker and high idealist of Clifford's Inn.

* * * *

Be it prose or be it poetry, the chief inspiration of Lionel Johnson can be generalized into a reverence for the "best that has been thought and said in the world." In literature he turned to

classicism; in religion he turned to Catholicism. His boundless optimism lived *for* Ireland *in* the Church. In the words of Poe, poetry was to him not a purpose but a passion—and the passions should be held in reverence. Criticism was a purpose—by it he earned his living. It is when the dreamer dreams that he is at his greatest, and Lionel Johnson is most truly inspired when he, apprehending as by mystical intuition, breaks into poetry—poetry kindled from deep experience and based on the wonder and greatness of existence. In verse he writes not for a periodical or for an editor, not for a day, a decade, or a century; but for his God and for all time:

> A gleam of Heaven; the passion of a star
> Held captive in the clasp of harmony:
> A silence, shell-like breathing from afar
> The rapture of the deep—eternity.*

He will be known in the future, not as the kindly friend of a few callers at Clifford's Inn, not as a worshipper and singer of the praises of Kathleen ni Houlihan, not as an austere, dignified critic with a classical spirit and a careful style, but as one who, in the strength of his Faith, saw with his eyes, and sang for joy of the sight, saw with his eyes, the Eyes of the Crucified.

*Poem by Father John Banister Tabb, entitled *Poetry*.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

VII.

ORE was now, at last, to be drawn into the vortex of Court life in spite of himself. At the earnest request of the English Merchants he was, by the King's consent, twice made ambassador in important matters. This was in 1516. A little later his brilliant defense of the Pope's right to a vessel claimed in forfeiture by the King, made further resistance to the royal wishes impossible.

The Court at this time was not without its attractions even for a man like More. Henry VIII., at twenty-six, was in the first freshness of his manhood. His father had laid the foundations upon which he was eminently fitted to build a stately edifice of kingly authority. The power of the old nobility had been destroyed both by the ravages of civil war and by the deliberate policy of Henry VII. "Feudal society has been described as a pyramid; the upper slopes were now washed away, leaving an unscaleable precipice, at the top of which stood the Tudor monarch alone in his glory." And Henry VIII. came to this great position richly endowed with mental and physical gifts. His unusual excellence at all kinds of sport and martial exercise made him the idol of ordinary folk. He could draw a bow, tame a horse, shiver a lance, wrestle, joust, hunt or play with the best. "Love for the King," writes a foreign chronicler, "is universal with all who see him; for his Highness does not seem a person of this world, but descended from heaven." Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, to whom we owe so many delightful pictures of the English Court, describes him as so handsome that Nature could not have done more for him.

Wolsey was of course the great political figure of the Court, and to him, in these earlier years of the reign, Henry left the whole management of state affairs. "Wolsey," says Giustiniani, "rules both the King and the entire kingdom." On the ambassador's first arrival in England, Wolsey used to say, "His Majesty will do so and so;" subsequently, by degrees, forgetting himself, he commenced saying, "We shall do so and so," at this present he has

reached such a pitch that he says, "I shall do so and so." He is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs are likewise managed by him, let their nature be what it may. He is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just; he favors the people exceedingly, especially the poor, hearing their suits, and seeking to dispatch them instantly. He also makes the lawyers plead gratis for all poor suitors. He is in very great repute, seven times more so than if he were Pope. He has a very fine palace, where one traverses eight rooms before reaching his audience chamber, and they are all hung with tapestry, which is changed once a week. His sideboard of plate is worth twenty-five thousand ducats. In his own chamber there is always a cupboard with vessels to the amount of thirty thousand ducats, according to the custom of the English nobility. He lived in fact in a style of unparalleled magnificence and splendor. Everything about him was conceived in the handsomest manner, his palaces and colleges, his pictures, his minstrels and singing-boys, his attendants with their crimson liveries were the envy not of nobles but of kings. "He kept a noble house," says Cavendish, his secretary and faithful biographer, "and plenty both of meat and drink for all comers, both for rich and poor, and much alms given at his gates." Probably no subject of the crown in the whole course of English history left upon his contemporaries so deep an impression of wealth, power, and magnificence.

Wolsey was the greatest statesman of his age, but his statecraft lay almost wholly in the direction of foreign affairs; and we should not pay too much attention to those historical enthusiasts who claim for him as well the title of educator, religious and domestic reformer.

"The bent of his genius," writes Brewer, "was exclusively political; but it leaned more to foreign than domestic politics..... But throughout the whole period of his long administration, and through all his correspondence, *it is remarkable how small a portion of his thoughts is occupied with domestic affairs; and with religious matters still less.*"*

Henry VIII. was as richly endowed in mind as in body, and there was an intellectual side to his Court which reflected his mental

*Brewer, i., pp. 58, 59.

quality. He had been carefully educated, at first with a view to the ecclesiastical life, and had shown signs of great intellectual precocity. But the development of his mind must have been much unsteadied by his youthful zeal for pleasure and sport of every kind. Even as late as 1520, Pace writes to Wolsey complaining of his excessive devotion to hunting. "The King rises daily, except on holy days, at four or five, and hunts till nine or ten at night. He spares no pains to convert the sport of hunting into a martyrdom."* His mind, not to speak of his moral nature, must have developed very slowly during the brilliant and pleasure-loving years of his early married life—Queen Katherine spoke of it as one of continual feasting. In the winter evenings there were masks and plays and revels, in which Henry himself, Bessie Blount, and other young ladies of the Court took part. In the spring and summer there was archery and tennis. Music was practiced by day and night, and there were, of course, the more serious athletic displays. It is not to be wondered at that the King paid so little attention to State business; whatever time was left over for mental pursuits was given to an easy patronage of the intellectual members of his Court, and to discussions theological and otherwise. Henry, himself, complained to Mountjoy that he was still so ignorant. There is no doubt, however, that Henry was the most accomplished monarch of his time. Erasmus speaks of him with great, if rather exaggerated, respect.

His book against Luther, for there is little doubt that he was mainly responsible for it, gives evidence of fairly extensive theological learning, though "it does not rank so high in the realm of theology as do some of Henry's compositions in that of music." At a later date, indeed, he inspired Cardinal Campeggio with profound respect for the soundness of his theological knowledge. A monarch who could surround himself with such courtiers as Mountjoy, Linacre, Pace, Colet, Stokesley, Latimer, Tunstal, Clerk, and More must have had very sound intellectual predilections.†

At the time of More's entry into political life, Henry had not assumed personal control of state affairs; but there are many evidences that he was feeling his way towards it. Wolsey had not quite prepared the great position which his master was so soon to occupy at the cost of his own downfall. The lion, as More said, had not yet realized his own strength; but it would be hard for any man to rule him when that time should arrive.

*_State Papers_, vol. iii., no. 950. †_Cf._ Erasmus, _State Papers_, vol. ii., no. 4340.

The sweating sickness was now very prevalent. More writes to Erasmus in 1517, "We are in the greatest sorrow and danger. Multitudes are dying all around us: almost everyone in Oxford, Cambridge, and London has been ill lately, and we have lost many of our best and most honoured friends." One of its results was to drive the King and his Court from London, and indirectly it had a very bad effect on business. Much discontent arose in the city, especially on account of the foreign merchants who were swarming into England and taking away the Court patronage. The municipal authorities, in the absence of the Court, were unequal to the preservation of order.

Matters were brought to a head by a sermon preached by a certain Franciscan, who denounced the numbers and doings of the foreigners. The prentices and others to the number of two thousand attacked the French, Flemish, and Italian quarters, and were only quelled by means of the troops whom Wolsey had ordered to march into London from the outlying districts. More did his best to calm the rioters, and was afterwards appointed to inquire into the causes of the disturbance, as he himself tells us in his *Apology* (E. W., p. 930 *sq.*). But the trouble did not end here, as we learn from a dispatch of the Venetian ambassador, who speaks of another conspiracy to murder strangers and sack their houses in the following September—the King and his Court being still absent from London.*

A letter from More to Erasmus about this time shows how busily he was occupied with Court business, while his mind occasionally took relaxation in Utopian imaginations.

> I am in the clouds [he writes] with the dream of government offered me by my Utopians. I fancy myself a grand potentate, with a crown and a Franciscan cloak, followed by a magnificent procession of the Amaurai. Should it please heaven to exalt me to this high dignity where I shall be too exalted to think of commonplace acquaintances, I will still keep a corner in my heart for Erasmus and Tunstal; and should you pay me a visit, I will make my subjects honor you as is befitting the friends of majesty. But, alas, my dream is dispelled: I am stripped of my royalty, and am plunged once more down into the old mill-round of the court.

More was now to be drawn into the web of foreign diplomacy.

**State Papers*, vol. ii., no. 3697.

In August he was appointed on a Commission to adjudicate between the English and French merchants, at Calais, in order to save both sides the expense of litigation. The business was long and tedious, especially so to More. "What a thing it is," writes Erasmus with reference to his friend, "to be blessed by kings and loved by Cardinals." In spite of his aversion to this kind of life, More's influence with the King was evidently very strong, for we have a letter of his written to Warham, congratulating that prelate on his retirement from the Chancellorship. He speaks of the difficulty he had in persuading the King to allow Warham's resignation, and envies him for his new-found leisure, while he himself is so distracted with business that he can hardly find time to write this letter.

More returned from this uncongenial mission in November. In 1518 he was appointed Master of Requests, a post which involved constant attendance upon the King, and the examination of all petitions presented on the royal progresses through the country. It must have given him a new insight into the problems of the countryside, and we also know that it gave him many opportunities of helping the poor. No doubt it was at his suggestion that in 1521 the Council revived the statutes against unauthorized enclosures.

In the early spring of 1518, while the Court was at Abingdon, one of the select preachers was unwise enough to rail against the study of Greek and the new interpreters of the Scripture before the King. The unfortunate theologian was afterwards summoned to the royal presence, and commanded to argue out his contention with Mr. More. More spoke first, and put his case so forcibly that his opponent, instead of making a reply, fell on his knees and sought the King's pardon. This sermon was only an indication of a bitter controversy which was raging at Oxford at the time. So fierce did it become that the King, anxious to protect the growing zeal for sound knowledge, instructed More to address a letter of warning to the university authorities.

This oration, for it is nothing less, is too long for quotation, but its general purport may be given. When in London More had heard that certain scholars of the university had banded themselves together under the name of Trojans, in order to show their contempt for Greek studies. This might be all very well as a joke, but he understood it was leading to serious evil when a preacher, in the holy season of Lent, could allow himself in a sermon to inveigh against learning itself. For what purpose, indeed, did the univer-

sity exist, if not for the spread of knowledge? He could understand that a holy man, long withdrawn from the world and given to watching, to fasting, and to prayer, might come out of his seclusion in order to warn men to leave study for that which was more excellent and spiritual; but such was not the case with the preacher mentioned, who loved comfort and ignorance rather than true piety. Who could deem this anything but malice and envy? "How came it into his head to preach about the Latin tongue, of which he knows so little; or the liberal sciences of which he knows still less; or about Greek, of which he understands not one iota? Had he not matter enough in the seven deadly sins, matter indeed, in which he had far greater skill?" In any case what does the university exist for except to teach knowledge and that alone? Not only theology, which is only necessary for some of the students, but a knowledge of human affairs, which can nowhere be found so abundantly as in the works of poets, orators, and historians. Even theology itself is difficult of thorough attainment without the help of Latin, of Greek, and of Hebrew. There is little need in these times to warn people against learning: they are not so anxious after all to devote themselves to it, even with great persuasion. In conclusion, More addresses himself to the university authorities, urging the advantages of Greek studies, and pointing them to Cambridge for a good example. He apologizes for presuming to address himself to people so much more learned than himself, and warns them to put a stop to the factions which were a disgrace to the university, lest their Chancellor or the Cardinal of York be forced to intervene. Lastly, he gives them to understand—and this is the point of the whole letter—that the King will tolerate nothing contrary to the intellectual interests of a place so favorably cherished by himself and his ancestors.

While More was cudgelling the Oxford dons on behalf of sound knowledge, his fellow-courtiers were otherwise engaged. Considering the holiness of the season, they had abandoned their usual "carding and dicing" for the less exciting diversion of "picking of arrows over the screen in the hall." More was evidently "the friend at court" of all followers of the New Learning. It was he who brought Holbein to England, and secured the King's favor and patronage for any distinguished or promising scholars from abroad, or from our own universities. Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, for instance, sends him a young theologian for pre-

sentation to the King with a letter of introduction, which shows how strong his influence must have been.

> Let some ray of favor shine from the throne, *by your means,* upon our Cambridge *alumni,* in order to quicken and spur on our youth to the love of good letters, by the hope of sharing in the liberalities of so flourishing a prince. We have but a few friends at Court, who are both able and willing to recommend our affairs to the King's Highness, and of these we reckon you the first, who hitherto and while in a lower sphere have ever proved yourself our kind protector. Now that you are assumed to the order of knighthood (1521) and are so close to the King.....show how much you favor us.

A further annuity of £100 was granted to More in 1518 out of the little customs of London; and although he is called a Councillor as early as 1516, he does not appear to have been admitted to the deliberations of the Privy Council till 1518. His correspondence with Erasmus during this period was chiefly concerned with the publication of his own *Utopia,* his *Epigrammata,* and the various works of Erasmus himself; also to the soliciting of influence and substantial patronage for his impecunious friend. One letter of his on the subject of Erasmus' version of the New Testament is of considerable importance, especially in view of his own later controversy with Tyndale. In it More tells of Latimer's delight over Erasmus' version, and warns the latter against the designs of certain enemies to catch him in a trap.

The saintly Bishop of Rochester also approved of Erasmus' New Testament. "The New Testament, translated by you," he writes in 1517, "for the common benefit of all, cannot give offence to any wise person; when you have not only cleared up innumerable passages by your erudition, but have also supplied a very complete commentary on the whole work." More, in a letter to his friend, also mentions that Fox, after Fisher the most devout and influential member of the English episcopacy, preaching before a large concourse of people, affirmed that Erasmus' version of the New Testament was worth more to him than ten commentaries.

In the important letter of More to Erasmus, just mentioned, More spoke very favorably of Hutten's *Epistle of Obscure Men.* His commendation was passed on to Hutten himself by Erasmus in a letter which will always remain as one of the most finished, complete, and beautiful descriptions of More ever written. It is a

difficult task, says Erasmus, to describe More, but he will do his best. He is somewhat below middle height, but well-proportioned in all his limbs; his complexion is fair rather than pale, with as much red as to give it the bloom of health. His hair is inclined to black or brown; he has a thin beard and gray eyes dotted with specks, which, as a mark of genius, is much admired in England, and indicates a generous nature. His inside corresponds to his out. He has a pleasant smiling look, and, to say the truth, is more inclined to pleasantry than seriousness. His right shoulder is a little higher than his left, especially when he walks, but this is not a natural defect, but an acquired imperfection. As compared with the rest of his person, his hands are a little clumsy. He has always been careless in the matter of dress. Erasmus became acquainted with him when he was twenty-three, and he is now a little past forty. Hutten may therefore guess how handsome More was in his youth. He has good health but not robust, and is likely to live long, as his father is a very hale old man. He is careless as to his food; generally drinks water, and sometimes, to please others, beer, little better than water, out of a tin cup. As it is customary to drink healths in England, More pledges his guests *ore simmo*. His favorite diet is beef, salt meats, and coarse brown bread well fermented; he prefers milk and vegetable diet, and is fond of eggs. His voice is penetrating and clear, but not musical, although he is fond of music; his speech is plain and distinct. He wears no silk, purple or gold chains, except when he cannot avoid it, and dislikes all ceremony.

At first he was averse to a Court life through hatred of tyranny and love for equality, and could not be induced to take service with Henry VIII. except after great solicitations. He likes liberty and ease, but no one is more active or more patient than he when occasion requires it. He is friendly, accessible, and fond of conversation, hating tennis, dice, and similar games. He is very much given to jesting; wrote and acted little comedies when a lad, and loves a jest even at his own expense. He is equally at home with the wise and the foolish, and in female society is full of jokes. No one is less led by the judgment of the vulgar, and yet no man has more common sense. His chief pleasure is in watching animals, and he has a variety of them, for instance, an ape, a ferret, a fox, etc. Any rarity or exotic he purchases readily, and his house is well furnished with curiosities. He has always been fond of female society and female friendships. As a young

man he devoted himself to Greek, for which he was nearly disinherited by his father, who wished to bring him up to the law—a profession which, above all others, in England leads to honor and emolument, but requires many years of hard study.

Erasmus then gives a number of the well-known facts of More's earlier life, including his lectures on St. Augustine, his wish for the religious life, his first marriage and his second. Nothing, he proceeds, can show his influence over (his second wife) more completely than that, though advanced in life and very attentive to housekeeping, More persuaded her to learn various musical instruments. He manages his whole household in an admirable way; there is no noise or contention; no vice, no bad repute; and perhaps no family can be found where father and step-mother and son live together on such excellent terms. Moreover, his father had just married a third wife, and More swears he has never seen a better one.

When he lived entirely by his profession, he gave every man true and faithful advice, urging them to make up their differences, though it was against his own interests. When that was not possible, as some persons take pleasure in litigation, he showed them how to proceed at the smallest cost. He was for some time a judge of civil suits in London, an easy and honorable post, as he only sat on Thursdays till dinner time.

After that he was sent on various embassies by Henry VIII., who takes great delight in his company and conversation. With all this favor he is neither proud nor boastful, nor forgetful of his friends, but always obliging and charitable.

Then follows an account of More's literary undertakings. His *Utopia* was written to show the perils to which governments are exposed, but was especially aimed at his own country. He is a good *extempore* speaker, has a ready wit and a well-stored memory, so that he speaks without hesitation. Colet was accustomed to say of him that "He was the only genius in England." In his devotions he prays from the heart, and he talks with his friends on the future life with perfect sincerity and hope.*

More had evidently all the diplomatic gifts, for we find Giustiniani writing to the Doge of Venice that he had "contrived a conference with Thomas More, newly made Councillor," with a view to gaining information on the new French alliance. Our diplomatic novice, however, pretended to know nothing, saying that not even

**State Papers*, vol. iii., no. 394.

the King knew anything of the matter, much less any of the ambassadors. In July, 1518, Cardinal Campeggio came to England as a legate *a latere* ostensibly to discuss the eternal question of the Turks. He was received with great pomp, being met at Blackheath by the Duke of Norfolk and a large retinue. On arriving in London, he was welcomed at Cheapside by the Mayor and Aldermen, and a brief Latin oration was delivered by "Mr. More." He then proceeded to St. Paul's, where he was met by the Bishop of London and conducted to the High Altar. We notice More's name on the Commission of Peace for Kent. On October 2d he was one of the signatories to a Treaty of Universal Peace (with France), and to a Treaty of Marriage between the Dauphin and the Princess Mary on October 4th. In the following month Queen Katherine gave birth to a daughter, causing much disappointment to all, as it was feared the English crown might now pass to France.

On June 1, 1519, More was presented with a corrody or pension in Galstonbury. On July 23d he resigned his office of Under-Sheriff to the City of London, and from this event we may date his complete absorption by the royal service. We notice that from this time his name occurs among those of officials who breakfast at Court, and we may gather from this that even when the King was in London, More could have spent little time in his own home. Roper confirms this inference when he tells us that

> because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the King and the Queen, after the Council had supped, at the time of their supper, for their pleasure commonly, to call for him, and to be merry with them. When he (More) perceived so much in his talk to delight, that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired), and to be absent from the Court two days together, but that he should be thither sent for again, he much misliking this restraint of liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little from his former mirth disuse himself, that he was of them from thenceforth no more so ordinarily sent for.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

BY PIA ROBINSON.

WITHIN my grasp....." Yes, it was so. For years it had scarcely been more than a longing, cruel at times, an ardent wish full of many possibilities, but wrapped in a hazy, cloudy atmosphere which softened its outlines, hid its defects, dulled its ruddy glow. And now, it had unexpectedly come to me; the letter, which I unknowingly crushed in my hand, had told it. There was this thing, for which a keen desire had followed me through life, step by step, and which had remained so far as intangible, as impalpable, as my own shadow standing suddenly at hand. Real, materialized so to speak; at least as far as such things can be. It was mine for the mere taking.....for the stretching out of my hand.

My heart was beating loudly; I felt my eyes burning, my face drawn and pale. To eat was sheer impossibility: with some pretext I left the breakfast table, gained the terrace, and through pure instinct turned towards the thick, shadowy wood. An intense June sun colored it brilliantly, shooting here and there its arrows of fire to the very depth of the cool, restful gloom. Up and up the hill I went. Through masses of huge ferns, fragments of rocks, thorny briars, over-creeping gray lichen, shining under the dew as under diamond dust, higher and higher I climbed, absently, hurriedly, until, stopped by a range of jutting pieces of granite, I could climb no further.

And there, on a big mossy slab, reached only by dancing shafts of yellow light through the thick trees, I sat down. Vaguely, mechanically, I seemed to take in the panorama of beauty before which pure chance appeared to have brought me.

Through the tops of long branches, spread like lace before my eyes, I could make out a golden stretch of sand, a space of blue motionless sea, sharply cut, at the other side of the bay, by heathery pink and brown hills. And behind these higher ranges of deep blue mountains, repeating themselves again and again, paler and grayer, till the last melted against the soft sky. Around me the fern tips curved gracefully, everywhere under my feet ivy spread its glossy carpet; here and there countless grasses and wild plants

balanced their dainty stems under the weight of the thousand-colored flies; tiny living rainbows flashing side by side with those of the dewdrops. As I leant back against the cold rock, breathing with a strange effort, I closed my eyes. As I did so, I caught the faint rustling of the paper in my hand; my heart seemed to leap to my throat with sheer joy. At long last!

So dreams do become realities! So the cup can be occasionally filled to the brim for human lips to drink! So there are times in this short life when the sky is intensely blue, the sea offering no limit; when throbbing nature, in her delight, wraps her mantle of golden green around human shoulders, when the air, full of perfume, of harmony, becomes intoxicating, when the only pain, intense perhaps, is because of the sensation of one's heart being too small, one's lungs too narrow, one's bodily prison too closely walled for such joy. But one can beat against the bars; the harsh tingling left by the blows is but a keener joy; one can tear open the small heart; its warm trickling blood is but added pleasure. And this was all mine, all! as I remained silent, absorbed, vibrating.

"Was".....! did I say, but had it really been?.....For the fraction of a second it seemed to exist, no more.

When it had reached its greatest size, its most intense coloring, the bubble I might have called "happiness," had it lasted long enough, had burst noiselessly in a tiny shower of sparkling drops. It was gone, gone in a pang of crushing pain. I opened my eyes and looked steadily before me. What had happened? In an instant the blue of the sky, the peace of the sea, the caressing shadow of the wood had died away; or had I merely lost touch with them? The dying perfume of a little sprig of bruised lavender alone reached my nostrils, and with an effort I took a deep breath. It had been as a loving thought sent from afar to hover round me.

And so it was; the dream becoming reality, the reality within reach, were still in some way facing me, stretching arms to me, calling my name aloud; I was to stand back, to turn from my real dream, to leave it useless, tumbled, forgotten on the roadway behind me. I was to ask for it no more, to think of it no more, to wish for it.....never more. Because when I had run to meet it, when I had drawn it to me, I had scattered its clouding veils. Its outlines had appeared sharp and cutting as steel; its warm glow had thrown a lurid light; its brilliant flowers had exhaled an acrid, bitter scent.

I knew then what it truly meant. But could I, would I, let it slip away without a protest, without a struggle? Danger was there, clearly, unmistakably, but what matter?

One can cope with dangers of all kinds; why not face it and hold it down? Should every hope, pleasure, sunshine be sacrificed because of a mere threatening? True, whosoever seeks danger shall perish in it; but did I seek it?.....The dream of a lifetime had come to me unasked, was I to trample on it because prudence called out to me? Let prudence call; forewarned is forearmed. No, I refused to stand away!

I blindly bent forward, my hands tightly clasped under my chin, and somewhere in me an agonized voice sobbed fiercely, "My God! oh, God!" But no one answered.

The beating of my pulse hammered heavily, repeatedly, the same words: "He who seeks danger".....

As if danger was not ever and always before us! Is life itself free from a hundred pitfalls? Yet we must cling to it. Why then should I dash away the only thing I found worth having in this miserable little world?

Surely, obviously, God did not.....would not ask it of me .....I said this over and over again, burying my rings in my bruised fingers, but I knew, I knew! And yet I could not yield; misery, revolt, pain, united to strengthen my will.

This strange thing happened once more, that the Supreme Will saw and waited, refraining from crushing the freedom of the puny, foolish, ungrateful thing which is called a human being.

I ceased in some strange way to think; I became aware by degrees of the clearness of all sounds in the heated atmosphere, of the activity of the insect world, of the slow breaking of lazy waves on the shore; and of a rustling through the wood. The dead branches broke under somebody's foot, a glimmer of white became, now and then, visible through the trees, and presently a figure stood at a few steps from me.

It was a slight woman's figure in a white serge costume. The soft lines of the very intelligent face gave an impression of deep latent power rather than of quick action; the eyes in spite of extreme gentleness were strangely intent and observing. It was her smile, and her smile alone, which could give the key to that somewhat complex personality. At such a moment she was laughing mischievously.

"And so I have found you, have I? Do you feel as if you

could abuse me soundly for breaking in on your meditations? As a matter of fact it was more by good luck than otherwise; I should scarcely have succeeded if....."

She was now quite close to me.

"If what?" I asked.

"If I had not been bent on charitable deeds. Just think, those horrid boys have set rabbit traps all through the wood. I was only just in time to save a poor little wretch from being caught."

She was looking for a comfortable stone on which to sit near me. I placed my jacket on the slab where I rested my feet.

"Come here," said I, "that is, unless you prefer to add, by way of ornament, a touch of green to your immaculate frock."

She obeyed leisurely, rested one of her elbows on my knees, and glanced around.

"What a delightful little corner," she remarked. "How did you find it?"

"As you found me, I suppose, by chance." Whether or no there was something unusual in my tone, she looked up. For a second her eyes plunged to my very soul, but she was hardly aware of it, being intent on her own thoughts, not mine.

"I wonder how it is," she began, "that boys, who for the most part turn into fairly decent men, are so brutal and unfeeling in their early youth. Do you know, that not only have they set up as many traps as they could get, but they have taken the trouble to place large clumps of wild thyme near them. Is there not a distinctly refined cruelty in tempting the poor little beasts to their horrid fate through something they like so much?"

"My dear," I said cynically, "if we are to be tempted at all, it must be through some thing we like."

This time, when she turned her very blue eyes on me, there was a half-searching expression in their depths.

"Yes, of course," she replied, slowly, hesitatingly; "but it is not quite the same, is it? For instance, all that the poor rabbits have to keep them safe is a certain amount of instinctive distrust, which does not necessarily prevent their being deceived. Now, on the contrary, we....."

"Yes?....."

"We are never really placed in the same position so far as temptation alone is concerned. Wherever we see an extra luxuriant clump of thyme, we know pretty clearly that it spells 'traps,' don't we?"

"We might take it for granted at any rate."

"If we are wise, we do."

"Do we?"

For the shortest possible period, there was a pause. But she went on.

"Put it any way you like," she continued; "no animal is taught by Nature that there are such things as traps, while we all know what happens if we deliberately yield to temptation."

"Represented by the clump of thyme?"

"If you like. And again....."

She colored slightly.

"Well?"

"We can always pray for help."

"Oh, quite so," I said dryly. "And as we are all very good little children we kneel down at once, and feel very dutiful; and a little bit ill-used, but resigned. *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem!* Is that it?" This time she had flushed to the roots of her dark hair; her eyes had a challenge in them, and her lips were firmly set.

"I dare say we don't do it," she admitted; "but nevertheless the fact remains. We are told to do so, and we have the power to obey if we choose."

"I quite agree, only it seems to be in the very choosing that the difficulty lies."

"Is it not because we keep looking and looking at the forbidden thing? It stands to reason that the more we look at it, the more we wish for it."

"Like that unfortunate rabbit staring at the thyme; or..... does he smell it, do you think? If I was a rabbit....."

"I wish you would not jest," she said gently. "I know very well, of course, that you think me awfully conceited, telling you things that you know as well, if not better, than myself, only—"

"Oh, nonsense," I interrupted.

(But she was quite right; she had thoroughly expressed my mean bitter thought of the moment.)

"Only," she continued, with a touch of resolution, "I am nevertheless certain that if we would turn our minds away from what you call thyme (which is, by the way, the first thing prayer makes us do), it would be half the battle."

"I see," said I, with deliberate, affected meekness. "If, for instance, when you came here just now, you had found me battling with a fierce temptation; if the intoxicating sweetness of a very

special 'thyme' had kept me from even the wish to ask God's help, it would have been sufficient for you to turn my thoughts on..... let us say crabbing, to bring me figuratively on to my feet, ready to look out for nets and sticks, and to forget every other attraction."

She had been studying me silently, a little sadly. When I stopped, she shook her head.

"I don't think it is of any use talking to you at present," she said, "you are in a horrid, teasing mood; and besides.....I have no business to preach to you, have I?.....By the way, I was precisely sent to ask you to come crabbing, and pearl fishing, perhaps. The tide is low, and there seems to be quite a number of large mussels. Will you come?"

I looked at the expressive, slightly wistful face, and for an instant I felt tempted to bend forward and kiss the generous little lips; but instead I stretched my arms with affected laziness.

"I wonder if you could persuade me," I said.

Her expression brightened at once; she stood up.

"Now you really are getting good," she exclaimed; "you know what pleasure it gives me to have you with us, and remember that in a few days I shall be gone. Come; only let me first snap the rest of the traps. I must know that those poor little creatures are out of harm's way, or I should feel absolutely miserable about them. Shall I give you a hand?"

She helped me down from my slippery perch, and I picked up my jacket.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, "I am so sorry, dear, but see what I have done. It was under my foot, you know."

She had picked up a soiled, crumpled piece of paper. I recognized it, but something seemed to clutch at my throat, and I turned away.

"I am afraid it looks like a letter," she continued; "what is to be done with it?"

"Oh!.....never mind; tear it in little bits," I replied (my voice sounded rather oddly); "I don't fancy that.....that it needs any answer."

Climbing slowly through the tall ferns, I heard the tearing of the paper; when I turned again, I saw the white fragments scattered on the warm summer breeze.

* * * *

A few days later we were standing in the hall of the old house. Her luggage was lifted on a car below the broad stone steps; she

came to me, her hat in one hand, an autograph book in the other.

"Please write something," she asked, "and the date."

When I handed back the book, she glanced at the writing.

"To-day is not the twenty-ninth," she began, "it is....." But she stopped as she read the rest: *Et ne nos inducas!*

Our eyes met.

For a second she hesitated, then her two arms slipped round my neck, and I felt her heart beating near mine, while I held her close to me

Neither of us spoke.

* * * *

Yesterday I came across her Christian name. It means "grace;" the "grace of God."

IF YOUTH COULD ONLY KNOW.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

If Youth could only know!
If Age could only do!
Alas that Youth and Age,
Who are the strong, the sage,
Apart awhile must go,
Imperfect two.

O strong for the world's need!
For the world's need O wise!
One day will surely be
When perfect harmony
Up to God's ear shall rise,
Wisdom and deed.

Yea, Sapience then and Power
For ever shall unite;
When the short Now is done,
And God's Forever won,
To make that glorious dower,
Wisdom and Might.

THE SHEPHERD OF ALL CHRISTENDOM.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

THE low murmur of a gentle voice comes out from the inner room, and the hush of silence is over us all, as we stand expectant in the ante-chamber. In a moment across that threshold will come the most august personage on earth, the Shepherd of all Christendom. We have ascended the broad marble stairway from Portone di Bronzo, passing the Swiss Guard with the halberds, on duty at the gateway, through the chamber beyond the anti-camera, where the Palatine Guard is stationed, and finally, with the officers of the Noble Guard, we are waiting in the room next to the chamber where His Holiness is now speaking in soft accents of benediction. We have seen many go by, on their way to the throne room, accompanied by the major-domos of the Papal court, a varied procession of humanity. A bishop wearing pectoral cross, tall and strongly featured, with an attendant monsignor in purple, passes in to be received in private council. A group of missionaries, brown-clad, tonsured, and sandal-shod, their faces bronzed from tropic suns, hurry by, a group that makes you think of Assisi and the Poor Man of God and his goodly company. Two madames of the Sacred Heart from the convent at Trinità de' Monti are bringing in twenty little girls in happy community. In double file, fair and lovely in white dresses and flowing veils, the girls quietly march in, all eagerness and all reverence for their meeting with the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the audience halls, through which we have already advanced, there is a throng of men and women and youths, mostly Catholic, but not a few of those that walk in other ways. Every Catholic in the world wishes to behold before he dies the person of his spiritual leader, firmly believed to be God's regent on earth; and rare is the Protestant visiting the Eternal City who does not desire to enter, with deepest respect, the presence of him who represents the oldest Christian institution. Time has been when all the world, the nations shoulder to shoulder, would kneel at his feet and beg his blessing. The forefathers of the very Protestants that enter before him were the stanchest friends of the Papacy in

the years of the by-gone centuries; and it may be that the Golden Age will return, and their children and their children's children will come back to the old allegiance, and there will be again one fold under one shepherd.

But we are still waiting in the ante-chamber. The chamberlain holds the list in his hand, and tells us that we are to see the Holy Father in a brief moment. The bishop has just passed out, his countenance set in the lines of a Crusader that has just renewed his vows in the presence of his king, and is bade to press on valiantly, since God wills it. The Franciscan priests have returned, a light almost pentecostal shining on their faces, and seeing in their visioning new worlds for their holy conquering. The little girls with the nuns are alone in the Papal presence. From where we stand we can see the little band kneeling in half-circle, each carrying a prayer-book or a rosary beads or a silver cross for the Pope to bless. He is speaking to them in Italian, and we can catch the soft tones as we stand there in silent watching. "Si, Santità," responds trustingly some very tiny maiden in reply to a question from the kindly voice. And then in slightly louder accents comes his blessing, *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus*—and the voice is still.

The chamberlain is motioning us to kneel. We need no second bidding—most of us already are on our knees—and with an awe close akin to fear we watch the open doorway through which the ruler of the mightiest Church in the world will enter. And there he appears: and that figure in white is the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ on earth, the spiritual leader of two hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, Pope Pius the Tenth.

But when your eyes rest on that form slightly bent, and you gaze up into that face crowned with white hair, and look into his eyes, there sweeps over you a surging wave of unexpected emotion. You have forgotten altogether that he is a ruler of religion whose every word travels even to farthest distance; your only realization is that you are in the presence of a soul burning with intensest love for God. If the petty souls outside that write of him whom they have never seen, pen-picturing him as the implacable enemy of the rights of mankind, as the reactionary stifler of thought and the crusher of high aims, as the czar glorying in the power of the sceptre, if these had only the boon of admission into the presence of Pius the Tenth, a far different portrait would they sketch, a much-changed judgment would they bear through the future time.

The pity of it is that they never know that they are libeling with cruelest sentence a man of purest holiness, if ever there were holy man on earth. You understand now the trustfulness of the little children, the wrapt expression on the brows of the missionaries, the re-kindling of knightly ardor in the bishop. Any fear that possessed you before has been changed by a mystic alchemy into a love that will throb in you all your years.

It is not difficult to read the soul of Pius the Tenth mirrored on the quiet face that looks down on you. Goodness, kindliness, sympathy, humility are intermingled with most gracious dignity of manner. Goodness—the goodness of one that has loved purity and truth from childhood; the goodness that comes from gazing on the Eternal Hills; the goodness that comes from the constant union in the silent sanctuary of his soul with the will of his Master—this the Holy Father has in rare measure. Spirituality radiates from every feature, insistently, compellingly. On his entrance to the pontifical place, he announced his policy: to restore all things in Christ. In all his rescripts and encyclicals this note has sounded, clear and sustained, and even his enemies—for Pius the Tenth has enemies, as have all good men—have to admit the sincerity of his endeavors. He imparts his benediction on non-Catholics no less earnestly than on those who keep near to him more intimately, for he truly believes that God has raised him to be a common father to all men, and a defender of their souls.

The piety of Pius the Tenth is not the forbidding kind. There is a kindliness about him that wins you instantly. You feel that in his breast beats a heart in touch with human nature and human needs. With an absolute certainty you know that you are before one who understands you; who appreciates what heights of perfection you would fain reach, and how far short you fall in your achieving; who is aware of your aspirations and your resolves and your upward strivings, and the discouragement that mayhap comes in your determination to battle on in the fight. This sympathy with all that you are and would be, and the unspoken wish to assist you, are clearly read in his kindly eyes, and for this, if for nothing more, your heart goes out to him when first you see the gentle, down-drooping face.

There is a humility in the personality of Pius bidding all to remember that he is fully aware of his unworthiness to represent Christ on earth. When the conclave was in assembly in those August days nine years ago, and the Cardinals were balloting for

the successor of Leo the Thirteenth, after repeated trials it became evident that the election would fall upon the patriarchal Archbishop of Venice. With eyes dimmed with tears, Cardinal Sarto besought them to cast their suffrages for someone else: he was far from worthy to be ambassador of God and guardian of His universal Church. But they knew him as parish priest, as Canon of Treviso, as Bishop of Mantua, as Archbishop of Venice; they knew his zeal, his humility, his integrity, and, surest test of all, the love that the people bore him. So they prevailed; and in the Sistine Chapel he was crowned. He is Supreme Pontiff, lord spiritual of the world; but the humility is still there in all its perfect flowering, never to pass away.

The Holy Father in a gracious manner extended his hand to us, on the fourth finger gleaming the ring of Saint Peter. Reverently we placed lips on the golden signet, as he spoke his quiet greetings. For a little while he remained in conversation, and then slowly raised his hand and pronounced over our bent heads his benediction. And while the words were still trembling in the air, he passed to the outer sala.

Humility and sympathy and kindliness and goodness are indelibly written on the countenance of the figure that had just been present. But another quality there is, which shares ascendancy with them. The beholder is impressed instantly with the sense of latent power in the face of the Holy Father. His gentleness of mien is genuine, but it is the gentleness of a strong man. Fire could flash from beneath that brow, and that quiet voice could ring in tones of command. There was never a Pope who realized more fully the responsibilities and the duties of the pontificial office. From the very hour of incumbency it demands unwearying stewardship. Pius the Tenth can never idle and never rest and never wait a to-morrow. For ever in his ears are echoing the words spoken in the quarters of Cæsarea Philippi: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." Christ, the Son of the Living God, solemnly uttered this declaration to a disciple confessing the divinity: and this word has been the basis of the doctrine of the Papacy. Every Pope since that day of pronouncement has had the intensest conviction that he is the visible representative of Christ, and that on him lies the stupendous burden of guarding the Gospel from any enemy, and of giving its truth to the nations. This is the explanation of the idea of the Papacy in its ages-long wars and rumors of wars. There can be no giving to

Cæsar of what belongs to God; there can be no compromising with error; no lowering of any standard in surrender of truth.

And as I was losing myself in these thoughts within the peaceful Vatican walls, suddenly in imagination I heard the clashing of arms and the tramp of soldiers and the notes of the trumpet call; I saw the tossing of countless war pennons and far-flung lines of battle; and as the whole panorama of nineteen centuries opened wide, in clearest of vision I beheld the historic figure of the Papacy. I saw the first Pope crucified, head downward, on the very Vatican hill where rises now the great cathedral. I saw the reddening of the white sands of the Flavian amphitheatre as, one by one, the pontiffs passed into martyrdom, faithful unto death. Thirty of the first thirty-one Popes wear martyrs' palm because of their believing of the word of the Nazarene. I could see in fancy the terrified flock gathered in the secret recesses of the catacombs, and the shepherd standing on guard, encouraging and strengthening and keeping alive the sacred fire of their faith. The imperial city might fling the might of ten persecutions against the infant Church, but the sleepless sentinels, on duty for the King, showed no faltering. I saw the measured lances of those long centuries when Europe was semi-barbaric, and the Popes fought with doughtiest vigor against barons and emperors for the rights of God and the weal of the individual. I beheld the Papacy, with splendid audacity, casting defiance into the chancellories of many a state, forecasting well the temporal loss of possible defeat, but willing to endure any pain rather than be unfaithful to doctrine that she held was Gospel.

Passing down the centuries I saw a Hildebrand crossing swords with a Henry the Fourth of Germany; a Gregory the Ninth with a King Frederick; an Innocent the Third with a Philip Augustus; a Pius the Seventh with a mighty Napoleon. And looking into the face of the Pope that had just passed by, I had seen the unmistakable consciousness that election to the Papal place had commissioned him with a divinely-spoken obligation to defend Christ. France, attempting to blot out the Light in Heaven, found in that white-haired Pontiff foeman worthy of her steel. Concordats might be broken, convents closed, nuns exiled: there would be no capitulation. Better that every cathedral in France—Chartres, Rheims, Orleans, even mighty Notre Dame of Paris—be beaten flat to the ground, with not a stone left upon a stone, than abandon truth. The City of God will never seek peace by selling her birthright.

A Papal audience is not merely the physical act of being admitted to the presence of His Holiness and receiving his blessing, though it might well stop there. Since Peter first took residence in Rome there have been pilgrimages to the Eternal City. Once a year the Mussulman yearns toward Mecca: never has morning sun during the nineteen Christian centuries failed to discover some faithful Christians journeying toward the City of the Popes. So to have become a member of that great uncounted army of pilgrims who have constantly worn smooth the Roman roads; to have been admitted to that noble company that includes kings and queens and knights and scholars, tender maids, and gentle saints and sinless children, is no unwelcome distinction. But an audience with Pius the Tenth is vastly more than that. It is a coming into direct communication with the Roman Papacy, the great agency of culture that has preserved the continuity of the civilization of Augustus with the civilization of the present day.

If the Papacy had not existed, it were an impossible task to dream a European history for the last fifteen centuries. When the legions crumbled, and the Goths and Huns and Vandals poured like a swollen torrent into the fair plains of Italy, the Papacy was the only power that could save civilization and the half-lost arts and sciences. The Popes gathered up the broken fragments of civic institutions and literature, and treasured them for generations yet unborn. During the long centuries of transition that began with Alaric's entrance into Rome, the only unshaken rock in the tempest was the Papacy. Every condition was chaotic; old standards had been swept away; Europe was one great battlefield. Commerce was prostrate; letters were despised; brigands were on thrones; lawlessness was law. As time went on, nation after nation accepted the Savior. Men who once had hoped to be chosen of the Valkyries for the golden halls of Valhalla, were becoming allied in allegiance with those whose forbears had sworn by Mars and Juno. Odin and Thor were abandoned; Balder was dead with Pan. The Rhine-gods crept farther and farther back into the deepening twilight. Pirate Viking became peer of France. But through all this seething sea of confusion the Canon Law of the Church was being disseminated from one end of Christendom to another, and men were obeying this body of law which the Papacy had built upon Roman legislation and the Gospel of Christ.

And obedience to the law is the essence of civilization. Rude peasant and rude lord alike heard the message of the Gospel, bidding

them to chasten their passions and forget the strain that was calling in their blood. The great monasteries looking down from the beauteous hillsides of Prussia, and everywhere from the fjords of Norway to the sunny Mediterranean shores, fostered in the heart the spirit of prayer, and taught the hand the art of cultivating the soil. And these monastic foundations breathed their life and claimed their being from the Roman Papacy. Finally the consolidation of the monarchies was effected, and rest from war gave leisure for higher things. Then the Papacy looked about her to see the fruits of her labor. The literature of Cicero and Horace was safe, to be linked to that of Dante; the old hard conditions of slavery had been ameliorated; the exigencies of poverty had been met; and the battle for the high estate of womanhood and the inviolability of the marriage bond had been fought and won on a hundred different fields. A new Rome had been built, a new Italy, a new Europe.

In the matter of education the story of culture in its relation to the Papacy is as fascinating as romance. The schools attached to the cathedrals, and the schools of the monasteries, taught the principles of all the sciences. Men like Bede and Alcuin made thousands of young hearts grow warm in zeal for the refinements of letters, and developed thousands of minds in the training that was to guide them in the varied experience of daily life. Education was ever, indeed, tenderly nurtured, but the full blossoming of its flower came with the establishment of nigh two score universities under the confirmation of Papal charter.

The Papacy has always been the patron of the arts, and no more convincing proof of this may be adduced than a study of the Vatican, the most wondrous palace on earth. The vast collection of buildings embraced under the name of the Vatican palace was begun by Pope Symmachus in the early sixth century, and completed in the erection of the Scala Pia by Pius the Ninth of present memory. Its chapels, museums, library, and archives, from the artistic and scientific viewpoint, are priceless in the value of their content.

The most famous of the chapels, and that in which all the Papal ceremonies and functions are held, is the one familiarly known as the Sistine. Built between 1473 and 1481, it is a gem of architecture. The side walls from high altar to entrance door were decorated by Perugino, Botticelli, Pinturicchio, Salviati, and Ghirlandajo, among others. Mino da Fiesole and his assistants carved the tracery on the marble barriers and balustrade of the choir box.

But Michelangelo overshadows them all with his ceilings and his "Last Judgment" that sweeps across the rear wall. Any of the treasures of the Sistine Chapel would glorify a gallery into enduring worth.

But the museums proper are no less the delight of art lovers. It is no extravagance to say that were all the other collections of Europe destroyed, the Papal museums would suffice for an understanding of the genius of the ages. The Popes were the first to establish museums, and their work in the perpetuation of masterpieces gave incentive to all the governments of the continent to like endeavor. The Museo Pio-Clementino, with the "Laocoön," the "Torso of Heracles," the "Barberini Hera," the "Hermes," the "Belvedere Apollo," and the finest "Bust of Zeus" in existence; the Galleria Chiaramonti, with the sitting figure of Tiberius and the "Head of Neptune;" the Braccio Nuovo, with the majestic statue of Augustus and the colossal reclining figure of "The Nile;" the Egyptian Museum, with its ten halls of statues, sarcophagi and reliques, and its cases of papyrus manuscripts; the Etruscan Museum, with its mosaics, lamps, and red-figured vases; all these are known to every visitor to the Vatican.

The Pinacoteca takes rank among the world collections of paintings, not because of the number of subjects, but through the merit of quality. Small wonder it is that Napoleon would confiscate the treasures that now hang on its walls; to enumerate the artists represented would be to call the bead-roll of the masters. It is here that one sees Raphael's "Transfiguration," a work which has few rivals among the oil paintings of the world. The Gallery of Modern Paintings, more interesting, perhaps, from the viewpoint of religious values than of art worth, tells the achievements of the artists of recent years.

When Julius the Second wished to adorn his suite on the second floor of the palace, he desired a comparatively simple decoration, and commissioned five painters to undertake the task. But the architect Bramante had a nephew in Florence who was winning a reputation, and persuaded the Pope to summon him to assist in the embellishing. So it was that Raffaelle Sanzio came to the Vatican. One of the rooms was assigned to the youth, who painted there between 1508 and 1511 the "Disputa," the "School of Athens," and the "Parnassus." Julius was in rapture, and when the "Disputa" was completed, he entrusted the decoration of the entire apartment to the new master. As a result the Vatican possesses

the incomparable treasures of the "Stanze" and the "Loggie." They represent, in their brilliant coloring, rich imagination, strength of line, and figure composition, the supremest expression of the genius of the great Florentine. For the inspiration that comes from Raphael's works in the Vatican, the artist has ever considered the journey to Rome worth the making.

The Vatican palace, viewed as a scientific institute, cannot be surpassed. Sources of the highest order, not only in philosophy and theology, but in history, jurisprudence, literature, philology, ethnology, and geography, are stored up in the palace, and the fullest academic hospitality is afforded to investigators. In 1879 Pope Leo the Thirteenth opened the doors of the archives to the scholars of the world, irrespective of religion and nationality, and every facility for the pursuit of study and research is afforded. There are many libraries in Europe with more printed books, some few with greater number of manuscripts, but in the importance of content the Vatican ranks first among the great libraries of the world. It was founded by the great Renaissance Pope, Nicholas the Fifth, in the fifteenth century, with the remains of the imperial library of fallen Constantinople as a nucleus, and it represents his endeavor to make the capital of Christendom the capital also of classical literature, and the centre of science and art.

Great men have worn the triple tiara. In the long line of two hundred and sixty-one pontiffs, very many of surpassing intellectual powers, amounting often to positive genius, it is difficult to determine on figures that loom large in Papal annals. Gregory the First is regarded as the father of the mediæval Papacy. Prefect of the city before his entrance into orders, a patrician by birth, famed as the best dialectician in Rome, he brought to his pontificate rich gifts of mind and heart. Abbot of the monastery of Saint Andrew's, against his will he was elected Pope in the year 590. Into the space of the fourteen years of his reign he crowded works stupendous in their magnitude. He originated the simple popular exposition of Scripture; he reformed the liturgy; he codified the teachings of the Fathers; he believed in the one entity of Church and State; he converted heathendom. And perhaps, when one thinks of him at this remote time, one calls to mind first that day in the Forum when he saw the blue-eyed slaves and declared them not angles, but angels. The world might well mourn when Gregory the Great laid him down to die.

Four hundred and fifty years later rose another Gregory, the

valiant Hildebrand, a monk, as was his great predecessor. Lay investiture and simony were the two evils afflicting the Church grievously, and these evils Gregory the Seventh undertook to extirpate. It was a long and hard battle, but it was finally won. When at the last, the persecuted Pontiff, wearied and broken-hearted, yielded up his spirit down at Salerno by the sea, it was with the consciousness that all his life he had fought iniquity, had striven to drive the buyers and sellers from the temple. He did not quite know, perhaps, the fullness of his triumph.

Passing by Innocent the Third, maker and breaker of kings, ruling by legates and letters from Constantinople to England, whose reign was lighted by the coming of the gentle Saint of Assisi, the student of Papal history will pause before the name of the great Pope, Paul the Third, who came to the throne of the Fisherman in 1534. Many were his acts in the restoration work of this period of the religious revolt of the northern nations, but his greatest accomplishment was the calling of the church council in the Tyrolese town of Trent, where the doctrines of faith delivered to the Apostles were discussed and formulated. When Paul died at the age of eighty-two, in the sixteenth year of his pontificate, he was entombed in the great cathedral, in the one place most fitting, directly under Peter's chair.

It is such goodly traditions that the Popes of more modern times have received, such a mighty treasury of holy endeavoring and sainted courage in the defense of morality and faith, and when the much-loved Leo the Thirteenth was no more, it was this heritage that he bequeathed to his successor. It is this gift that Pius the Tenth will pass on, when his gentle spirit will no more linger in the Vatican halls, and his voice will be a memory of sweet recalling. It is this patrimony that he will bestow, pure and undefiled, brightened by the whiteness of his own blameless life, upon the Popes that will be, in never-ending succession, to the end of created things.

But now all the voices that had been speaking were silent, and I was kneeling in the Papal chamber again, while His Holiness, with the monsignori, passed by to the room where the maidens from Trinità were waiting his return. It was the noon-time, and the silvery tones of a sweet bell were sounding softly through the Vatican stillness, breathing the message of the Angelus hour. As we knelt, we listened to Pius the Tenth recite the old, old salutation first heard by the maid of Nazareth from the lips of the Archangel, "Hail, full of grace." And we, and the convent children, and all

who were there, responded in the prayer of the Church that has brought joy to millions of hearts since the Mother of the Christ ascended to heaven. As we rose and walked away, I wondered if the humble Pius did not sometimes wistfully yearn to stand near the Piazzetta in the Venice of his heart's love, and listen to the bells from Maria della Salute ringing across the waters of the Grand Canal, or long to watch the summer moon bathing in soft radiance the massive campanile of San Marco, which stands in guard over his old cathedral church.

Slowly through the halls we retraced our steps into the open air; again we passed the Swiss Guard dressed in ancient costume, and descended to the great piazza in front of Saint Peter's. Then we drove away from the Vatican hill, and into the Borgo Nuovo, and on past the Castel Sant' Angelo, but the clatter from the streets of busy Rome never reached our ears, for we were still dreaming of the gentle soul that we had seen a few brief minutes before, and were thinking of the kindly light that had shone in his eyes. For precious are the memories of sweet hours that human hearts cling to, and golden the moments of rare fulfillment when one glimpses the soul's aspiring; and we held it truth that of the many bright pearls in Time's treasury of jewels, the purest was the remembrance of the hour ago when the Dweller of the Vatican had raised his hand above us in the grateful benediction of heaven.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

Chapter III.

THE Colonel sat dozing before the fading embers of a fire. His wooden leg, with its neatly fitting shoe, was propped up on a carpet-covered ottoman. The table beside him held a motley array of riding crops, bridles, dog collars, sporting journals, and a cigar box nearly empty; and the floor was littered with newspapers and muddy riding boots.

Betty walked noisily into the room. She had long ago learned the safest way to wake the Colonel. He did not want to acknowledge that he had fallen into the senile habit of sleeping in his chair.

"Company, Colonel," she said. The word held a certain magic. "Hospitality without murmuring" was the only phrase in the Bible with which the Colonel was familiar. He let down his wooden leg, half lifting it so that the weight would not strain the strappings; and, rising, he turned to welcome his unknown visitor.

"Oh, it's you?" he said, without much warmth of feeling, holding out his hand. "I thought you had decided to give us up."

"Never," said Richard clasping the old man in his arms. "I've come home this time to stay."

"God have mercy," said the Colonel. "Another bear-hug like that and you'll knock me off my wooden pins outright. If you expect to keep up your psalm-singing here—"

"Now, Colonel," interrupted Richard determinedly good humored, "I never, by any stretch of the imagination, thought I could sing. I've got a voice like yours. It croaks like a raven's."

The old man laughed approvingly. "Believe on my soul you've improved. Poke up that fire, Betty. Light the lamp. Where are those good-for-nothing niggers gone? Dick, how you've filled out! Must weigh close on to two-hundred, and got the height to stand it. You look like the portrait of your grandfather. They tell me that he was the handsomest man in the United States Senate. Women went wild over him; but your grandmother led

him a dance. She was the toast of six counties. Betty, child, call Ephram to bring some wood."

"He's gone, Colonel. I told you that Ephram had gone."

"Gone?—gone where?"

"He won't work when we have no money to pay him."

"Impudence," stormed the Colonel. "What does he expect? Aren't the quarters comfortable? Hasn't he got plenty to eat and to drink? Hasn't he stolen nearly every shirt I had to my back?"

Richard was down on his knees replenishing the fire. "Seems to me he's a good riddance, then," he said, hoping to preserve the calm.

"Not at all, not at all. I'd rather keep a nigger that had a good supply of my shirts than hire another who needed some. This temporary embarrassment is d—— inconvenient. Money seems essential since Abe Lincoln's fool proclamation. That bank failure hit me pretty hard, Dick. I had a few outstanding debts that had to be paid, and that left me nothing at all. You can't sell a crop that isn't planted. I hope some of your book learning will help us out of this hole."

"I think Mr. Tom Brent was terrible," said Betty, seating herself on the table and swinging her muddy boots in the flashing firelight.

"Betty," thundered the Colonel, "I told you not to say that again."

"But I think it," she insisted. "He was president of that bank, and he ought to have given us our money first. Dividing the little left over with so many people didn't do anybody any good."

"Tom Brent is my friend," said the Colonel. "He lost his entire fortune. You don't understand business matters, Betty, and neither do I; but if Tom Brent was to start another bank to-morrow, I would desposit all I had."

"Not if I could help it," added his daughter. "I'm so tired of being poor I don't know what to do. My only party dress is a rag. If we could only establish our claim to the Fielding's oil wells."

"What's that?" Richard looked up with some degree of interest. He was lying outstretched on the dusty rug before the fire as he had so often done when a boy. The dogs had grouped themselves about him, and he was smoothing their pliant backs. As the fire brightened, the disorder of the room became more apparent, and seemed to augment the hopelessness of his task.

"It was a steal," declared the Colonel emphatically, propping up his wooden leg once more; "I've always said so. The Fieldings are as common as mud. Old Mike Fielding was overseer on your grandfather's plantation. He says that my father sold him that land in Texas. I say his signature was a forgery. But since everybody is dead we'll have to wait until Judgment Day to prove it."

"And we may be thinking of other things then," said Richard dreamily.

"I reckon you're right," agreed the Colonel in a strangely softened mood. "I reckon the recording angel doesn't take any stock in oil wells—a little too inflammable—seem to belong to the other party." He laughed at his own pleasantry. He was experiencing a great sense of relief in having his son to lean upon, but he would not have acknowledged so much.

"The Fieldings must have been born lucky," said Richard. "Striking oil in these days is like finding a gold mine."

"I know it," said the Colonel, his face flaming; "and it all belongs to us. You see I was only seven when your grandfather died, and mother never knew anything about that Texas land, though it seems she had paid out a lot of money hiring people to scare off the squatters. After Appomattox I wanted to go there and run a ranch and breed racing stock. Then along comes old Mike Fielding with his papers proving the land belongs to him. Fact didn't seem to matter much then. They told me it wasn't even good grazing land. Oil wasn't discovered there until about ten years ago. Now young Mike's worth a million. He's come back here to live, because Texas is too hot for him in summer. He's buying coal mines, railroads, and the Lord knows what. I remember him when he only had one patched jacket, and wore his trousers hitched to his suspenders with a tenpenny nail. Mother was too shiftless to sew his buttons on. Now—well what's the use of talking about it? It makes me red-hot to think we didn't have the gumption to fight it out in the courts."

A faint hope stole into Richard's mind. "Is it too late?" he asked.

"Late! About fifty years too late. Betty, child, aren't you going to give us any supper?"

"Come on," said Betty, jumping down from the table, "I hear Aunt Dinah bringing in the tea things now. If Aunt Dinah leaves us it will be the last straw, because I don't know how to cook. We would have to live on cans."

"Then we'll chloroform Aunt Dinah," laughed Richard, "until we have some sort of a crop planted." He offered the Colonel his arm, and the Colonel, putting aside his heavy hickory cane, actually smiled as he leaned upon the strength of his son. Never before in all Richard's life had his father seemed to derive any pleasure from his presence. As they entered the dining room Richard gave a sigh of relief. Here was a familiar place unchanged. The great sideboard glittered with well-polished silver; the Colonel's chair and footstool were pulled out at the well-remembered angle; the table was set with care and lighted by candles in antique silver sconces. Old Giles, the butler, had been dead many years, but Aunt Dinah, his wife, still lingered; she was indifferent to wages; Matterson Hall was her home, and she struggled bravely to keep up the traditions of the house, trying to deceive even herself as to the actual conditions in the impoverished larder. When she saw Dick she threw her gingham apron over her head and cried out: "Bress de Lord; Marse Dick, Marse Dick! De good ole days hab come agin."

"Dinah." The Colonel's shaggy eyebrows closed together ominously.

Dick held out his hand to the faithful old woman. "You're the best cook in the world," he said fervently. "I've been to Paris since I've seen you, and no French chef can beat you."

Dinah wiped her claw-like fingers before holding them out to receive the honor of a greeting. Even the Colonel's beetling brows could not repress her hysterical chuckle of joy.

"I knowed you would come," she said. "You always favored your ma, and when folks wuz in trouble she was bound to be thar."

"*Dinah,*" the Colonel said again. He had no patience with anything that savored of familiarity with servants. Old Giles, who had accompanied him to the war as a body servant, had had his natural volubility so suppressed during his long years of service that he had acquired a habit of silence equal to a Trappist's.

Now Aunt Dinah shut her lips resignedly, and stood at Betty's right hand waiting to pass the plates; the meal was a simple one, but skillfully prepared. Hash, an artful combination of left-overs, was served on a silver platter with a well-seasoned gravy, the biscuits were baked to an appetizing brown, the tea was weak, but the dessert of peaches, canned last season, was delicious, and the thick cream that Betty poured over them made Richard forget for the moment that the days of plenty were passed.

After supper was over, Betty retired to the pantry to plan the meals for the morrow. The last few days had taxed Aunt Dinah's intelligence at contriving, and Richard's appetite had made the problem more complex. The Colonel returned to the library, and, taking a black bottle from the shelf of the corner cupboard, he promptly began his nightly potations.

Richard sat down under the swinging lamp, and idly picked up one of the sporting journals. It was a pink paper full of smeary black portraits of famous baseball players, and held many important items of news of the coming season. But Richard had no clear idea of the page in front of him. He was wondering what topic would interest the Colonel; how he could keep this tippling from developing into a spree.

"I saw a friend of yours to-day," he began hopefully. "You remember Jeb Jackson?"

"No friend of mine," snapped the Colonel, holding his glass up to the light with the approving eyes of a connoiseur.

"He's a great admirer of yours."

"He's an old idiot," said the Colonel.

"He was talking about war times."

"No good talking."

"Doesn't seem to be," said Richard with a wan smile.

The Colonel put down his empty glass. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I believe I was trying to make myself agreeable."

"Don't try," said the Colonel shortly. "I like this hour to myself. I'll read the paper and go to bed. You go talk to Betty."

"I think I would rather stay with you."

Two drinks had made the Colonel fretful. "I don't want you."

Dick put his hand upon the long-necked bottle. "I wish you wouldn't take any more of this to-night," he said gently.

"I'll take what I please. If you think you can come home and dictate to me you're mistaken—I'll do what I please; drink what I please in my own house, and I'll be d—— grateful if you will attend to your own business."

Richard's lips shut in a determined line. He pushed back the armchair in which he had been seated. It jolted the table, and the bottle was upset, sending a thin stream of liquor trickling to the floor.

The Colonel hastily set the bottle upright. That's d—— careless of you, Dick," he said, "or perhaps you did it on purpose. Thank

the Lord the bottle was nearly empty, and I restocked my cellar just before the bank failed. I have some port, Dick, vintage '53. Have a drink and go to bed. You're getting altogether too sanctimonious to suit me."

"No, thank you," said Richard. "Perhaps I had better go and talk to Betty."

He left the room with an exaggerated sense of his own failure, and going out upon the front porch, which was flooded with moonlight, he stood a moment in silent prayer. The old feeling that he was an alien in his own home had returned to him with renewed force. The heavens stretched above him starless in the white moon rays. The noises of the night—that strange chorus of living things—seemed to mock him in his desolation. A fresh breeze, chilled with the dampness of the woods, sent him shivering close to one of the fluted columns of the door to escape its cold breath. He put his hands in his pockets for greater warmth, and finding his rosary, he took it out and began telling the beads.

The rosary was a long one lacking all ornament. The big beads had been cut by some pious, unskilled hand. It had been given to him by an old missionary, who had carried it on every dangerous journey he had undertaken, regarding it as a companion and comforter on his perilous way.

The missionary, when dying, had tried to explain something of this to Richard, but his voice had failed, and he passed away clinging desperately to the hand of his favorite student. The imprint of his fingers upon the boy's hand seemed a last assertion of a body that had been subdued through a lifetime, a final protest against absolute dissolution from its passionless spirit.

Betty came out upon the porch. "What are you doing?" she asked.

He stopped his pacing to and fro. His little sister seemed very close to him to-night. "I was saying my rosary," he answered.

"What's that?"

He put the black beads in her hand. "Did you never see a rosary, you little heretic?" he said affectionately.

She examined the beads critically. "How funny."

"Funny," he repeated tolerantly. "I don't think so. Don't you want me to teach you how to say them, too, Betty, dear?"

"Indeed I don't," she laughed, "and I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't? Why?"

"I don't like praying men; they seem so—so—"

"What?"

"Unnatural."

"But, Betty, men have souls to save."

"But most men don't think about them."

"But why shouldn't they?"

"I don't know."

His face looked stern and ascetic in the moonlight. "Neither do I," he said.

"Oh, please don't be serious," she pleaded, "and please don't pray on beads any more. I don't like them," and, as she spoke, she flung the rosary over the railing of the porch into the tangled bushes.

He was angry and he showed it, but the next moment he had gained control of himself. "I'll find it in the morning," he said quietly, and turning he went into the house.

Chapter IV.

Richard was accustomed to rising early, but the birds twittering on his window sill roused him at dawn on that first morning. As soon as he was up he looked for water. Bathing was a bodily necessity to which he had never been indifferent, but the old blue pitcher on the washstand was empty. There were no towels. There had been no blanket on his bed, and he remembered that he had been half-conscious of the cold all night. Betty had said she was not "dependable"—this first day seemed to prove it.

Slipping on an old moth-eaten dressing-gown that he found hanging in the big wardrobe, he went down stairs and brought water from the well, using one of the starched pillow cases for a towel.

The room, which had been his as a boy, had not been occupied for a long time; a gray dust lay thick on everything; a provident little mouse had built a nest out of the feathers that had drifted through a wide rip in the bolster case. The nest had been pushed up close to the roller of the washstand for greater strength and safety; now the terrifying splashing of the water from the wash-basin seemed a veritable deluge, and the mother mouse went scurrying under the high four-poster seeking safer quarters.

When Richard had finished his ablutions, he fell upon his

knees and gave himself up to a half hour of silent prayer, but his meditations were distracted. A hundred unaccustomed tasks seemed waiting for him. He must begin somewhere, somehow, without delay.

He went first to the stable. Unbarring the door without effort he went in. The floor was in a filthy condition. Two horses lifted their heads hungrily as the morning sunlight fell across their stalls. The first one was an old plug—gaunt, lean, rawboned; the other Richard remembered well was Spangles, the Colonel's favorite mount, and the Colonel's one topic of conversation when he had bought her two years ago—Spangles, whose purchase Richard had so resented, for the Colonel had paid for her the price of his whole college course; Spangles, whose record on the race track had made a whole county famous; Spangles, whose strange name had been derived from the fact that her jockey had chosen to ride in a shirt glittering with tin tobacco tags " for luck."

Now as the horse raised her high-arched neck and looked at Richard, his old resentment towards her was lost in enthusiasm for her beauty. Standing in the filth of the poorly-ventilated stable, she seemed to be appealing to him for explanation and assistance.

He led her out into the sunshine, and then putting on a pair of mud-stiffened overalls that he found on a nail behind the door, he began to clean the stable. His real work had begun.

It was a most discouraging day. Every place he turned the need of ready money was so apparent. Tools were rusty; handles fell away. The feed for the horses had dwindled to a small quantity of corn; the hay loft was empty; the roof of the barn leaked. There were no shingles ready-made, and when Richard undertook to make temporary substitutes, he could find no nails, no hammer. The Colonel's head ached, and he would not be bothered with questions. The niggers knew where things were. If the niggers had gone, then, no doubt, they had taken everything with them. He had promised Judge Armes that he would ride over and spend the morning with him. The judge was the logical candidate for the United States Senate at the next election. The Colonel meant to make several speeches urging his fellow-townsmen to this viewpoint. Meanwhile the judge must be set right on several political matters. If Richard would saddle Spangles and bring him to the door, the Colonel would leave him to run the farm for the day.

Run the farm! when every machine was clogged with rust—

when labor was reduced to one pair of unskilled hands. It would seem easier to start at the beginning and build afresh, than to accept the ruin that the deserting servants had wrought; to decide what things were useable, what were entirely worthless, to know where to begin, what work was most essential. He knew that it was time to plan for a kitchen garden to supply their daily needs, but the plow handles were broken; the horse half-fed. There were no seeds, even if the plowing had been done.

"Betty," he said at lunch time, "we must have some ready money to begin. Don't you think the Colonel would be willing to sell Spangles?"

"Sell Spangles!" Betty's cup fell from her hand, and was shattered against the edge of the table. "Why, Dick Matterson, he would rather sell you or me."

"I'm sure he would rather sell me," said Richard with a resigned smile, "but since I am not saleable, and since we must sell something, perhaps we could mortgage the house."

"The house! Why it's already mortgaged, and the interest falls due next month. I forgot to tell you that."

"How much?"

"Oh, about three or four hundred dollars."

"It's worse than I thought," he said, "and the Colonel won't sell Spangles?"

"Ask him."

"Have you?"

"Once. He didn't speak to me for a week, and when he did speak—well, I was sorry he had spoken."

"He has wine in the cellar."

"Not much."

"Too much I guess."

"Not enough to sell."

"Then let's sell the silver."

"That belongs to you," said Betty.

"To me?"

"It was grandmother's, and she left it to you. You were the last representative of the name."

"Then we'll sell it."

"How?"

"I'll advertise it in some of the big city papers. Why, Betty, child, some women grow fanatical over antiques. I was coaching a boy some years ago whose mother kept us running to all kinds of

junk shops in Europe looking up platters and pots. She got me to study up the history of some of the old silversmiths. I—I believe these are very valuable."

He was standing at the old sideboard examining the Matterson heirlooms that Dinah had polished every week for years. It had been old Giles' work, and his faithful spouse felt that this continuation of his labors preserved her in some occult way from his "haunt," which she feared would return to upbraid her if she failed in any of his more conspicuous duties.

And so it happened that Jefferson Wilcox, seated in his new ornate office, saw an advertisement that attracted his attention. He was not in the habit of reading advertisements; but this morning he felt particularly idle. Having exhausted the sporting page and the political news, he started reading the miscellaneous column, wondering at the strange things that people offer for sale—old magazines, shoes, half-worn evening dress, baby carriage, canaries, rubber plant, antique silver. The initials R. M. and the post office address made Jefferson suspect at once. He pushed the ivory button on his desk for his stenographer.

She came patting her elaborate coiffure with that unmistakable feminine gesture born of fear that false puffs may fall away; she was chewing gum, and that fact, added to her general look of stolidity, made even that optimist Jefferson Wilcox pause before addressing her. Heretofore he had not demanded a vast intelligence from his secretary. He had engaged her because she had been his first applicant, and because it had been the easiest and most obvious way of terminating the interview.

"Didn't you ring?" she asked, storing her gum somewhere above her front teeth so that her jaw projected.

"Yes," said Jeff. "Sit down, please." He had been well trained in small acts of courtesy, and his little stenographer, who was unused to deference of any sort, could not quite understand him. Sometimes she vaguely hoped that his politeness predicted a lively interest in her. She had even gone so far as to write "Mrs. Jefferson Wilcox" several times on her typewriter, just to see how it looked. The spasmodic work of her employer left her much time for dreaming.

"I want to write a letter," said Jeff, "and I want you to sign your name to it. You—you see I want to answer an advertisement."

"What kind?" said the girl suspiciously.

"This kind," said Jeff, handing over the paper.

"Half-worn evening dress," read the girl incredulously.

"No, Lord, no! This—antique silver. I don't know anything about silver, do you?"

The girl's face grew pathetic. "Never had any," she said.

"But you can inquire about some," said Jeff hopefully. "I want to buy some—antiques you know, the kind this person has for sale. I'll pay any price. Fact is I want to pay a big price. If a person were buying antiques, what kind would be most expensive?"

She stared at him in bewilderment. The frugality of her life made his announcement seem preposterous. "Why should you want to pay such a lot? Are—are you going to be married?"

"Lord, no," said Jefferson, "I've done many a fool thing in my life, but that's not one of them. You write me the letter and sign it."

"But what shall I say?"

His broad tolerance encouraged this confession of incompetence.

"Say? Can't you work it out? What do you women want when you buy silver?"

She sucked the rubber on her pencil meditatively. "Coffee pots I reckon," she said at last.

"That's it, but you call them urns. Urns, tea service, platters, waiters, everything he has for sale."

"You're going to buy them without seeing them?"

"How can I see them when they are a thousand miles away?"

"But how will you know they are genuine?" she cautiously suggested.

"I won't know it. Yes I will know it—if—if Dick is advertising them as solid, they will be as heavy as bricks."

"Is—is he a friend of yours?"

"His initials sound like it."

"And you don't want to sign your name."

Jefferson was losing patience. After all there are some rudimentary qualities that a private secretary ought to possess. He turned in his revolving chair. "No, I said no. If you can't write a short note of inquiry, what can you do?"

"I can—I can," she said nervously bending over her notebook, "but—but you must acknowledge that this is not quite usual."

"Of course it's not," he agreed, relenting a little as he saw the girl's eyes fill. "Men don't buy silver every day. Why should

they? Stock up once in a lifetime and pass it on to your grandchildren."

"And if this R. M. is your friend?"

"I don't know whether he is or not."

"Couldn't he—wouldn't he let you look at the silver before you bought it?"

"I don't want to look at it. I tell you I don't want my best friend's ancestral forks and spoons lying around taking my appetite away."

"But if he's your best friend."

"I tell you he wouldn't sell it to me."

Her eyes widened: "Why not?" she asked.

"Why—because he would know I didn't want it."

She turned to her notebook again with a puzzled frown. It was all incomprehensible to her. She had lived always in a world which could not afford to cultivate its keener sensibilities. Collectors, installment men, loan sharks, broke down all proudful barriers. Pianos came and went in her neighborhood with magical rapidity; rugs were whisked off dusty floors and resold to more prosperous neighbors; men bargained and wrangled and parted with their possessions openly, and when there were no possessions left, friends and relatives came forward and fed and clothed and housed them with that generous improvidence that keeps them forever poor.

The letter was at last finished, and she brought it to Jefferson for inspection.

"Won't do," he said. "It sounds like a fake."

"Well it is one," she said defensively.

Jefferson ran his long fingers through his yellow hair. "Here, give me another pen, I'll see what my imagination is worth. Suppose that I'm a rich woman with a passion for antiques. Hand me that encyclopædia, and I'll trump up the names of some old silversmiths that will put Dick off my track. I am particularly anxious to buy an urn for my daughter's debut, also a silver platter —gravy dish. Jove! that won't do. They don't serve gravy at afternoon teas, but they do have plates—silver plates. Let me see —I am desirous of purchasing any odd pieces that will decorate a table. Send description and prices to—" He pushed the paper from him, exhausted by his efforts. "I'm afraid Dick Matterson would call that a lie," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FREER COLLECTION. Part I. The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels (with five plates). By Henry A. Sanders, University of Michigan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

There is no field of investigation that requires such an unusual amount of labor and patience as does the search after the original text of the Bible. The number of the existing old biblical manuscripts goes into the thousands, and the number of the variants, for the New Testament alone, has been judged one hundred and fifty thousand. Only a comparatively small part of this vast mass of material has been thoroughly sifted, compared, and classified. It is likewise well-known that the older Latin, Syriac, Coptic, etc., versions are often witnesses to forms of the text that antedate our oldest existing Greek manuscripts. However, the few Greek uncials of the fourth and fifth centuries are the most precious witnesses that we possess.

In 1906 another fourth-century Greek Bible came to light in Egypt, the land where archæologists and enterprising Arabs are busy unburying from the conserving desert sands the relics of a past age. The find consisted in the books of Psalter, Deuteronomy and Joshua, the Four Gospels, and the Epistles of St. Paul. These four manuscripts were purchased by Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, Michigan, and will eventually be deposited in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. They have since their appearance raised a great deal of discussion and curiosity among experts. The delay in the appearance of the present publication was necessitated, according to the explanation in the preface, by the need of acquiring a working knowledge of Syriac, Coptic, and Gothic.

Professor Sanders gives a very careful and detailed description of the palæography of the MS. He dates it as belonging to the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century. Its Egyptian origin and its early date he finds confirmed by characteristics which are parallel to those of the early papyri and the oldest uncials of Egyptian origin. The order of the Gospels is that known as the Western: Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. The main object of the

present publication is to solve the text-problem of the MS., and to learn the degree of its relationship to other MSS. Six to eight separate parts, or rather sources, from which these parts were copied are distinguished. Two of these parent-manuscripts had been previously corrected to agree with the Antioch recension, two with the Hesychian recension, one came from a Greek-Latin bilingual of Northern Africa, and one from a trilingual with decided Latin, Syriac, and less Coptic tendencies. In a number of passages where the Washington MS. stands almost alone with its readings, these find their only support in Scriptural quotations of the early Church Fathers, especially in Clement of Alexandria and Origen. All the variants of the MS. are given in a collation (of over one hundred pages) which is based upon the Oxford 1880 edition of the *textus receptus.*

The origin and history of the MS., as it is given by Professor Sanders, rests on slender evidence. The Arabs who found the MSS. had told conflicting stories about the place of their discovery, in order to lead astray the foreign excavators, and to retain for themselves the exploitation of what is to them a valuable mine. A little prayer at the end of the MS.: "Holy Christ, be Thou with Thy servant Timothy and all of his," is the only internal evidence. The name "Timothy" here is a later addition, written with a different ink, and upon an erasure. Professor Sanders sees in this Timothy the head of a monastery. In Abu Salih's treatise on *The Churches and Monasteries of Egypt,* only one church of Timothy is mentioned. It stood in the Monastery of the Vine-dresser near Gizeh, and was burned together with it by the Melchites probably in the fifth or early sixth century.

Professor Sanders intimates that the investigations which are carried on at the present time, in order to determine the exact spot where the MSS. were found, have met with success. The result of the investigations will be published in time, and it remains to be seen in how far the author's opinion about the history and early date of the MSS. will prove to be correct.

MISHNAH; A DIGEST OF THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF THE EARLY JEWISH JURISPRUDENCE. Translated and Annotated by Hyman E. Goldin, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The "Fourth Order" of the Mishna contains the civil and criminal law of the Hebrews. It is that portion of Jewish legal

literature which is of most interest to the student of comparative jurisprudence. This present volume contains only one of the ten treatises of the Fourth Section. It treats of laws concerning found property (Deut. xxii. 1-4); concerning bailments (Exod. xxii. 6-14); concerning bargains and sales (Lev. xv. 14); usury and usurious contracts (Exod. xxii. 24-26; Lev. xxv. 35-37); hiring and renting. The work presents an important phase of the cultural and social life of the Jewish nation during the first centuries of our Christian era. While a reader, who is unacquainted with the terminology and legal antiquities of the Jews, may find it difficult to appreciate the existing translations of the Talmud on account of the great amount of disturbing and bewildering bywork and long digressions from the main subject, the present author has given us a work which sets forth the principles of the Jewish law clearly and in the terms of our modern common law language.

WITH THE VICTORIOUS BULGARIANS. By Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.00 net.

No great war for a long time has been waged so secretly as has been that which the Allied States of the Balkans have carried on against Turkey. On its outbreak scores of newspaper correspondents betook themselves to the seat of action, but were all turned back by the Bulgarians, with a single exception. That exception is the author of the present volume, who was the correspondent of the *Reichspost,* a newspaper published in Vienna, and of the London *Daily Mail.* During the first campaign the world was indebted to him alone for all of the first-hand news which it received concerning the operations of the Bulgarian Army. The Turks were more considerate, and several correspondents were allowed to proceed to the front.

This volume is not a mere reprint of the letters written by Lieutenant Wagner, but an amplification of the letters re-arranged in the form of chapters, with corrections and various additions, dealing with the events which led up to the war. Little light, however, is thrown upon the exact way in which the Balkan League was formed. A chapter is devoted to the history of the Bulgarian people. The Premier of Bulgaria furnishes a brief introduction. Forty-five illustrations and portraits add to the interest of the narrative, while six maps enable the reader to follow the details of the battles.

THE "SUMMA THEOLOGICA" OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

Part I. Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. New York: Benziger Brothers.

At a time when empiricism is a dominant philosophy, when agnosticism is trying to take the place of faith, it is but suitable that the English-speaking world should be made to hear the metaphysics, the theology, and the common sense of St. Thomas of Aquin. Nowhere in the literature of the past can a better antidote to the poisonous errors of the day be sought than in the theological masterpiece of a master mind—the *Summa of Theology*. All that was best in the great philosophies of paganism was distilled into the great work that is being translated through the generous pains of the Dominican Fathers. With the ancient philosophers St. Thomas was intimately acquainted, and he sifted their writings; he eliminated their errors; and the quintessence of their truthful contributions to knowledge he made his own. In this way the genius of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, especially of Aristotle, the master mind of antiquity, is latent in the pregnant sentences of the *Summa*. Not alone profane knowledge, but also sacred tradition is accumulated in his works. To read him is to read all the Fathers. For to Jerome, the giant of Scriptural erudition, to Augustine, the Doctor of grace, to the gold-tongued eloquence of Chrysostom, to Ambrose of Milan, and to the two great Gregories, as well as to the other Fathers, St. Thomas made himself a debtor.

All this gigantic erudition is couched in a style equally remarkable. The style of St. Thomas is distinguished by a manifold brevity, and its qualities will be seen in the valuable English translation. There is a brevity in his word, in his phrase, in his paragraphs, in his article. All this goes to show that St. Thomas was a master stylist as well as a master thinker. In this respect of simplicity of language, in the choice of the smallest word, he resembles Shakespeare; and by reason of this characteristic St. Thomas is clearer than his commentators. The polysyllabic philosophers of the present day may here learn a valuable lesson—those who give the impression that "clear" and "non-scientific" must be synonymous terms. Indeed it is not the leaders of science, but the camp followers; not the great scholars, but the little sciolists, that befog minds with their obscure words, the offspring of obscure thoughts.

Nor must it be believed that St. Thomas is too conservative

a mind for these progressive days. St. Thomas, indeed, is old at present, but in his own day he had a startling, yet always a safe, novelty. His biographer tells us that he introduced new articles, new reasons, and new solutions for old doubts. He was the wise householder of the Faith, who drew forth from the treasure house of experience and revelation new and old things. How they can be done successfully, and not disastrously, as in recent times, can best be learned from the science and sanctity of St. Thomas. The placing of such a model before a wider public will, we hope, be met with encouragement and blessed with results.

A TEXTBOOK IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. By Samuel Chester Parker. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.

In this book of some five hundred pages, Professor Parker places emphasis on the part played by the Church and religion in the development of our modern elementary schools.

After a short introduction, the other parts of the work are entitled respectively: Elementary Schools on a Religious Basis, Transition to Secular Basis for Elementary Education, and, finally, Secularized Elementary Education.

The author points out that the Church enjoyed a practical monopoly of education during the Middle Ages, but is careful to show that she did not check the founding of schools under lay control which communities thought essential. Sometimes, it is true, the local cathedral authorities did oppose the efforts to establish independent vernacular schools, but when the cities appealed to the Pope they received the requisite permission.

While it is stated that the Protestant Reformation introduced a new basis for elementary vernacular education, namely, the necessity of personal study of the Scriptures in order to secure salvation, yet attention is called to the fact that in Protestant Germany there was no great immediate increase in the provision for elementary schools, while in England neither Church nor State made any extensive provision for elementary schools until the nineteenth century.

In common with most educational historians, the author is probably unaware of the vast system of Catholic parish schools which is being maintained at the present time in the United States.

Due attention is paid to descriptions of social conditions, statements of educational theory, and descriptions of school practice.

While the works of educational theorists are considered at length, the author is careful to estimate the extent of their influence on the schools. The one man whom he emphasizes as the fountain head of our modern educational theory, and to some extent our practice, is Rousseau. Rousseau gathered in himself the results of the work of Locke and other innovators, and to him may be traced the larger parts of the streams of thought which found expression in Basedow, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Froebel, Col. Parker, and which to-day characterizes much of the work of Professor Dewey.

Professor Parker notes the present unrest in educational circles, and believes that the next quarter of a century will see the following factors effectually provided for in the ordinary elementary schools:

1. The introduction into the elementary school of industrial and prevocational courses, organized as definite preparation for specific vocations.

2. The endeavor to organize effective moral and civic instruction.

3. The provision made for varying instruction so as to meet the varying needs of pupils that are due to individual differences in capacities, in economic status, and in plans for a career.

4. The tendency to measure accurately the results of instruction by precise, objective, scientific methods as a means of testing its value, instead of relying on the vague and unproved opinions of theorists or of untrained observers.

The work is an excellent one. It is well written, the matter is well selected, and for the most part is treated in an impartial manner. It is hoped that in future editions the term "Popery" on page 124 will be omitted.

UP IN ARDMUIRLAND. By Rev. Michael Barrett, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25.

All our novels, short stories, and plays that deal with Scotland are so predominantly Protestant in tone, that we are glad to welcome these sketches of Father Barrett that open up to us the life of a Catholic Scottish village.

These short stories are full of humor and pathos, and point a moral without being prosy or tiresome. "Dominie Dick" tells us about the old-fashioned schoolmaster who did not scruple occasionally "to break a slate on a laddie's heid;" "Smugglers" describes a gauger's search for an illicit still and his absolute discom-

fiture; "A Rustic Pastor" portrays the stern austerity of the old type country priest. The best stories in the book are those which tell of the life-long repentance of Archie, and the sad marriage experience of Penny.

The author is new to us, but his work shows nothing of the novice's hand. We trust this, his first book, will not be his last.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

That generous Mr. Belloc has given us another book. *The Green Overcoat,* which, plus Mr. Chesterton's unholy illustrations, was a double joy, has probably only just been returned by your third or fourth borrowing friend. And, behold, here is another little joy dropped from the knees of the gods. *This, That, and the Other* is the name of it, and it certainly is good. If its author were not Mr. Chesterton's chum, we might venture to call it brilliant. We have no hesitation in predicting (to use a journalese phrase that Mr. Max Beerbohm would pounce upon with fiendish glee!) that you will grin over it from cover to cover.

You will certainly chuckle over the paper on "Omens," which points out the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon mind in explaining them as coincidences. But alas! "That which the enlightened person easily discovers to be a coincidence, the Native, that is, the person living in a place, thinks to be in some way due to a Superior Power. It is a way Natives have. Nothing warps the mind like being a Native."

When you come to the essay on "Lying," you will first drop a tear sacred to the memory of Oscar Wilde, but reading you will be consoled. And affected, too, by Mr. Belloc's sweet humility in treating of the lie feminine: "But if any man," he observes, "think to explain that sort of lie, he is an ass for his pains; and if any man seek to copy it he is an ass sublimate or compound, for he attempts the mastery of women. Which no man yet has had of God, or will. Amen." Then when you have read the paper on "Inns," you will read it over again. Twice at the least. You will probably get the most pleasure when reading the remarks on "Pedants," during the course of which Mr. Belloc touches on those non-existent things, the Anglo-Saxon race, alcohol, and the conflict between religion and science. After reading them you will be drawn by an irresistible impulse to a certain lurid red shelf of your bookcase (h'm! where did I hear that thought before?), and you

will consult Mr. B.'s *alter ego,* G. K. C. Not that they are "two souls with but a single thought;" on the contrary, alas! they have cornered so many million thoughts that the rest of us poor mortals may be left destitute! Let them beware of imitating intellectually the mighty financiers who are their especial hatred.

Even if you have to do it over the shoulder of the man next you in the street-car, be sure to read *This, That, and The Other.* "The second cleverest man in London" Mr. Belloc has been called. Well, he can easily be first in any little Iberian village we have met this side the Atlantic!

THE MIGHTY FRIEND. By Pierre L'Ermite. Translated by John Hannon. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50.

Those of us who have learned to be grateful for many of the modern French novels which have recently been given us in translation, particularly those of M. René Bazin, will be promptly interested in *The Mighty Friend,* a story written by Pierre L'Ermite, and crowned by the French Academy. It is a book worth reading, serious and suggestive, as well as enlightening. The economic and social conditions of France, more especially of rural France, form its basis. *The Mighty Friend* means, little as you expect it, the land, the country, the "nation's pride," to quote poor Goldsmith, whose belief, in *The Deserted Village,* is that of our present author. He champions through his hero, Jacques de la Ferlandière, the rights of the land and the landowners against the invading commercialism.

The Vale of Api, quiet and peaceful, if not financially prosperous, gives itself over to the erection of factories of Jewish ownership, and to the intrusion of railway lines, and Jacques' prophecy of resultant trouble is speedily fulfilled. Labor warfare, strikes, plottings, and worse follow in the wake of "progress." What is commercial enterprise doing for France? It is a very pretty question, and worth studying out.

As a novel *The Mighty Friend* is well constructed; it is nowhere permitted to change into a treatise. The figure of Jacques himself is splendidly outlined, and the family of Harmmsters, the intruding Jews, are shown just as cleverly, if a bit cruelly. There is a conventional but pretty love story, later lifted to the dramatic by the intervention of Alberta, the slightly too passionate Jewess. Altogether it is a book worth reading and worth recommending.

STANMORE HALL AND ITS INMATES. By the Author of *By the Grey Sea,* etc. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

Stanmore Hall and Its Inmates, signed namelessly by the author of *By the Grey Sea, An Old Marquise, Mère Gilette,* etc., is a novel of English life of the present day. Its heroine, little curly-haired Georgie, is a devout Anglican, who loves to call herself an "English Catholic," and who very scornfully refers to Roman Catholicism in England as the "Italian Mission." She visits the Stanmores of Stanmore Hall, who have always kept the Faith, and through them becomes interested in the relative claims of Catholics and Anglicans. Incidentally she falls in love with Gerald, the big brother of the family, but it is only incidentally. She refuses the folly of an emotional conversion, and sets herself the task of determining the rights of the question. Accordingly she worries her poor curly head with the *Ecclesiastical News* and Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons,* and similar noble productions, besides discussing unity and continuity (a little too learnedly) with clergymen and friends on both sides. At last she sees the truth clearly, but, as Canon Sheehan tells, faith is a kind of sixth sense, and not to be reached by a purely intellectual process. Georgie waits for it, and it soon comes, helped, perhaps, by the little old rosary that Gerald used at Stonyhurst.

There are doubtless many more pages of solid controversy than should be included in fiction, but the arguments are excellently presented, and will be relished by anyone interested in the topic. Otherwise they may be judiciously neglected, and the story enjoyed for its own sake. It is very human and very pleasant, with several clever character-drawings. Especially good is the kindly old Aunt Kate, who converses always of edibles or the Peerage, insists on giving Georgie soup twice a day, and bewails what she calls her "Puseyite" tendencies.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN TAULER, RELIGIOUS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. A Literal Translation into French from the Chartreuse Latin Version by Pierre Noël, O.P. Four Volumes. Paris: A. Tralin.

John Tauler's advocates and clients waited for two years for this French version of their revered master, and for two years they have welcomed volume by volume of Père Noël's learned, painstaking labors.

This is, of course, not the first French translation of the illu-

minated Doctor, but it is the first entirely complete one. Indeed, it overflows in the measure of its fullness, for Père Noël includes in his translations certain works attributed to Tauler, not so much from bibliographic evidence as from close resemblance of style and spirit, such as the book of *Meditations* bearing his name, and the little work known as the *Institutions of Tauler*. In the fourth and last volumes are also given certain sermons of Tauler's confrères, Eckhardt and Blessed Henry Suso, which are embodied by Surius in his Latin version. Although they are not Tauler's, they have gained a prescriptive right to his companionship, and are worthy of his name.

Father Elliott's English translation embraces all the sermons of Tauler that have come down to us rightly claiming his authorship, barring a few short poems and letters not easily accessible and of no great interest.

The French translation of Sainte Foi, published over half a century ago, was incomplete. It is now out of print and listed among rare books. Père Noël, in his introduction, praises his predecessor's work, while taking exception to his timidity in rendering various passages with less than literal accuracy. Sainte Foi, being a layman, felt justified in looking to Tauler's purpose—in certain delicate doctrinal matters—rather than to the exact words of a confessedly imperfect original. Nor is Surius himself free from the same pardonable fault. Père Noël's present great work will be the standard French version of the future, offering for all time a spiritual feast to all Christians seriously and sanely devout.

Lawrence Surius, whose Latin translation Père Noël has used, was a countryman of Tauler, a Rhineland Carthusian of the middle sixteenth century. Surius was an uncritical but most conscientious compiler, and the editor of numerous holy lives and ancient writings. It was the Latinized Tauler of Surius that first placed our great mystic in the hands and hearts of the devout men and women of Europe. This was even true of German readers.

Surius was a true translator and a judicious paraphraser, where the latter quality was needed. A literal translation of the Carthusian's Tauler is, therefore, a boon, especially when presented by so thoroughly competent a writer as Père Noël, and in a tongue so plastic as the French, and so very generally used by the educated public.

Père Noël is evidently a kindred spirit with his great confrère.

He loves those silent sanctuaries of God in the human soul which Tauler usually calls the depths of our nature, a term used also by St. Teresa. In this, the remotest seat of life and the holiest, is the scene of that divine generation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity into our life, treated of so powerfully by Tauler in the sermons appearing in the first volume of the French version. Within the essence of the soul do we find the Father begetting the Son, the Father and Son producing the Holy Spirit. Here is the inner region of mystical consciousness, the ever-flowing spring of all divine graces, of which devout persons are too often ignorant, The scope, aim, and value of Tauler is that he casts the Christian soul back into this hidden hermitage, and explains how one may, by penance and prayer and wise direction, come into a union with God so perfect that it has no sensible or perceptible medium.

No lesson of experience is more plainly taught than that devout Christians are with difficulty made really interior spirits. Herein is the justification of Tauler's constant return to the fundamental principles of virtue. This difficulty drew from the great Apostle the explanation of his own habit of iteration: "To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not wearisome, but to you is necessary" (Phil. iii. 1).

OLD TIME MAKERS OF MEDICINE. By James J. Walsh. New York: Fordham University Press. $2.00.

This truly noble and praiseworthy work of Dr. Walsh introduces us to the many distinguished men and women who practiced and experimented in the healing of human ills during the ages that are called "dark" and "ignorant" by self-esteemed modern sciolists. The "darkness" and "retrogression" of these early days have been so dinned into our ears, it is good to hear from a competent authority of the advancement made in mathematics, engineering, architecture, logic, and the medical sciences in these same "dark" times. Great surgeons developed their art then to a high degree, and successfully performed hard and delicate operations.

Anæsthesia was freely used, and antisepsis was known and practiced. And leprosy, a then common disease, was completely checked and eradicated by these great physicians. The whole story, of course, shows the Catholic Church as the patron and encourager of legitimate science, and not its persecutor, as the lying modern "historians" would wish us to believe.

Dr. Walsh gives in detail the lives of several of the early Christian medical practitioners and writers; and also several of Jewish and Arab race and persuasion. The celebrated medical school of Salerno, and its most illustrious representative, Constantine Africanus, receive special notice. The "mediæval women physicians;" the Medical School of Bologna; the great surgeons of the mediæval universities, and mediæval dentistry are exhaustively treated. It is something of a shock to modern self-complacency to learn that in the beginning of the sixteenth century, John de Vigo, a Papal physician, filled teeth as well as it is done to-day. This dentist of the Pope writes: "By means of a drill or file the putrified or corroded part of the teeth should be completely removed. The cavity left should then be filled with gold leaf." Dr. Walsh has taken for his special field the early and middle ages of the world's history, a favorite camping-ground of calumniators and quasi-historians. His lance of scholarship is levelled fair and square against any and all who would enter the lists with him. We are pleased to note the promise of another volume on an analogous subject from his able pen.

THE Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution have had the present guide book, *Guide to the United States for the Jewish Immigrant,* written by Mr. John Foster Carr to help the Jewish immigrant adjust himself quickly to the living conditions and social customs of the United States. He is told about the geography and climate of the country; our method of government; how to become a citizen; where to obtain work; the special laws that affect him; our educational advantages; our saving banks, postal rates, telegrams, passports, etc.

A special appeal is made to the Jew not to remain in New York City, but to engage in agriculture. A list of all the Jewish agricultural colonies in the United States, embracing about thirty thousand souls, is given in detail, and those interested are referred to the Jewish Agricultural Society, 174 Second Avenue, New York. A book of the kind for the Catholic immigrant is badly needed.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents) is a pleasant little story of English life by Genevieve Irons, who wrote *The Mystery of the Priest's Parlour.* It tells of four young Catholic girls who try, each in her own way, to do noble work in the service of the King. One of the number attempts

Catholic fiction, and her financial failure, as explained feelingly by the author, points to a condition of things in England similar to that deplored, we remember, by Father Talbot Smith in America. The old question: Are Catholic readers averse to Catholicity in their fiction? Be fair. Is it not possible that they wish the Catholic spirit for its foundation, the Catholic philosophy, and the Catholic atmosphere, but that they do rationally object to controversy in fiction, theology in fiction, and the sickly, sentimental piety so often supposed to conceal a literary mediocrity? In fairness to the good taste of Catholic readers, we might mention, even confining ourselves to the British Isles, that *My New Curate* is a household favorite, that the name of " John Ayscough " is everywhere spoken in appreciative admiration, and that a new book from Monsignor Benson is distinctly an Event in capital letters. And so on through a long and lengthening list. Let us beware of a rash pessimism.

SEVEN charming short stories are included in the book called *Curly and Others,* by Winifred M. Reynolds. (Concord, N. H.: The Rumford Press.) Very simple they are, but sweet and human. Probably the best tells of old Tom, the pumper of the church organ, of his grief when superseded by an electric motor, and of his recompensing triumph of the great Confirmation Sunday that sees the motor disconnected by accident, and himself coming gloriously to the rescue.

THEIR CHOICE is the name of a sweet, sentimental little story by Henrietta Dana Skinner (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00), best known probably as the author of *Espiritu Santo.* An American woman of thirty-five, spending the summer in Holland, meets an elderly German widower and his son. The eternal triangle thus forms itself, but the angles are not acute, and the lines soon fall in pleasant places. The story lacks the scope and the strength we expect from the author, but remains nevertheless very charming.

WILD BIRDS OF NEW YORK, by Chester A. Reed, S.B. (Lake Mohonk, N. Y.: Mohonk Salesrooms. 50 cents.) The readers of *Wild Flowers of New York* will have pleasant anticipations upon seeing the announcement of Mr. Reed's later book, and they will not be disappointed. In his attractive and careful presentation of our most interesting fauna, will be found a color-

gravure and a satisfactory description of every one of the common birds of this state. A very good feature of the volume is the classification table, which will enable the teacher to review at a glance the most frequently-sought and least easily-found details necessary for the planning of work outlined in the syllabus of nature study. The purchase of the book will be a small investment, and the return a sure one.

THE REIGN OF JESUS. By Blessed Jean Eudes. Translated by R. M. Harding. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.) It would be not only superfluous but presumptuous to comment on the work of a Saint. It will suffice, therefore, to indicate the scope of this work in which one finds a treatise on the Christian life, a method of spiritual life, a rule of life, and a selection of meditations and prayers; in fact, it is a compendium of the teaching of Blessed Jean on the spiritual life, and of his method and rules for spiritual direction. "To the friends of the Sacred Heart who would render love for love to the God Who loved them first; who long to make His heart their centre, their refuge, their paradise, their life, their all, *The Reign of Jesus* will be truly a Golden Book, a Manual of Perfect Love."

ST. ANNE OF THE MOUNTAINS, by Effie Bignell (Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net), a "romance of the Canadian borders," is written in a pleasing and attractive style. The scene is laid in "the beautiful vale of Andorra." The book cannot fail to interest Canadians, and arouse in the general reader an ardent desire to view the scenes so graphically depicted.

HARNACK maintains that Christianity only became Catholic in the second century. His study of the first Epistle of St. Clement was written to bolster up this arbitrary theory. Father Van Laak, in *Harnack et Le Miracle* (Paris: Bloud et Cie), refutes the learned professor's imaginings by a detailed study of every passage in the Epistle referring to the Old Testament miracles and that of the Resurrection of Christ.

FROM the press of Bloud et Cie, Paris, comes also *Bellarmine's Notes of the True Church,* Abbé Cristiani's translation of the fourth book of the Cardinal's famous work. In the excellent introduction we find a brief sketch of the life and writings of

Cardinal Bellarmine, and a comparison drawn with the more complete works of Le Bachelet and de la Servière.

THE fact that the recitation of the Psalter is practically a weekly obligation for every priest, makes particularly timely a new edition of *The Psalms,* translated by the late Archbishop Kenrick. The translation is, of course, well-known. It would have been well to have made use of the work of later Catholic commentators in editing the notes. But priests and religious, and the laity also, will find the present volume a handy and useful one. It is published by John Murphy Company, of Baltimore. Price, 75 cents net.

WE wish that every Catholic were acquainted with *The Missal,* and used it regularly as his prayer book at Mass. Whatever complaint may heretofore have been justified on account of the lack of a suitable Missal, has now been removed by the publication of *The Missal,* by B. Herder of St. Louis. The volume meets the recent changes and rulings made by Pius X. It gives both the Latin and English text, is well printed, and although it contains over 1,100 pages, is really of pocket size. It is a most useful and handy volume, and the publishers are to be congratulated on its production. The price is $1.50.

Foreign Periodicals.

England, Ireland, and Rome. By Richard Fitzwater. No settlement of the Irish question can ever be arrived at, save through the Catholic Church. If England is to solve that question, she must work in harmony and accord with Rome. Such a quasi-alliance, dictated by policy, if not by fear, is actually coming to pass, and England's interests are fast beginning to be bound up with those of Rome. Only now, when their own existence is threatened, the Protestants of Ireland begin to entertain a fellow-feeling for the Catholic Church. The author's argument is that England and the more intelligent of the Protestants of Ireland are beginning to see that it is absolutely necessary for all Christian forces to stand together against the oncoming wave of atheism and anarchy. He sees the disastrous work which these forces have accomplished in France, Italy, and Portugal.

The Catholic Church is the Church of the people, the Church of the poor; but it is also the Church of constituted authority, of that truest Socialism that thinks of service, rule, obedience. Ireland will obey her Church, and Ireland is well assured that her Church will never lend its authority to persecution or oppression, and that if the hierarchy and priesthood are become the channel of English action England means well by Ireland.

Only those who know the Irish well can realize how any lessening of Rome's authority would be a gain to the forces of disloyalty and disruption.

But the help that can come from England must come through the Catholic Church, for otherwise it will not reach the Irish. The Catholic Church in Ireland, more by far than in any other country, rules a people responsive to her teaching. Whether Home Rule comes or does not come, the Catholic Church must stay. In that sense it is true that Home Rule would be Rome Rule; but it rests with England to make it Rome Rule hand-in-glove with her own. England cannot with impunity either ignore or oppose the Church. The Church is there and will remain.—*British Review,* March.

Fasting in Ireland. By Dom L. Gougaud, O.S.B. Fasting was practiced to a unique degree in Ireland during the Middle Ages. In many monasteries it was perpetual. The laity fasted on Wed-

nesday and Friday not by precept, but out of simple devotion. Fasting was sometimes made a means of supplication; "I will not break my fast until I receive from my God these three petitions," said the Abbot St. Enna. Compare with this the legal procedure of fasting in order to force a creditor to pay his debts; if the debtor should die from the fast the creditor would have to pay a heavy fine to his family.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* March.

Ozanam as an Apologist. By Monsignor A. Baudrillart. This paper shows the influences which determined Ozanam's apologetic. From Chateaubriand he learned the beauty of Christianity; its benefits to civilization; its affinity with the deepest instincts of the soul. From Ballanche he drew the same ideas, and especially the conviction that to build the future city safely one must know the ruins of the past; like Ballanche, but with calmer mind, Ozanam gloried in being a mystical historian, the former attempting to give the general formula of the ancient world, the latter that of the Middle Ages. From Lamennais, upon whom the mantle of Bossuet then seemed to have fallen, he learned how the history of revelation agrees with the normal progress of humanity.

Lamennais made universal consent the criterion of truth in religion as in philosophy. "Whatever is universal in idolatry is true; only the particular is false; the creed of humanity does not differ from the Christian creed, which is only its development." This seductive but dangerous theory he carried to extremes after leaving the Church. But Ozanam was saved from this excess by his perfect good sense and his invincible attachment to orthodoxy. Wisely, as a layman, he left to theologians the defense of dogma, taking as his task the unfolding of the benefits of Christianity.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* March 1.

The Boy Scouts. By Henri Caye. Sir Baden-Powell, in his manual *Scouting for Boys,* proposed the method to all directors of youths in 1898. By 1907 the Boy Scout movement had attained great popularity in England, the colonies, and America. In Latin-America and in Japan the organizers have had little success, but in the Protestant countries of Europe the organization has been remarkably prosperous. There have been accusations of anti-Catholic tendencies in the movement.

In Belgium there is a Catholic Boy Scouts organization, while France has the "Christian Union of the Young Men of

France." The bishops in the latter country have pronounced against the "League of the Scouts of France," because of its distinctly Protestant atmosphere; Protestantism in France is anti-Catholic.—*Études,* February 20.

The Doctrine of Communion According to Tauler and Suso. By Louis Delplace. John Tauler and Henry Suso were celebrated mystics of the Order of St. Dominic in the fourteenth century. Both were advocates of frequent Communion. Tauler taught that the more frequent our Communions, the greater would be our progress in the love of God. If one is worthy to receive on certain feasts, he says, why will he not be worthy to receive every day? To all who aspired to greater perfection he most earnestly recommended frequent Communion. Henry Suso said Christ's infinite love constrained Him to offer Himself to His chosen ones every day.

The efforts of these Dominicans to encourage frequent Communion encountered great difficulties because of the conditions of the times, but it is important to see that the doctrine of the Gospel and of the Church never changes, though there may be obstacles to hinder its full realization.—*Études,* February 20.

Ancient and Modern Prayer. By P. Ubald d'Alençon. The difference between ancient and modern prayer is not, as Father Antoine de Serent says, that the former is based on the liturgy of the Church and the latter on passages from pious authors; for both sources have always been employed. Nor that since the sixteenth century prayer and meditation, in addition to the recitation of the Divine Office, have become obligatory, for it was always practiced. But the two differ rather in method. The former employed all the faculties of the soul at once; the latter sets in motion first the imagination, then the understanding, then the will, then the affections. The former led to contemplation which is ordinarily accessible to all; the latter considers contemplation not part of God's ordinary way of dealing with souls, and, therefore, not something to be prayed for. It is to be noticed that St. Ignatius himself abandoned his own method in later life. It is more suitable for beginners than for the proficient.—*Études Franciscaines,* March.

Workingmen's Dwellings and Their Responsibilities Towards Childhood. By Maurice Deslaudres. Everyone knows the diffi-

culty workingmen with families have in obtaining lodgings; the excessive prices asked; the objections made by landlords. Everyone can see the dangers to health where persons are crowded together and hygienic facilities few; and the greater dangers to morals from the indiscriminate mingling, the lack of privacy, and the impossibility of supervision. Much has been done by the Rothschild Foundation and the society for cheap lodgings for large families; infant mortality has decreased, morality has improved. A beginning has been made to house young people separated from their families. But along all these lines much remains to be done.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* February 15.

The Month (March): Under the caption *The Ancient Church of Wales,* the Rev. Herbert Thurston refutes the claims of the Anglican Bishop Edwards. Henry VIII. robbed "not the Church, but various communities of alien appropriators of Church property" when he dissolved the monasteries, and also that the Church of Wales in the Middle Ages was independent of Rome. The latter is disproved by the well-known historians, Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Hartwell Jones.——*The Basilica of Fourvière, Lyons,* by M. D. Stenson, is a minute and careful description, both from an artistic and a devotional standpoint, of the famous Basilica consecrated in 1896. The ancient sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel still remains and continues to evoke faith and devotion from many pilgrims.—— The article entitled *Loyal Songs,* by James Britten, shows the attitude adopted by the Orange Societies toward the great majority of their fellow-countrymen. This is especially shown by their demonstrations against the Home Rule Bill. The author gives several specimens of songs—anti-Catholic in the extreme—which they consider as loyal. This violent rancor is due, he says, to the unscrupulous encouragement of certain politicians.—*Was There Divorce in the Middle Ages?* by Rev. Sidney Smith, is an answer to the insinuation made by the recent Divorce Commission, that the Catholic Church, by resorting to subterfuge, always granted divorce. Father Smith refutes this, showing how the Church has always defended the indissolubility of marriage, refusing decrees of divorce, and even when monarchs, as Henry VIII. and Napoleon, demanded them. He also proves the diriment impediments to be not open to the charge of artificiality, but rather to have been useful and necessary, and, moreover, that declarations of nullity were really few.

The Tablet (February 8): *The Passing of the Welsh Bill* by the House of Commons, whereby the Welsh branch of the Church of England is to be cut off from the control of Parliament and stand on its own feet, supporting and governing itself.——*More Republican Defence.* The Radicals of France are again attacking the Catholic schools, this time under the pretence of protecting the lay schools. The bill they wish passed seems to contain a threat against the priests who refuse absolution to those penitents who are forced by this and other laws to educate their offspring atheistically.——*The Carbouri Case:* A fifteen-year old Arab girl, committed by her own and her father's request to the care of Catholic Sisters during the father's imprisonment for theft, desired to remain with the Sisters, having embraced Catholicism. Her father by process of law attempted to obtain custody of the child, but the Judge decided against the father. The decision of the court showing that the interests of the child are considered paramount to parental rights is carefully expounded.——*Notes:* Mr. Balfour in a speech said that the real difficulty with regard to Ireland is not one of race, but of England's treatment of Ireland in the past.——The new anticlerical ministry of Portugal has issued a circular ordering the strictest interpretation of the Separation Law throughout the provinces.——The sermon of Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., at the funeral of Father Albert Buckler, O.P.

(February 15): *Syndicalism:* His Eminence Cardinal Bourne delivered at Leicester an address on this system, originating in France, to solve the problem of fair treatment for the laboring classes. It is not Socialism, but rather trade-unionism, the scope of which is to spread, so that all wage earners, including government employees, are to be in one or another trade union, these trade unions to enter into a confederation, and through this confederation all dealings with capitalism and the state to be conducted.——*Père Vanden G. Heyn, S.J.:* The Bishop of Salford reviews briefly the life and work of the recently deceased Jesuit philologist.——*The Oriental Rite:* In a letter to the Editor, M. P. Snell enters into detailed explanation of the Oriental and Eastern Rites of the Catholic Church, and distinguishes those Churches united with the Holy See from the so-called "orthodox" Churches.

(February 22): *The Government and Temperance:* A comment on the position of the Liberal Government in refusing to permit the adoption of an amendment to a local option bill for Scotland, whereby, in addition to choosing between prohibition and

public-houses as they are now conducted, the people of a district might chose a plan of disinterested management.——*Father Puller's Visit to Russia:* This clergyman went last year on a mission, which had for its object the union of the Anglican and Russian Orthodox Churches. The reasons why he failed are here stated.——The Archbishop of Liverpool, in discussing the great increase in church attendance among Catholics and the great decrease among Protestants, as shown by a recent "Church Census," says the secret of success lies in educating the child (as is done in Catholic schools) from earliest years along religious lines.——The Roman Correspondent writes that in the refusal of the Italian Government officially to recognize Monsignor Caron, appointed nearly a year ago Archbishop of Genoa, is formally asserted the right of the Government practically to veto arbitrarily episcopal appointments of the Pope in Italy. It is hoped that in the coming elections the influence of Catholic voters will cause the election of those more favorably disposed to religious liberty.

(March 1): *Things Portuguese:* The writer calls attention to the inefficiency of the month-old Radical Ministry of Señhor Costa, and the sad outlook for the people of this so-called republic. Churches are being closed; bishops are in exile, priests in prisons, thousands of innocent persons languishing in foul cells without trial simply because of their fidelity to the old religion.——*Notes:* "The Diocesan Congress of Paris" held recently supplies a "striking illustration of the vitality of the Church" in France. A programme of opposition to radical educational proposals was decided on. The financial support given by Catholics to their own schools in the past is adduced as proof of the loyalty of Catholics in heart and deed.——*Literary Notes:* The Oxford University Press is about to issue a new addition of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia,* prefaced by Newman's and Kingsley's pamphlets, and furnished with an introduction by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.——*Constantine and the Peace of the Church,* by Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., of Newport. The celebration this year in Rome of the sixteenth centenary of the Edict of Milan is the subject treated.——*Mediæval Democracy:* A lecture by Mr. F. F. Urquhart of Oxford on what is usually meant by this term. In the Middle Ages, looked upon by William Morris as the "Golden Age" of democracy, "everywhere one found bodies of men managing their own affairs." Corporate independence was the rule, and its one necessary condition was that each corporation

had to keep to its own field. Subject to kings, princes, and lords as they were, all had rights which they guarded jealously. "There were no glaring differences of wealth" within the classes, and the "Church organization opened up the way to the highest places in Church and State, and acted as a bond between the classes."——*Roman Correspondent:* A delegation of over two hundred Genoese at an audience with the Holy Father offered to supply from their private purses the means necessary for Monsignor Caron's dignity and the government of the See if the Holy Father would send Monsignor Caron to Genoa, despite the Italian Government's opposition. The Holy Father's reply is given at length. For obvious reasons he cannot accept the offer, but asks the prayers of all that the souls of the people may not suffer from the evil inflicted. ——The exemption from Spanish military service, hitherto enjoyed by clergy in *sacris* and members of religious orders and congregations, has been abolished by the Spanish government. Missionaries, however, will have their labors counted as military service.

The National Review: Special interest is given to the March issue of this *Review,* because of the prominent part played by its Editor in a recent libel suit brought about by criticisms, published by him, with regard to unworthy participation by certain Government officials in the new Marconi Company. The Editor, himself, treats the question under the title, *The Fight for Clean Government.* ——Post-impressionists, according to a writer, who signs himself "Montpelier," are "Literary parasites who talk pretentious and futile nonsense."

British Review (March): The new science of Aërial Defense is treated by G. H. Mair.——Professor G. Henslow shows the inadequacy of Darwinian evolution by dwelling upon the axiom, *No Force Can Direct Itself.*——F. E. Smith maintains that the Woman's Suffrage Movement has recently sustained a mortal blow. ——Edwin Pugh writes a very silly paper on the *Soul of the Drunkard.*——Albert A. Cock discusses the poetry of Alice Meynell.

Biblische Zeitschrift (January): Dr. P. S. Landersdorfer, O.S.B., in an article, *The Serpent in Babylon,* has collected the evidences found only in recent times in cuneiform inscriptions as to the existence of a systematic serpent worship among the Babylonians.

The form which this worship assumed is not very clear, but it seems that living serpents were kept in the temple. It is to be hoped that further discoveries may give still more evidence for the credibility of the Deuterocanonical passages in Daniel.——Dr. H. J. Vogels, writing on *The Parents of Jesus,* shows how an elaborate comparative study of the passages in St. Luke ii. 33 ff. in all the old versions has led him to conclude that the terms "father" and "parents" were in very early times considered objectionable by some compilers. Many old Greek, Latin, Syriac, and Irish codices substituted for those terms the name "Joseph" respecting "Joseph and His (Jesus') mother" or "Joseph and Mary." It seems that it was Tatian who began this "purging" of the text. Through the later authoritative influence of the Vulgate these changed texts were again superseded, except among the Syrians, by a wording according with the original of St. Luke.

Études (February 5): *Personal Religion,* by Leonce de Grandmaison. Religion must consist of both a public worship and private piety. Religion entirely individualistic is the logical outcome of Protestantism; at the other extreme is the sociological theory of religion, formulated by M. Guyau. Personal religion, *i. e.,* piety, is the heart of true religion; it is familiar and filial sentiment which unites the soul to God. True piety holds the middle course between Puritan disdain of ceremony and soulless externalism.——Paul Bernard laments the decadence of theatrical and literary art due to the modern cult of self-advertisement, and of trying to please the lower and less critical public.

(February 20): *Revolutionary Syndicalism: George Sorel and the Radical Anti-Democrats,* by Henri du Passage, shows how these two opponents of the present political system seem to be drawing together.

Revue Thomiste (January-February): *The Crisis of Transformism:* What is to be rejected, what retained in this evolutionary system is the trend of C. L. Mélizan's study on Transformism; a criticism at once both constructive and destructive of the theory. The present article, however, is but a preparatory introduction, a clearing of the ground, a defining of the discussion. Formerly biologists held absolutely to an integral progressive evolution from one or many common stocks; facts have appeared which challenge that view. What shall we believe?——The first installment of a

supplement to be devoted to the publication of texts and documents, for the most part as yet unedited, relating to the life of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the present number is found a brief résumé of the early life of the Saint; his birth which was foretold; incidents of his early childhood; his stay at Monte Cassino; his entrance into the Order of St. Dominic.——The philosophy of M. Émile Boutroux, recently elected to the French Academy, is, says R. P. Montagne, an encouraging reaction against "scientific" and atheistic determinism. It places liberty at the source of things, and insists upon the contingence of the laws of the universe. Unfortunately, he claims the speculative reason cannot know God, but only the practical reason.

Revue du Clergé Français (February 15): L. Hays appeals for the teaching of church history with the catechism in order to give a basis for doctrine. It should mark out the great lines of religious history, and not be a mere collection of stories; and it should furnish answers to present-day objections and misrepresentations of the Faith drawn from history. One question, for instance, which should be treated is the age of man. For this we need new manuals, more complete, and better printed and illustrated.——Ch. Quénet describes the apathetic condition of religion in Russia, the country priest devoting himself, when of the better type, to the development of coöperative societies rather than to the spiritual improvement of the people. He never reads religious papers; he never preaches on dogma. The people are ignorant, down-trodden, starving, but the younger generation are learning the songs of the Revolution.

(March 1): G. Vannenfville describes the lamentable moral and religious condition of workingmen's families. Irreligious propaganda, unfavorable home and working conditions, open advocacy of race suicide, the socialist assertion that Socialism alone is the friend of the workingman have been to blame. The Church must favor organizations for the material improvement of her members, and imbue them with Catholic principles, and she must show herself, as she is, the only satisfying answer to the deepest needs of the soul. ——G. Planque contributes a long and sympathetic description of the life and work of General Booth, late head of the Salvation Army, describing his efforts in the East End of London, and emphasizing the constant Christian spirit which sustained and guided him.——L. Cl. Fillion concludes his study of *The Truceless War*

Against the Gospel and Jesus Christ, as carried on largely by rationalistic German and English critics.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (February 15): Joseph Dedien summarizes the conclusions reached by M. de Guichen in two recent and carefully documented studies on the anti-religious forces in France from 1815 to 1830.——J. Verdier asks whether private property is an individual right or a social function, and concludes from a study of the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the needs of human nature that it is both, but primarily the first. It is an individual right, and it has a social function.——Jean Didier describes the spread of a mechanistic philosophy among the universities of France. It means materialism and atheism. In biology, psychology, sociology, the aim is to gather facts, suppressing or denying all else; finality, free-will, miracles, personality are excluded.

(March 1): A. de Boysson describes the preparation necessary for an accurate understanding of the human nature of our Lord, and shows what conclusions regarding His human knowledge and holiness will be obtained by the application of the legitimate method of studying the unique Personality.——Jean Bainvel shows that religion is not mere sentiment or subjective feeling, but intellectual, and objectively true, and that that religion alone is true and good which contains all truth, and counsels only what is good, which respects the nature of things and corresponds with the desires of God.

Revue des Deux Mondes (February 15): The Conte d'Haussonville, of the Academie Française, begins a series of articles based on the letters of Mme. Staël and Necker. Through this unpublished correspondence, we see Necker and his celebrated daughter in quite a new light. In this first article, Mme. de Staël appears to be monumentally selfish and cold, yet passionately devoted to her father.——In the *Lesson of Canada* is shown how the French government was wholly to blame in the loss of Canada to France.

Recent Events.

France. The installation of M. Poincaré as ninth President of the Republic took place with a simplicity as great as that which characterizes the inauguration of our own President. Perhaps it was even greater; for there seems to have been no oath of office, at least no mention is made of it in the accounts seen by the writer of these notes. There was certainly no Bible, and no address was made by the incoming President. A few compliments were exchanged between the outgoing and the incoming holder of the office; they then shook each other's hand, and the ceremony was over. No Presidential election has been so generally endorsed by the people at large as has been that of M. Poincaré, and as it took place in spite of the most earnest opposition of the party in the Assembly to which the anti-religious legislation is chiefly due, it may perhaps be inferred that the great body of the nation is not so opposed to religion as is this the largest party in the Assembly.

The former President, M. Fallierès, retires with every mark of respect and esteem. Some have characterized him as a *Président fainéant,* but those who have a real knowledge of events recognize the fact that, behind an unassuming exterior, he has been a great power for peace in Europe and of concord among Frenchmen. He at all times inspired confidence through the way in which he dealt with the many questions which arose during his term of office, especially the difficulty with reference to Morocco.

In the address sent to the Assembly by the new President two days after his installation, Electoral Reform, in order, that the public will might find expression in the most genuine and exact way, was put in the forefront of the programme. Means to lighten the burdens of the people were to be sought. For the national defense every sacrifice was to be made. No effort was to be spared to strengthen and to consolidate the army and the navy. It is to the last-named object that the French nation is now called upon to devote itself in the first place; the great increase which Germany is making of her army has forced France to corresponding efforts. The one thing in the Gospel which meets with the unqualified approval of the civilization of Europe at the present time is the

conduct of the strong man who kept himself fully armed, and on the watch, and in this way kept the peaceful possession of his goods.

As between France and Germany, the plain facts of the situation are that Germany has a population of sixty-seven millions, while France has only thirty-eight millions; that the peace strength of the German army will be raised by the new scheme just published to a total of between eight hundred thousand and nine hundred thousand men, while the peace strength of the army of France is only five hundred and twenty-five thousand. Hence it is easily seen that France is called upon to put forth her utmost efforts to bring her army to something like an equality with that of Germany. The first step that has been taken by the government is to propose a return to three years service with the colors for all arms of the army, reverting to the state of things before 1905, when the period of service was reduced from three years to two, but with various exemptions. All these exemptions it is now proposed to abolish. The Bill when introduced received the support of the large majority of the Chambers; the Socialists and a few Radicals alone offering opposition. Other measures are to follow which will involve a large addition to the burden of taxation. And so, without any fault on his part, the new President's proposal to alleviate the burdens of the people seem far from likely to be realized.

The appointment of M. Delcassé as Ambassador to St. Petersburg has excited great attention, because in 1905 he was considered so hostile to Germany that, for the sake of peace, he was forced by the French Premier to retire from the office of Foreign Minister. He was accused of aiming at the encirclement of Germany by a ring of foes. No other Foreign Minister since M. Guizot has held that office so long, and he did more to give to France a firm and stable foreign policy than any other living man. It is to his efforts that the *Entente Cordiale* with Great Britain is chiefly due. Had it not been for this *Entente* with France, that between Russia and Great Britain would never have been made, nor would there have been any Triple Entente to stand face to face with the Triple Alliance. These two groups now form the basis of the European situation, the two hinges upon which everything turns. The appointment of M. Delcassé has given great satisfaction not only in Russia, but also in Great Britain; it is taken as an indubitable indication of France's unswerving loyalty to the alliance with Russia. The Tsar's letter to M. Poincaré makes it clear that on her side Russia is equally loyal.

M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, is alarmed at the efforts which the Catholics of France are making, at their own expense, to give religious education to the children of the people, and has brought before the Chamber a proposal to levy additional taxation to the amount of one hundred millions, in order to render the *école laïque* more efficient. So poor are these schools, and so bad is the attendance, that thirty-six per cent of the conscripts have to receive elementary instruction when they enter the army. Successive governments, M. Jaurès asserted, had not even endeavored to carry out the Education Laws. The religious schools had entered into dangerous competition with the State schools; a large section of the people of France were indifferent; they even mistrusted these schools. The Catholics had been so wicked as to defend themselves. They even said that the motor bandits were a legitimate product of secular education, and a large section of the Republican middle class was getting frightened by the practical results of the recent change. They were beginning to think that the national school was providing recruits for the prison and the scaffold. These declarations of M. Jaurès produced considerable tumult in the Chamber, and led to its voting an additional sum of over ten millions for an increase of the salaries of the teachers in the national schools.

Germany.

The large increase of the army which has been determined upon by the government is, of course, the most important event which has taken place in Germany. The proposal was quite unexpected, for the increase made two years ago was, it was thought, sufficient for five years at least. Various reasons are suggested, but no one knows the true reasons. The rise of the Slav Power, owing to the success of the Allies in the Balkans, has an appearance of probability. What is certain, however, is that a further burden will be placed upon the German people, and not upon them only, but also upon all the nations who may think themselves threatened by German armaments. Estimates made by the well-informed place the initial and non-recurring expenditure at no less a sum than two hundred and fifty millions, while for each year some fifty millions more will have to be raised.

Loans will have again to be issued. In fact, preparations have been made already for one of about one hundred millions. How all this money is to be raised is now for German statesmen the most anxious of problems. The landed classes are the most

eager in support of the policy which involves this expenditure, but, at the same time, the least willing themselves to bear even a part of the burden; this was proved a few years ago. But it is unlikely that they will now be able to escape. It is, in fact, stated that the government proposes to levy a non-recurring duty on fortunes. Whatever may be the proposals which the government may make, they are certain to be hotly contested in the Reichstag. With the Centre it has already had several conflicts; these proposals will give that party yet another opportunity.

This year it is not proposed to make any additions to the navy. A statement of Admiral von Tirpitz, made before the Budget Committee, was interpreted as meaning that Germany had accepted the British idea that the naval strength of their respective navies should stand at sixteen to ten. Some doubts, however, exist as to the exact meaning of the Admiral, but it seems clear that he did not enter into a definite agreement.

The Emperor has made several speeches which have excited a good deal of attention. At Königsberg, on the occasion of the celebration of the rising of East Prussia against Napoleon, he attributed the successful result to the moral strength which is inherent in the people. "The roots of that strength lie," he declared, "in the fear of God, the sense of duty, and devotion to King and country." In a speech made a few days later, he attributed the disasters which in 1806 befell Prussia in its wars with Napoleon, to the fact that the Prussian people had lost the faith of their fathers. It was a judgment of God in punishment of the foreign ways that had gained ground among them. When it recovered its faith the nation was reborn. "This present generation—which is inclined to believe principally in what can be seen, proved, or touched with the hands, and, on the other hand, shows less respect for what is transcendental—this present generation may well learn how to get back to the faith of its fathers. In the facts of the past we have sure proofs of the governance of God."

A recent trial in the Civil Court of Elbing shows that not only is the Emperor subject to the laws of the Empire, but that judges exist in Germany who apply the laws without fear or favor. His Majesty brought before the Court a tenant on one of his estates, of whom he wished to get rid, "since he had no longer any use for him." So far, however, from executing the will of the Kaiser, the Court found the defendant's case to be sound, and dismissed the action with costs.

As is usually the case, the weak has had again to yield to the strong. The son of the King of Hanover, who in 1866 was deprived of his kingdom, has found it necessary to come to terms with the German Emperor. Of the exact details we are not informed. But as a consequence of the reconciliation, the Duke of Cumberland's only surviving son, Prince Ernest Augustus, is to wed the only daughter of the Emperor, Princess Victoria Louisa. The Prince is to enter the German army.

Austria-Hungary. Through the death of the Archduke Rainer the Habsburg Family has been deprived of its most popular member, with the exception of the Emperor himself. He was looked upon as a Liberal, having taken a firm stand against the reactionary tendencies which manifested themselves from time to time in Austria, being always a champion of elementary popular rights. To him was due the reorganization of the Austrian *Landwehr*. He was related not only to the Emperor Francis Joseph, but also to the King of Italy, being a cousin of the former, and great-uncle of the latter.

Almost the whole attention of the country has been absorbed in the prospect of becoming involved in a war with Russia. This seems to have been averted, but no one can yet be sure. The Emperor Francis Joseph sent a Special Envoy with an autograph letter to the Tsar. The envoy was, of course, graciously received, and to him was given a reply. But no one yet knows the exact contents of the two letters, nor even the precise results. The last rumors, however, are to the effect that the two Powers have begun to disarm.

The Balkan War. At the time that this is being written, the Balkan War is still going on, although so successful have been the efforts to suppress news that almost nothing more is known than that Yanina has fallen, that Adrianople is once more said to be on the point of falling, and that Skutari is almost as far as ever from falling. Rumania and Bulgaria have agreed to refer their differences to the arbitration of Russia and Italy. Turkey has made an appeal to the good offices of the Powers for the purpose of securing terms of peace from the Allies. This appeal has not, however, been successful, for the Powers could not prevail upon the Allies to consent to such terms as they were willing to recommend to Turkey for acceptance.

No one can say what effect the assassination of the King of the Hellenes may have upon the situation. He proved himself a wise statesman in the management of Greek affairs during the military dictatorship a few years ago. The great man of Greece, M. Venezelos, is still left at the helm. Hence in the complications that are likely to arise after the war is over between the Allies, Greece will not be without a capable leader in him.

Russia.

The internal situation in Russia excites little attention, and may, therefore, be presumed to be fairly satisfactory, so far as this is impossible in a country where arbitrary rule is still predominant. The character of this rule may be judged from the fact that not infrequently members of the police force, the chief instrument of that rule, take the place of their victims, and are themselves thrown, for their own misdeeds, into the prisons to which they have been the means of sending so many of their fellow-citizens or rather subjects. This has recently happened to the former Chief of the Political Police at Kieff, who was in charge of the secret police at the time of the assassination of M. Stolypin. He has been sentenced to sixteen months' detention in a fortress for neglect in the administration of funds, and the forgery of vouchers. The charge that he was culpably careless in not preventing the assassination of the Premier was withdrawn.

The Ministry of M. Kokovtsoff still remains in power with no change, except that for reasons of health the former Minister of the Interior has resigned, and his place has been given to M. Maklakoff, who is married to a granddaughter of Count Leo Tolstoy. The Ministry and the Fourth Duma, which opened its session last December, are working together harmoniously. Both it and the Tsar seem to be animated with the desire to realize in their action the principles proclaimed in the Imperial Manifesto of October 30, 1905. The government is accused of endeavoring to secure this coöperation by exerting undue influence upon the election last autumn.

The illness of the Tsarevitch last year caused no little anxiety, as he is the only son, and his death would have involved a change of the succession. The health of the heir to the throne seems now to be quite restored. It was rumored that during the period of anxiety a cousin of the Tsar would be designated as the heir.

Notable progress has been made in improving the condition of the peasants since the change of governmental methods. M. Stolypin's Agrarian Law effected a great change in their position. The new year was signalized by the abolition of temporary servitudes which the peasantry living in certain Caucasion districts still owed. This measure was promoted and carried out by the government in spite of the opposition of the landowning interests, and is a further indication of its desire to promote the well-being of the mass of the population.

The Sickness and Accident Insurance Law passed last June is another indication of the same policy. This law makes the insurance against sickness and accident compulsory. The exact details of this measure have not reached us, nor would the space at our disposal permit the publication of them. The government at the present time is engaged in establishing the local insurance offices throughout the Empire, and in drawing up the regulations for the carrying the law into effect. Delegates of the workingmen are entitled to seats in the Insurance Councils. The Socialists are said to be by no means enchanted with the Law as a whole, one of their organs declaring it to be "an insurance of capital at the expense of labor."

Industrial conditions are now very prosperous in Russia, and new enterprises are numerous. The migration, so common in other countries, of the agricultural population to the towns is beginning to be felt in Russia, with the prospect of that agitation which follows in its train.

The nationalities subject to Russia do not, however, share in the satisfaction so widely felt. The legislation which was passed through the Duma in regard to Finland is looked upon by many of the wiser and saner part of its population as unconstitutional. Many judges and municipal authorities have refused to comply with these provisions. In consequence no fewer than twenty-three members of the Court of Appeal at Viborg, as well as two municipalities, have been transported by force to St. Petersburg, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment in Russian prisons. All other judges and legal officers in Finland, to the number of several thousand, are under threat of the same proceedings, unless they consent to violate what they look upon as their sworn duty. This action of the Russian government has called forth a protest from a large number of distinguished jurists in England. Rumors were current during the recent crisis that in

the event of war breaking out between Russia and Austria-Hungary, the Poles would have taken the opportunity, and would have risen in arms to secure their independence.

The three hundredth anniversary of the accession of the Romanoffs has just been celebrated throughout Russia. When Michael Romanoff was called by the people to rule over them, the Russians were under the dominion of the same Mongols who are now rejoicing in having obtained the protection of their former subjects. This Mongolian domination had the effect of degrading the subjected race. What Russia is to-day, and what she has been in the interval, is due to the ability of the ruling family, and to the autocratic power with which it was entrusted. The most ardent defenders of self-government are not concerned to deny that in certain stages of a nation's development, and if by good fortune really able rulers are found, an autocratic rule may produce the best results. At all events, all Russia is now engaged in lauding the Tsars as the authors of its well-being. The celebrations were almost entirely religious. Thanksgiving services were held in all the churches of the Empire, the Tsar going in a solemn procession to a Special Service held in Kazan Cathedral. By an Imperial Ukase various classes of prisoners received either full remission of their punishment, or large reductions; large sums of money were appropriated for the benefit of the tillers of the soil, and for other purposes; and measures were ordered to be taken for the care of the orphans of the agricultural classes irrespective of religion.

The conclusion of the Treaty with Mongolia, by which a vast extent of new territory has been brought within Russia's sphere of influence, has been followed by a Special Mission from the Regent of Mongolia to the Tsar, and subsequently by the dispatch of military officers for the purpose of training the National Army of the Mongolians, by means of which the invasion by Chinese troops may be prevented. Mongolia is not to become—at least for the present—a part of the Russian Empire: it is to remain an autonomous state.

In the Agreement between Russia and Mongolia, by which the new arrangement has been brought about, Mongolia is precluded from entering into any such agreement with China, " or any other Foreign State," as would traverse or modify the recently-made treaty, except with the assent of the Imperial Russian Government. It is denied that Russia's action in this matter has constituted any interference with China's internal affairs. Mongolia, it is held,

always stood apart from China politically and ethnographically. The sole bond between the two was the dynastic. As the Manchu dynasty has fallen, the only tie has been broken. By such political casuistry it is sought to justify the taking from China of more than a fourth of her territory. The example of Mongolia having been followed by Tibet, a country of about seven hundred and fifty thousand square miles, China is being shorn of something like half her territory. Russia, however, has had nothing to do with the action of Tibet, and, in fact, is precluded by the Agreement with Great Britain from any interference in its foreign affairs. An agent, however, of the Dalai Lama has made his appearance at St. Petersburg; but no apprehension is felt in Great Britain that the Russian government will act otherwise than in accordance with its engagements. China at present is too weak and disorganized to be able to maintain her rights. She has, however, by no means renounced them, and her voice may be heard later on.

A Bill has been introduced into the Duma to secure freedom for religious beliefs, and equality for all creeds before the law. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, in its name, is acting to secure its rejection. Orthodoxy, he declares, is the State religion, and, therefore, religion in Russia cannot be made a matter of conscience. He is afraid, too, that in the event of such a Bill becoming law, the governing power might fall into the hands of the Jews or Mussulmans. He is willing, however, that the present toleration given in various degrees to different religious bodies should be continued.

The tension between Russia and Austria-Hungary seems at last on the point of being relaxed. In fact, it is said that orders have been given to dismiss the troops that had been summoned to arms, or at least a part of them. How far the armament had gone is not known. For the most stringent orders were issued that no intelligence should be published, and it is wonderful how strictly has been the observance of those orders. The power of the press, not only in the expression of opinion, but even in the dissemination of news, has proved not to be so great as it was thought. Not only the Balkan Allies, but the Powers still at peace, have proved themselves able to suppress almost everything which seemed desirable. A few months, however, will suffice to bring the facts to light. Hence the real relations of the Powers, one to another during the recent critical period, remains more or less a matter of surmise. The Triple Alliance, on the one hand, and the Dual Alliance and

the Entente, on the other, are supposed to be facing one another, yet to have acted in concord for the preservation of peace. But the line is not altogether clearly drawn; for Italy has an agreement with Russia on the Balkan situation, at least in some of its aspects; while a large party in Austria is by no means friendly to Italy. But for exact information on these points we shall have to wait and see.

China.

Elections have been taking place in China for the Assembly which is to settle the definite form of its Constitution. It cannot, however, be said that the prospects of the future are bright. The political energy of the nation seems to have been exhausted by the effort put forth in establishing the Republic. The members of the National Council, which in the *interim* forms the Legislature of the Empire, are so remiss in attending its meetings that twenty times in succession no session could be held for lack of a quorum. For two months the work of this provisional Parliament was in this way brought to a standstill. Necessary laws have had to be made by the government's proclamation alone, and the question may arise as to their legality. This apathy of the legislators is hard to explain. Rumors, however, are in circulation that the President is acting after the manner of a dictator, and that it is through fear that the legislators abstain from the exercise of their powers. It is, at all events, a fact that whenever there has been a divergence of views between the government and the Council, the wishes of the latter have never prevailed.

A statement has appeared that after months of negotiation the Loan from the Six Powers has at last been secured. The negotiations were protracted so long, and were so many times broken off, that the Chinese authorities were becoming, and not without reason, cynically indifferent not only as to it, but also as to all their foreign liabilities. Default has been made in the Boxer indemnity, and in several other of the charges upon the nation. The country was without funds to meet its debts. It was willing to borrow, the Powers were willing to lend, but could not agree among themselves as to the persons to be appointed to watch over the revenue. If at last things have been arranged, a small but absolutely necessary step towards a settlement has been taken. A thing that tends to alleviate the situation is that trade and commerce are prosperous. The Maritime Customs Revenue for 1912 show that the collection last

year was the largest on record, whether estimated in silver or in gold.

The death of the Empress-Dowager Lung Yü, niece of the more famous Empress-Dowager Tzü Hsi, serves to call to mind the depths of degradation to which had sunk the Court of the oldest civilization in the world, one or two thousand years of age. Both of the two Empresses-Dowager made themselves practically supreme. Thereupon the warring of parties in the palace became incessant. No thought was taken of the higher interests of the nation, or even of the family. The collapse of the Manchus may be chiefly attributed to the intrigues and personal rivalries which had become the sole occupation of the Court. Two eunuchs in succession became the wielders of such powers as the Empresses did not choose to exercise, and these, in their turn, were guilty of such shameful corruption and insolent behavior that their names became bywords in the capital; and yet for a long time there was no one strong or brave enough to interfere. Their traffic in high offices was open and notorious. Wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence which thus left the destinies of some four hundred millions of people in the hands of the lowest of the race; still more wonderful perhaps is it that for so many years four hundred millions of people submitted to such a rule. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that, after having suffered so long, difficulties should arise when emancipation has been secured; that the people of China are not able all at once to realize and to make use of the blessings of the freedom to which they have at last attained.

It is to be feared that Mongolia is lost irretrievably to the Empire. What is the exact extent of the territory affected by the recent Agreement with Russia is uncertain. As to Tibet the prospect is not so dark. On the part of Great Britain, there is no disposition to give any further support to the Tibetans than that China should relinquish the recent claim to sovereignty which she has made, and be content with the suzerainty which she has possessed so long. No opposition will be offered to China's asserting her long-established rights.

Japan.

Japan has been passing through a somewhat trying crisis. Although the nation possesses a constitution, the executive power is in the hands of the Emperor, while he is advised by a Cabinet It is to

him that the Cabinet hitherto has been responsible, and not to Parliament; therefore the practical government is essentially bureaucratic. This state of things is proving itself unsatisfactory to a growing number of the members of the Chamber of Representatives. These, when Prince Katsura returned to power as Premier a few weeks ago, offered so determined an opposition to him that he was forced to resign. He was looked upon as the chief opponent of the movement for increasing the power of the Legislature. He had, indeed, given in his adhesion to this principle, but little faith was placed in the sincerity of his convictions. At all events, the opposition of the most numerous party forced him to resign within a few weeks after his having taken office. The whole country has been affected by the movement, and Tokyo has been the scene of a series of riots. It is not merely the irresponsible character of the Cabinet that has been attacked. The part hitherto taken by the Elder Statesmen in the government of the country is also declared to be unconstitutional.

After a great deal of negotiation a Ministry has been formed under the Premiership of Admiral Yamamoto, which rests for support upon the coalition of two parties in the Parliament. Its formation is the first explicit recognition that Japan is at length ripe for the parliament's control of the executive, and that no government should exist which is without a majority.

What led to the crisis was the urgent necessity felt by the Japanese for a great reduction in the national expenditure on the navy and army. In proportion to income, Japan is the most heavily taxed land in the world. The Cabinet which preceded that of Prince Katsura had, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the Chambers, determined to reduce this expenditure, but its purpose was frustrated by the opposition of the army. The War Minister resigned, and no other War Minister could be found. This was the immediate occasion of the recent movement for securing the people's control of their own affairs; it was a conflict between the army and the nation. The new Ministry has promised to pursue the work of retrenchment on the lines laid down by Prince Katsura's predecessor. As Admiral Yamamoto is without experience in parliamentary proceeding, some doubt is felt as to his eventual success.

With Our Readers.

A FURTHER happy evidence that there are some Americans determined to remove the curse of easy divorce, which is undermining the moral tone of the nation, and which, as Father Kent shows in his article in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, was cited as "the horrible example" by the Minority Report of the British Commission on Divorce, is the recent defeat by the New York State Senate of a bill which sought to add insanity to the present statutory ground for absolute divorce in that State.

New York State acknowledges only one cause for absolute divorce, and that is adultery. Senator Foley, in opposing the bill, said "To weaken even in the smallest particular our present divorce laws would in reality be a step towards legalizing polygamy."

OUR readers will be pleased to know that His Holiness, Pope Pius X., has recently decorated one who frequently contributes to THE CATHOLIC WORLD—Miss Emily Hickey—with the gold cross *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice.*

THE exhaustive study of the origins of Newman's *Lead Kindly Light* which we published in the January CATHOLIC WORLD, and the two recent papers on *The Poetry and Prose of Lionel Johnson,* recall the verses, not widely known, written on the great Cardinal by the great Catholic poet. The poem is entitled *Falmouth Harbour,* and its second half is as follows. The first line refers to Newman's sailing from Falmouth:

Hence, by stern thoughts and strong winds borne,
Voyaged, with faith that could not fail,
Who cried: *Lead, kindly Light!* forlorn
Beneath a stranger sail.

Becalmed upon a classic sea;
Wandering through eternal Rome;
Fighting with Death in Sicily;
He hungered for his home.

These northern waves, these island airs!
Dreams of these haunted his full heart:
Their love inspired his songs and prayers,
Bidding him play his part.

The freedom of the living dead;
The service of a living pain;
He chose between them, bowed his head,
And counted sorrow, gain.

Ah, sweetest soul of all! whose choice
Was golden with the light of lights;
But us doubt's melancholy voice,
Wandering in gloom, unites.

Ah, sweetest soul of all! whose voice
Hailed morning, and the sun's increase:
We of the restless night rejoice,
We also, at thy peace.

IT is a very hopeful sign to note the almost unanimous protest of the secular press of our country against the insolent proceedings of the Social Vice Investigating Committees now at work throughout the land. The great dailies, which are surely, if for no other reason than that of circulation, on the side of every movement making for popular welfare, have emphatically said that the methods and the rulings of these Vice Committees are making a mockery of social reform. They have not hesitated to call "minimum minded" many of these so-called reformers who ignorantly discuss a minimum wage.

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NO man of Christian heart will fail to protest against such conditions as, for example, are known by Legislative Report to exist among the textile workers of the Mohawk Valley, New York. The average weekly wage among them is, for men, $9.00 per week, and for women, $7.50. The conditions of their dwellings; the inhuman crowding that makes "family privacy a thing largely unknown," demand the active interest and protest of every man who loves his fellows. This investigation at Little Falls; the numerous Government and State Reports; the Reports of Civic Commissions that have made it known that we are by no means the "land of the free and the home of the brave," are welcomed because no community can face them unashamed or permit them to go uncorrected. And no matter how much it costs; no matter whom it hurts, these evil and unjust conditions ought to be made known, that justice may be done.

"Rights must be religiously respected wherever they exist; and it is the duty of the public authority to prevent and to punish injury, and to protect every one in the possession of his own. Still when there is a question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and helpless have a claim to especial consideration.....Wage earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the Government."

Justice, as Leo XIII. wrote, must be done first to the poor, because the poor, not being the mighty and powerful of this world, are the least able to protect themselves. They are not able to protect themselves in their property rights; they seem less able to protect themselves just now in their moral rights. A poor man has just as keen a sense of his good name as the rich man. His sense of dignity and personal worth are just as great. He is no more willing to sell himself than the rich man is. Indeed the reports of the committees that have investigated bribery in high legislatures, or of corruption in cities, point to the fact that it is not the poor but the rich who must bear the guilt and the shame. Apart, therefore, from the ridiculous assertion that high wages in themselves make a man moral and low wages are the cause of sin and crime, or as a brazen woman "reformer," and the head of a Committee on Safety, has stated, "it is an open moral question whether or not a woman who receives a low wage may give herself to a life of sin"—apart from all this, which is enough to nauseate the right thinking—we protest against the manner in which the poor, as a class, are ruthlessly used for experimental purposes in the clinics of these investigating committees. In the name of reform, and with a paternalism that rouses the wrath of an honest man, the members of the committee make the poor and the wage earner the pitiable subjects of their questionings. No incident or circumstance of their life is left unexposed to the public.

* * * * *

IN their name wretched criminals and sinners—who are such not because they were poor but because they were, as we all are, weak—are brought to the witness stand, and actually urged to state that poverty was the cause of their downfall. It is one tribute of respect at least, to poverty because poverty is considered to be a respectable excuse. And the sins of all these are shouldered upon the poor; and we are told that the poor are, if not the most sinful, at least likely to be the most sinful of all classes of modern society.

Better to have no reforms than to have such reforms as these. Better never to have a just wage than to do man the injustice of saying that he puts wages above virtue, and that the one great value with him is a money value. No more debasing and hopeless message could be read to man's soul.

Through the ballot; through the platform; in society meetings; in daily conversation at business or in the sitting room or in the street, there is desperate need that every man raise his voice against this most un-American and tyrannical proceeding by which legally constituted Commissions are making the poor the reason and the excuse for crime, and leading the young to believe that sin is not sin, but only an economic necessity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Mighty Friend. By Pierre L'Ermite. $1.50 net. *The Ordinary of the Mass; The Food of Prayer.* By Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O.S.B. $1.35 net. *A Hundredfold.* By the Author of "From a Garden Jungle." 75 cents net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Cause of Beatification of the Little Flower of Jesus. By Monsignor R. de Teil. Translated by Rev. L. Basevi. 75 cents net. *Holy Communion.* By Monsignor de Gibergues. 75 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Good Friday to Easter Sunday. By Robert Kane, S.J. 90 cents net. *In God's Nursery.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.25 net. *Levia-Pondera.* By John Ayscough. $1.75 net. *Confessions of a Convert.* By Robert Hugh Benson. $1.20 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The Fitness of the Environment. By L. J. Henderson. $1.50 net. *The New Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection.* Part I. The Washington Manuscript of the Four Gospels. By Henry A. Sanders. $2.00.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:

"Father Carson Explains." By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. 5 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

With the Victorious Bulgarians. By Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner. $3.00 net. *The Drift of Romanticism.* By P. E. More. $1.25 net. *The Invaders.* By Frances Allen. $1.30 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. $1.40 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

George Macdonald Stories for Little Folks—The Princess and the Goblin. Simplified by Elizabeth Lewis. 50 cents net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

P. Wilhelm Judge, S.J. History of Missions in Alaskan Gold Fields. Translated into German by Friedrich Ritter V. Lama. 90 cents net. *Grace.* By Heinrich Hansjakob. Adapted into English by Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. 50 cents. *Through Refining Fires.* By Marie Haultmont. $1.60. *Our Lady in the Liturgy.* By Dom Michael Barrett, O.S.B. $1.10. *Sing Ye to the Lord.* By Robert Eaton. $1.50. *The Practical Catechist.* From the German of Rev. James Nist. Edited by Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. $1.75.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., LTD., London:

From Hussar to Priest: A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase. By H. P. Russell. 5 *s.* net.

CARY & Co., London:

Mass of St. Anthony. Composed by Alphonse Cary. 1 *s.* 6 *d.* net.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

Lettre a une Supérieure Religieuse au sujet D'un Décret Pontifical. Par l'Abbé A. E. Gautier. *La Doctrine de L'Assomption de la T. S. Vierge.* Par D. Paul Renaudin. *Sermons et Panégyriques.* Tomes I. and II. Par E. Jarossay. 7 *frs.* each.

LIBRAIRIE HACHETTE ET CIE, Paris:

Bossuet. Par Ferdinand Brunetière. 3 *frs.* 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

Immanence: Essai critique sur la doctrine de M. Maurice Blondel. Par Joseph de Tonquédec. 3 *frs.* 50.

LIBRERIA EDITRICE FIORENTINA, Firenzi:

L'origine subcosciente dei fatti mistici. A. Gemelli, O.F.M. Lire 0.75. *Quaestiones Theologiæ Medico-Pastoralis.* Tomus II. A. Gemelli, O.F.M. Lire 5.

CHEMIN DU CRAMPON, Tournai, Belgium:

Histoire de l'Apparition de la Mère de Dieu sur la Montagne de la Salette. Par Le R. P. Louis Carlier.

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THE ASSENT TO SOCIALISM.*

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

OUR attitudes, as well as men and books, have pedigree. That a man thinks as he does to-day; that he is Democrat, Republican, Labor Unionist or Socialist is the outcome of the inter-play of many forces which are, in only a secondary way, under his control. That a man knows these facts and not those; that he views them in one light and not in another; that he argues well or badly; that he is intense or apathetic, will enter vitally into the attitudes which he takes on questions as they present themselves to him. The manner of one's education, the place in life from which one looks out on life, aspirations which have been fostered, and illusions which have been removed, must be explored and catalogued before we may understand a man's thinking and feeling. One who takes an acute interest in governmental questions will take aggressive attitudes toward them. One who takes little interest in such questions will escape such attitudes. In each case the whole range of life will be affected. "A great many of our assents are merely expressions of our personal likings, tastes, principles, motives, and opinions, as dictated by nature, or resulting from habit; in other words, they are acts and manifestations of self. Now what is more rare than self-knowledge? In proportion then to our ignorance of self, is our unconsciousness of those in-

*Quotations are taken from Newman's *Grammar of Assent*. See also *The Dolphin*, November, 1903, and THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, April, May, 1911, for related articles on *Socialism* and *Private Property*.

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numerable acts of assent which we are incessantly making." Hence it is that assent or dissent in respect of current social movements will be governed very largely by personal history, experience, and imagination; by the mental processes of the individual; by the outfit of existing thoughts, principles, likings, desires, and hopes which make men what they are. We gravitate toward what is mentally clear, and away from what is obscure. We are intolerant, sometimes because we understand and sometimes because we do not understand. Defense against argument is simple, but protection against impressions is almost beyond us. Social movements which appeal to the imagination and to personal or class experience, which deal boldly and confidently with profound aspirations, and abandon the reserves born of accuracy and caution, are clothed with all but unconquerable power. Argument is of little avail against them. Bacon was not in error in attributing much influence to the idols of the Tribe, the Cave, the Market Place, and the Theatre which beset men's minds and sway them.

Social movements are not of arbitrary origin. They are rather the products of forces at work in national life. The extent to which any popular movement succeeds, indicates the general readiness of the people to accept it, which readiness is neither produced at will nor suppressed by command. A popular movement must be viewed in the background of its own history. In the thirteenth century, even economic movements took on the color of spiritual rebellion, because the authority of the Church touched all sides of life. In the twentieth century, all social rebellion takes on the color of the defense against capital, because of its widely-established ascendancy. What, then, is the national background in which we should judge Socialism? How can we account for the assent to it, when that assent involves an apparent departure from the standards of our civilization and its ideals, from the political principles and historical wisdom on which the framework of national life is based?

I.

I am aware that the Socialist movement is not as fixed and definite as the words which describe it. Just as the wedge has point and head, likewise Socialism has its narrow, starved, economic meaning, and also its wider and deeper phases which include many ugly affinities and hideous implications. On its own repeated admissions, Socialism cannot prevent itself from becoming something other than Socialism. Its attempted repudiation of atheism and

free love is a striking admission of its own inability to control the mental processes of its votaries. We know thoroughly well that Socialism cannot account for its own origin. Forces other than Socialism prepare the way for it. If, then, on the one hand, it cannot account for its own origin, and, on the other, it cannot confine itself to its professed limitations, we are forced to the conclusion that it simply cannot account for itself. Making allowance for all of this, we may endeavor to discuss it in its least offensive sense, in the sense in which it is willing to make its own apology. Thus restricted, Socialism may be regarded as resting on the following three fundamental assumptions:

The present social order is bankrupt.

The private ownership of capital is the cause of this bankruptcy.

The collective ownership of capital is the sole adequate remedy.

An individual's mind which accepts these three assumptions embraces Socialism. Up to a certain point, all antecedent probabilities hinder these assumptions from entering his mind. Gradually, and probably unconsciously, they insinuate themselves until all antecedent probabilities were overturned. After that experience, assumptions, views, preferences, interpretations, associations, arrange themselves in an orderly manner, re-enforcing the assumptions of Socialism until they become solid as axioms and undoubting as consciousness itself. One sees electric fans, which automatically reverse themselves by the throwing of a lever which is effected by the contrary motion of itself. All operations of mind are reversed once the antecedent probabilities are turned toward Socialism instead of against it. There is in the assent to Socialism a "surplusage of assurance" much as there is in Marx's economic theory a surplusage of value back of capitalistic accumulation. "Sometimes our mind changes so quickly, so unaccountably, so disproportionately to any tangible arguments to which the change can be referred, and with such abiding recognition of the forces of the old arguments, as to suggest the suspicion that moral causes, arising out of our condition, age, company, occupations, fortunes, are at the bottom." We should not forget "How little syllogisms have to do with the formation of opinion; how little depends upon the inferential proofs, and how much upon those pre-existing beliefs and views in which men either already agree with each other or hopelessly differ, before they begin to dispute, and which are hidden deep in our nature, or, it may be, in our personal peculiarities."

If Socialism had without aid established its three fundamental assumptions in the minds of its believers, the achievement would be a marvel in human history. Socialism did not do it and could not do it. The transition from one social philosophy to another, from one interpretation to another, is gradual and not abrupt. It is effected by the likeness or identity of the two systems, and not by differences between them. The foundations of Socialism lie deep in our social life. Marx himself took the most orthodox economic doctrine of his time to construct his theory of revolutionary Socialism.

The first assumption—the present social order is bankrupt—expresses unqualified despair of our leaders, of the administration of our laws and their enactment, of the institutions on which the social order rests, and of the constitution itself, under whose spirit and warrant the feeling, thinking, and judgment of the people are guided. Despair is the single gateway to Socialism. Confidence is the angel with flaming sword which drives Socialism from our gates. The process of disturbing confidence in the elements of our social order has operated, and it operates to-day, independent of Socialism. We are all familiar with the vocabulary of current abuse and criticism. All of us indulge indiscriminately in the joy of denunciation. If a conservative scholar proclaims that society is ethically bankrupt without shocking us; if not a few proclaim that our public school system is bankrupt, and our own experience tends to prove the charge; if very conservative religious leaders tell us that society is near to spiritual bankruptcy; if conservatives in most exalted stations tell us that the administration of our criminal law is bankrupt and a disgrace to civilization; if vilification, incrimination, and complaint are practically universal in political, literary, and journalistic circles, we must admit that minds and ears are well prepared to hear without shock or recoil the declaration that the political and industrial order is bankrupt. When this last assumption is established in a mind, it has taken its first step toward Socialism.

That is, however, only a first step. The second assumption—the private ownership of capital is the cause of this bankruptcy—definitely indicates that capital is the rock on which the hopes of society have been shipwrecked. The third assumption—the collective ownership of capital is the sole adequate remedy—proposes the single remedy through which it is alleged social justice may be secured. Any of us might agree with the first assumption, while at the same time dissenting fundamentally as to the second

and the third. We might allow, for instance, that to a great extent there is truth in the first two assumptions of Socialism. We might find them partly true, but largely false. We might propose that sin, passion, unconquerable ignorance, love of power, inability to coördinate social effort and control it while allowing human liberty its play, and the inherent limitations of human nature must be associated through and with capital in explaining social disorder, and that provision must be made against these as well as against abuse of capital in the social reform toward which our aspirations drive us.

If it requires much knowledge, trained judgment, mental restraint, and tedious effort at interpretation, to discover and associate in right proportion the causes of social injustice, we are at a disadvantage in attempting to hinder the general acceptance of Socialism's assumptions. The average experience of the multitude unfortunately tends to corroborate the socialistic indictment of capital. The undeniable abuses to which the laboring classes have been subjected are due primarily to capital and to the capitalistic view of life, of human rights and progress. The undeniable horrors that have dogged the footsteps of millions have shown that, in the case of many of these, the social order is bankrupt, and that the private ownership of capital is the cause of that bankruptcy. These facts place us conservatives at a marked disadvantage in attempting to hinder the propaganda of Socialism from establishing its two assumptions. Since most of the reforms which we are accomplishing rest directly on the curbing of capital, it is not unnatural that the impetuous imagination of the people would incline toward the assumption that all social injustice may be ended by taking over the control of capital entirely in the interests of the people themselves. Unless established social order can retain the confidence of the masses, nothing can hinder the ultimate triumph of Socialism. It is attempting to rob the people of that confidence. We conservatives endeavor to maintain it in undiminished force. All other issues are secondary to this one. All of the processes on which we depend derive their efficiency from their power to protect popular confidence in the institutions of industry and government.

II.

The prudent janitor of a certain public building once nailed its outside windows in order to prevent the opening of them during the winter. He believed that if the windows were opened, coal

would be wasted in heating the fresh, cool air as it entered. He was under the impression that only space, and not air, was necessary for breathing. Confidence is the atmosphere in which practically all social institutions and relations thrive. Mere establishment means as little to the social order as space without air means to respiration. No institution can survive the withdrawal of confidence, unless it be supported by an army.

Confidence between man and wife makes marriage possible, while suspicion, distrust, and accusation destroy happiness and unity. Confidence makes possible normal relations between parents and children. It is the essence of friendship. It is the foundation of business, of all forms of credit, of all systems of currency. It enters into the very heart of our industrial operations. Confidence is the source of the power of the priesthood, although not, of course, its sanction. Confidence of man in man makes possible communication, language, social life. Normal social relations depend, therefore, on the capacity and willingness of men and women to believe one another, to trust one another, to coöperate with one another. Suspicion and distrust, vilification and scorn, failure to merit confidence and receive it, failure to give confidence and inability to maintain it, disintegrate social relations with unfailing power. Jails and penitentiaries show us the type of social relation which results when man may not trust his fellowman.

Democratic philosophy teaches us that the stability of government rests immediately on the intelligence and moral integrity of its citizens. Democracy rests on confidence in the people, just as the limitations of democracy indicate the restrictions of that same confidence. Government fears bad men because they will betray confidence which is bestowed upon them. Government fears ignorant men because these lack the open-eyed discretion which places expected reservation on the giving of confidence. Government fosters education, religion, and culture, and cultivates noble heroes and heroines, because these aid powerfully in producing types of character and intelligence which make stable the social order.

The constitution under which the people are governed will be powerful to the extent to which it is believed in. The institutions, through which national life is directed, will be effective in proportion as they merit confidence and receive it. Laws which are enacted in obedience to the limitations and the spirit of the institutions, will accomplish their end only when reënforced by the mighty confidence of a trusting people. The administration of laws will be wise and faithful in proportion as leaders bring

to the performance of their duties the intelligence and integrity of character which invites and holds popular confidence.

Of course, political confidence may not be without its reserves. Lack of intelligence and lack of integrity will occur at times everywhere. Institutions will require modification from time to time, and constitutions themselves must be amended. Provision for change in leadership by limited terms of office, for repeal of laws, for modifying institutions, and amending constitutions belongs essentially to all accepted patterns of democratic government. Hence, we may and we will surrender confidence from time to time in this or in that leader, in this or in that legislature, in this or in that feature of an institution. But, on the whole, our talent for giving confidence will not be impaired; our habit of trusting in the essential elements of social order will not be interrupted by these occasional, sporadic, and superficial incursions of distrust, doubt, and demand for change. Nature works with a high factor of safety. She stores her deep reservoirs with unmeasured social confidence, slowly, painfully, and with uninterrupted determination. She protects those reservoirs at every point. She is quick and nervous, watchful and wakeful in hindering losses of it. When she discovers that confidence is being disturbed at a rapid rate, and that the storehouses from which she draws it are being closed to her, she stands, if not hopeless, at least helpless, in the face of disaster which her instincts foretell. In proof of this one might cite the gloomy foreboding of many a non-Catholic conservative, who believes that only the Catholic Church is equipped to prevent the nation from rushing headlong into Socialism.

Indiscriminate abuse of our public leaders has been for years robbing the people of the will and of the capacity to trust any leadership which represents past establishment. Indiscriminate criticism, reënforced by the discovery of many unhappy facts, has robbed multitudes of all wholesome confidence in the administration of laws and in the process of their enactment. Abuse, denunciation, and ridicule, supported by cartoons, statistics, and oratory, have led many, many thousands into an attitude of serious doubt, if not repudiation, of the fundamental institutions on which our civilization rests. Private property, competition, the courts, industrial liberty, the ballot, and the institutions of representation stand out under a plausible indictment which many hundreds of thousands believe.

The Democratic press, the Republican press, the Progressive press, the labor press, the muckraking press; campaign literature,

campaign methods, and speeches; tons of literature pouring forth from publishing houses, and even government committees, maintain a course of searching indictment of the foundations of the social order, each from its own standpoint, and for its own purpose, yet all of them concurring in their adverse influence on popular confidence in our institutions. It is commonplace to observe that our masses do not trust our culture, that laborers do not trust employers, that the public looks upon financial leaders as pirates.* A strong mental effort is necessary to enable us to believe in the good intentions of a rich man who enters politics. Legislatures are not trusted, executives are suspected, courts are reviled; the bar receives credit for cunning, but not for honesty, and for the betrayal of popular welfare in the interest of predatory wealth. Wit, humor, and caricature, scholarship and oratory, art, music, and poetry, history and science, are brought into the campaign of despair, and they do their work well.

We need not, for a moment, consider how much there is of truth and how much of falsehood in this volume of criticism, denunciation, and distrust. Impressions do not depend on the truth for their origin or their power. If we take the first fundamental assumption of Socialism, namely, that the present social order is bankrupt, and view it in this background, we must admit that it appears to be the simple, logical, and expected outcome of the alleged conditions. From unquestioning confidence in our institutions and undisturbed acceptance of them, easy transition may be experienced into an attitude of disturbed and hesitating allegiance. From this point the transition to simple repudiation is not complicated nor unexpected. When one loses one's "unimpaired certainties," one may drift in any direction. When the propaganda of Socialism takes its place in the present scheme of things, it finds the ground well prepared. The natural mental processes of large numbers meet it half way, and they gladly accept its undoubting guidance in the search for social peace. Only as confidence in the established order is disturbed or destroyed, is it possible for Socialism to make headway.

III.

Parallel with this diminishing confidence in government and law, there is found an increasing dependence on them in even our

*Senator Root called attention to this aspect of our national life in a striking speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce, November 21, 1912.

simplest industrial and social relations. We have ceased to depend on character and intelligence in nearly all of our commercial transactions. We depend on law to get pure milk. Law regulates almost every detail in factory and mine. Law enters homes, measures windows and the cubic air space to be provided. A public officer removes the drinking glass from our sleeping cars; gives or withholds permission to widen our back porches; sends children from the streets in the evening. Law controls, in last detail, the labeling, weighing, and measuring, and regulates the quality of practically everything that we consume. We are so habituated to this experience that we have recourse to law habitually, as a first remedy instead of as a last one. Government, law, public officers have entered so extensively and so minutely into every phase of our lives, that we are losing the instinct for personal liberty, and settling down to a civilization built on the hollow foundations of legal enactment.

A simple country shoemaker obeyed a very elementary process of mind and experience when he suggested to the writer, not long since, that there is no more hope for the workingman. He added that our salvation will come only when the government takes hold and fixes the prices at which all necessaries of life may be sold. The man was not, to his own way of thinking, a Socialist, but the preparatory work had been done. The paternalistic experience of government, through which we are going, does its own work in simplifying the way for the omnipresent and omnipotent state into which Socialism would drift. I do not pause to attempt to resolve the paradox which this description involves.

IV.

There is another factor in the background of Socialism. The process of life is ironing out into flat and unrelieved monotony the experience of multitudes. Men and women are ceasing to think as individuals. They think and feel, nowadays, in battalions. Class consciousness is strong. The attempt to build up movements on class consciousness is far more profoundly justified than the legal fictions which condemn it. The distress through which workingmen and workmen's families pass, the tyranny which they have experienced, and the crude injustice to which they have been subjected; the forces which throw them hither and thither in our social and economic life; the environment in which they have been compelled to live insulated from the vitalizing streams of culture, joy, and

hope which flow past them have been so nearly alike in origin, in operation, and in outcome that these classes have been welded together to an extent into a solid consciousness which dominates both thought and speech.

We can easily perceive in the mass what we miss in the unit. Class experience, class observation, class feeling, class aspirations, class ideals have prepared the multitude for unified thinking and unified feeling. In this way great numbers have been prepared admirably for the propaganda of Socialism. Its fundamental assumptions take on strength as we widen the social surface to which they are applied. Few men who think and feel strongly as individuals, and who shut out the larger sympathies from the circle of their thinking and feeling, will be profoundly impressed by the fundamental assumptions of Socialism. On the other hand, few men who are governed by the outlook, the feeling, the history, and the consciousness of class, can fail to be impressed by those assumptions. We, conservatives, in our defense of institutions are compelled to be individualistic, fragmentary, and unsystematic, while our reforms are, when most successful, only palliative. We are compelled to talk against the deeper feeling and the experience of laboring men, when we attempt to make out a case against Socialism.

The more clear we are in feeling and thinking, the less tolerant we are. The multitude craves finality and simplicity. Axioms are liked better than problems. The people dislike hesitation, qualification, reserve. They can withdraw confidence, but they cannot retain it. They must give it to some thing or to some one. They will trust a formula just as readily as a genius. It requires far less mental effort to believe that everything has gone wrong, than to hold that many things have gone wrong, that many are going right, and that in a hundred tedious ways something can be done to improve conditions. It requires less mental effort to blame everything that is wrong upon one single force or agency, than to believe that many complex forces, acting in highly complex relations, cause the evils which we deplore. It requires far less energy of mind and reservation of thought, far less self-control and discipline of intellect, to believe in one simple formula as a remedy, than to repose confidence in the doubtful coördination of a hundred uncertain social forces. Hence, assuming that the multitude is aroused and thinking, assuming further that it is shaping certain standards of social justice and judging life by them, the assumptions of Socialism appeal to their experience, to their mental con-

stitution and preferences, and to their class consciousness. We conservatives can weaken the appeal only by elaborate reasoning, much knowledge, and endless qualifications in our statements. The progress of Socialism is not surprising.

V.

He who gives little thought to fundamental questions of government, and who is fortunate in his career, is undoubtedly shocked on meeting for the first time the Socialist claim that the present social order is bankrupt. His every faculty revolts against the form and spirit of the claim. It appears ridiculous, fantastic, unworthy of attention, and therefore self-refuting.

One who has had severe experience in life, who has been compelled to struggle and to live through hardships, uncertainties, and unrelieved dependence on the orders of unsympathetic employers, is not shocked on hearing for the first time these assumptions of Socialism. While one may not be drawn toward it, one is not conscious of any particular recoil against it. If in addition to the distressing and bitter experience in life, one have the habit of observing, discussing, and reflecting seriously on the bitterness, all of the distress, all of the injustice, all of the helpless misery that the life about us holds, one is undoubtedly disposed to find very much truth in the initial assumptions of Socialism.

Once the minds of great numbers of citizens are aroused, and their imagination is seized by the realization of the tragedy, the injustice, and the disappointments of life as a whole, those minds are driven by the law of their nature to find an explanation and a remedy. If we conservatives can offer an explanation which catches the imagination and satisfies it, and if we can offer a remedy which is reasonable, definite, and not too difficult of introduction, we can satisfy those aroused minds, and they will remain relatively conservative. But if we fail either to impress our explanation of social injustice on popular imagination, or if we remain idle while the more zealous radical is busy, or if we present our message in a form, or in a tone, which does not ring true to the disturbed minds that we aim to serve, we labor in vain. The field of battle to-day is here. The masses are thinking on fundamental problems. Their confidence in the social order is genuinely disturbed. The growth of Socialism seems to indicate that large numbers prefer to go on in the easier direction of despair than to return by the difficult, painful, and self-renouncing method of

undoubting trust in the leaders, the laws, and the institutions which appear to have brought them much more of sadness than of the joy of living, much more of struggle than of peace. I do not intend exaggeration, nor am I conscious of it, in stating the problem in this manner. Its implication is that we conservatives are at a great disadvantage due to the temper, the experience, and the preferences of the large numbers for whose guidance we are contending against Socialism.

Fortunately the description of the situation exaggerates the imminence of the issue, if not its quality. There are very powerful checks at work which automatically hinder the masses from drifting into the despair which is the novitiate of Socialism. These checks act directly to the advantage of the conservatives' defense.

Large numbers have the impression that Socialism threatens seriously their personal liberty. They are unwilling to sacrifice it for any assurance that Socialism has heretofore been able to give. This same attitude has hindered large numbers of laboring men from entering labor unions. Numbers are saved by a healthy skepticism from believing that Socialism's three assumptions can bring the social peace and justice which are promised with indiscriminate assurance. Large numbers are deterred, by the need of earning to-day's and to-morrow's income, from entering seriously into the speculative attitude and theoretical propaganda which are so intimately identified with the Socialist movement. The experience of definite and measurable progress reassures large numbers, and restores their confidence in the present social order. Increases in wages, improved conditions of labor, a healthy understanding of the large movement which is ameliorating conditions generally, and personal observation of the gradually improved type of employer, who is doing splendid work to humanize industry and protect the elementary decencies of life, are bringing to many laboring men an attitude of mind which hinders them effectively from accepting Socialism's first assumption. They know that the present social order is not bankrupt.

The affinities of Socialism have helped to prevent its wider acceptance. Laboring men and women, in whose hearts a reverent Christian faith still abides, recoil by a sure spiritual instinct from the Socialism which denounces all religion, scorns belief in the divinity of Christ, and delights in the scornful denunciation of organized Christianity. After allowing in fairness for repeated assurances that Socialism has nothing to do with religion, the Christian laboring men find facts enough, literature enough, and

tendencies enough in the Socialist movement to frighten them away from it. They prefer their sufferings, relieved by faith, to the verbal assurances that Socialism will not disturb their faith, or, having disturbed it, that it will give them ample compensation for what it takes from them. I do not overlook the number that think they can reconcile the profession of Socialism with the profession of definite Christianity, nor do I attempt to show their success. I wish for the moment merely to state the point that the undeniable sympathy that Socialism displays for irreligion and hatred for the Christian Church, hinders large numbers of devout Christians from entering the movement. There is undoubtedly a fundamental antagonism in the views of human nature, of human imperfection, passion, and sin, of idealism and its function, of personal responsibility, held by Socialism and by religion. Probably this antagonism is much more clearly perceived by scholarly men of wide reading than by those to whom opportunity for this has been denied.

Partisanship is another highly efficient check on the tendency to accept the fundamental assumptions of Socialism. The political party is inherent in American life, institutions, and imagination. The thinking and the interpreting of the rock-ribbed American partisan is limited and directed by his party. While the Republican Party is in ascendancy, no good Republican can believe that any one of the three assumptions of Socialism is true. In his mind the present social order is not only not bankrupt, but, on the contrary, is highly effective. He thinks and feels in the terms of the President's annual Thanksgiving proclamation. Hence, to his way of thinking the three fundamental assumptions of Socialism are nonsense. During a time of Democratic ascendancy, the good Democrat feels and thinks in the same manner. He is therefore amply protected against the most subtle and effective propaganda that Socialism can command. If either party man is compelled to admit that some things are going badly, he will contrive to find some manner of blaming the other party for much of what is wrong, and he will allow the imperfection of human nature and the limitation of all human achievement to bear the remainder of blame. Where genuine conviction may not account for the zeal of the American partisan, the prospect of holding office, and of furthering self-interest may be invoked in accounting for his zeal in action and certainty in conviction.

The force of the partisan type of mind is a varying quantity.

The constant recurrence of the third party in our history shows that there is always a margin of feeling and of thought which the two great parties fail to absorb and satisfy. The gradual absorption of what is vital in the third party into the other two helps to account for the disappearance of these third parties. Undoubtedly the partisan mind is not as strong to-day as our parties would like to see it. The scratched ballot is the symbol of the emancipation of the party slave. Three processes in our current life show that we are in a period of transition whose issue is doubtful: the rise of the Progressive Party which may indicate a fundamental change in our political history; the entry of Socialism into our life as a political party, and, finally, the rise and development of organized labor.*

Organized labor arose and developed gigantic strength because laboring men believed that our political parties either would not, or could not, secure industrial justice for the masses. The labor unions have generally preferred to confine themselves to economic action to the exclusion of politics. From time to time the unions

*The following from President Wilson's Chicago speech, January 11th, bears on the point in mind:

"The hope of America is in the changing attitude of the business men of this country towards the things which they have to handle in the future. If thought and temper had not changed, the things could not have happened which have happened in recent months. For what you have witnessed within the last two months is not merely a political change; it is a change in the attitude and judgment of the American people. One of the reasons why there were not two parties contending for the supremacy at the recent election; one reason why the field of choice was varied and multiplied, was that the old lines are breaking up where they are oldest, and that men are no longer to be catalogued."

And Mr. Roosevelt's words in his letter to the Progressives in Congress, dated April 5th, are equally relevant:

"We cannot amalgamate with either of the old boss-ridden, privilege-controlled parties. We stand for the rights of the people. Where the rights of the people can only be secured through the exercise of the national power, then we are committed to the doctrine of using the national power to any extent that the rights of the people demand.

"This of itself sunders us from the Democratic Party, for the Democratic Party must either be false to its pledges—and you can trust no party that is false to its pledges—or else it is irrevocably committed to the doctrine of some fifty separate sovereignties, a doctrine which in practice means that the powers of privilege can nullify every effort of the plain people to take possession of their own government.

"As for the Republicans, their present position is the exact negation of the attitude of Abraham Lincoln and the men of Lincoln's day. Lincoln declared the people were masters over both Congress and the courts; not, as he phrased it, to destroy the Constitution, but to overthrow those who perverted the Constitution. We stand for the right of the people to have their well-determined wish become part of the fundamental law of the land without permitting either court, legislature, or executive to debar them from this right."

have doubted their own wisdom, and they have made excursions into politics with doubtful results. At present there is a marked demand for political action by them. Their leaders endeavor to satisfy it by asking the old parties to incorporate into platforms, and promote before legislatures, measures in favor of laboring classes. That even this attitude, which is fundamentally wise and increasingly effective, fails to satisfy the aroused laboring men is shown by the fact that very large numbers of them are becoming Socialists. The frankly Socialist element must be counted on nowadays in many of our labor conventions. This would seem to indicate the regrettable truth that organized labor is losing some of its power to stem the development of Socialism.

Socialism itself as an economic power, aside from economic theory, may not appeal profoundly to large numbers of laboring men. But when it is organized as a political party; when it adopts the methods, the vocabulary, and the processes of a political party, it does appeal to many laboring men. It appears to express their political aspirations in a more satisfactory manner than any other party. Since the good American must have a party, he will look with favor on the Socialist party if it answers the longings of his heart with more assurance than that offered by the conservative parties.

The sudden rise of the Progressive Party in the United States has made the situation highly complicated and extremely interesting. Whether or not its leadership shows a political sagacity, worthy of its prestige and scholarship, remains to be seen. The party is remarkable in that it professedly aims to secure industrial justice for the weaker classes. It has drawn together high types of men and women by whom ideals are genuinely respected, and whose sympathies lead them to work earnestly for industrial justice. It has drawn into its ranks men and women eminent in philanthropy, in scholarship, in statesmanship, and in political experience. That the new party has disturbed the stability of old-time partisanship is beyond question. That it has been able to absorb the confidence which was withdrawn from the old parties may well be doubted. That it may have called back to fundamental confidence in the established order many who were drifting toward Socialism, seems to be implied in the claim that the Progressive vote reduced materially the Socialist vote in 1912.

The work which conservatism must do in order to hinder the development of Socialism, must bear in converging lines directly

or indirectly, actually or by implication, on the three fundamental assumptions to which reference has been made. We must hinder the process of undermining confidence in the social order, the logical issue of which process is experienced in the first assumption, which declares that the present social order is bankrupt. We must make clear, to the aroused minds of the people, the extent to which modern capital is actually and specifically the cause of the massive social injustice which all right-minded men deplore. If we succeed in impressing on the popular imagination the extent to which capital is to blame, our work in showing the other factors involved will be more telling, and it will hinder these assumptions of Socialism from general acceptance. If we can bring home to the minds of the people in unmistakable terms the splendid progress which has been made, the healthy processes of thought, feeling, and establishment by which we are daily making creditable amends for inexcusable delay, we shall materially weaken the charm of Socialism's third assumption. Our work in doing this must take account of the checks that are to be found in American life, and we should neither underrate or overrate the absolute and the relative value of them in our work.

Conservatism enjoys social, industrial, and political prestige. It possesses most of the wealth, most of the scholarship, and most of the political experience of the nation. If in spite of its disadvantage, Socialism succeeds in making progress, it will be necessary to take stock of our wisdom, and to revise our methods in order to explain the mystery. Whatever of truth, of justice, of reasonable aspirations and genuine human sympathy there is in Socialism, to that extent Socialism will defy our opposition. Whatever of insincerity, of mistaken reading of history, of erroneous interpretation of our problems, of mistaken emphasis on human values, and of triumphant selfishness and spiritual apathy there may be in conservative circles, to that extent we scatter the seeds of peril with our own hands. The victory will go with the conquest of the imagination and confidence of the people. Not to logic, not to argument, not to righteousness and truth necessarily, will voters flock and give their trust. Least of all may we expect triumph when so much in our thoughtless national life, in our short-sighted politics, in our complicated adjustment of warring social forces, lends seeming confirmation to the assumptions on which Socialism builds with so much insight, and which it proclaims with so much power.

WHERE THE NATIONS HAVE KNELT.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

THE leathern curtain has fallen behind you, and at last you stand within the greatest temple of the world. You have no words to tell the thrill, no language to translate the emotions of the soul, no power of speech to render the sweep and current of sensation that enthrall the heart. For this is not Westminster Abbey, nor Notre Dame, nor the lovely cathedral in old Cologne, but it is the vast living majesty within the gates of Saint Peter's.

As you drove clatteringly along the streets past the Piazza di Spagna and on by the Piazza Colonna, you were not observing the morning life of Rome, and had no admiring glances for church façade or ancient staircase, or any of the things of joyous beauty, for you were dreaming of the queenly dome of Michelangelo that every now and then was gleaming in the distance. Hadrian's Tomb across the yellow Tiber, with the thoughts of eighteen centuries buried in its mighty heart, held your vision only as a symbol of the nearness of the goal, for this Castel Sant' Angelo is close to the journey's end. A little while and you were before the Piazza di San Pietro, looking in wonderment at Bernini's huge colonnades that curve in graceful ellipse about the great space, and lead the way to the quadrangle before the church steps. Perhaps you looked up and read over the portico of the church the name of Paul the Fifth. But perhaps, as is more probable, you observed very few details, and your imagination and feelings registered more impressions than you were actively conscious of, for the immensity of it all is stupendous, and appalling to the sight accustomed to things less gigantic.

But you are now within the church itself. Those who have visited great Cathedrals are usually somewhat prepared for the first view, and are ready to admire after the mental adjustment to the new scene. But here no previous dream wakes into life, no preconceived notions are born into fulfillment. You stand near the bronze door of the central entrance, and look up the nave and see the splendor of a vision of paradise extending for one-eighth of a mile. And as you walk up that long space, you are awed in

wonderment of the grand arches, and your mind is surcharged by the grace of Corinthian pillars, the richness of the color of marble pavement, the perfect symmetry of the Latin cross that forms the plan of the temple, and above all, perhaps, by the matchless beauty of the dome, a sky of gold dazzling four hundred feet above your head. You behold statues of saints in purest marble, mosaic representations that glow in a warmth of color, chapels that are churches. Everything is colossal, everything grand, everything in fullest harmony. You can no more measure distance or height here than you can judge the strength of an ocean wave or the depth of a passing cloud. Everything is in such exquisite proportion—a pen eight feet long seems ready for your own hand.

Perhaps it is well in Saint Peter's to walk up the nave to the apse and over the transepts before attempting to study anything in leisurely analysis. Then you will come down the aisle to the bronze door of Filarete, and be somewhat prepared to spend your hours in less hurried admiring. And when you have done this, and have caught the spell of the majestic aisles and the fascination of the vaulted dome, you will pause longer near that round slab of porphyry which is close to the central door. For eleven hundred years this has justly been a spot of interest, for it was upon this stone that the mighty Charlemagne knelt in the year 800 when Leo the Third placed on his head the heavy crown of royalty, and so made a Holy Roman Empire. Many another emperor received the blessing here, too, when the world was younger and Europe wore a less changed face.

But Charlemagne knelt on the porphyry disk in the year 800, while the Saint Peter's you are visiting is of another age, of a later building. So here at the threshold of the central fane of Christendom you will allow your memory to search its gathered spoil of chronicle for the origins of the cathedral. And back you must turn the pages, back you must go to the very lifetime of the Saint whose name is so worthily commemorated.

For it was on this Vatican hill, where Nero's circus used to be, that Peter was crucified during Nero's persecution. Here he died in the year 67. The little Christian group which, not far away, had been watching and waiting in prayer, took the body and placed it in a tomb on the Via Cornelia, close to the walls of the circus. And they often came back to pray; and multitudes of other Roman Christians visited the sacred spot in the years that followed.

Anacletus became the third Bishop and Pope of Rome, having

received his ordination to the priesthood from Peter himself. Now thirty years or more after the Apostle had gone to heaven, Anacletus erected a little oratory or memoria over the tomb, where Mass could be said, and a handful of Christians could come and pray in the presence of the grave of Christ's chosen one. Hither Christians came from all over the city, some already within call of martyrdom. Hither they came from all the Christian world, in reverent pilgrimage to the little oratory. So began Saint Peter's Church.

Then two centuries later came Milvian Bridge and the celestial sign that won victory. Then the Edict of Milan, and the Christians had a friend in the Emperor Constantine; so good a friend that he placed a cross of gold on the tomb of Peter, and over the tomb erected a beauteous altar overlaid with gold and silver and studded with gleaming jewels. Then he tore down the temple of Apollo, the old sun-god that he used to worship, and in the year 323 commenced a mighty basilica over the sacred relics of the Apostle. In short season it was completed, and in the year 324, in the presence of the emperor and all his court, was consecrated by Pope Sylvester.

A magnificent structure was Constantine's basilica, the old Saint Peter's. In the form of a cross, it was nearly four hundred feet in length, and somewhat over two hundred feet wide. A long colonnade led up to a flight of marble and porphyry steps to the doors of the vestibule. From the vestibule the atrium was reached, a large court in which palms and cypresses and olives in early times grew in green beauty, though later the trees gave way to a marble paving. In the centre of the atrium was a great fountain, near whose cooling waters a visitor to the church would ofttimes wish to linger. From the atrium five large doors opened into the basilica. Five great aisles were formed by four rows of columns, and these led the way to the choir just in front of the high altar, the first stone altar of Christian worship. Time came when threescore and more of altars graced the nave and aisles, but in the beginning there was one only, the altar Constantine placed in the new basilica. In time, too, beautiful paintings and mosaics and monuments bordered the aisles and the wide spaces of the transepts.

Time, indeed, is needed to bring any object to full-blown beauty. But time, unfortunately, brings, as well, decline and decay, and so it dealt with Constantine's church. For over eleven hundred years it lasted, the central church of Christendom, but in 1450 the walls began to settle down on one side, and Pope Nicholas the

Fifth was sadly obliged to take steps toward its destruction. But it was a costly matter to unbuild a great cathedral and to erect another, and the times were troublous. So it was that next to nothing had been done on the plans which Alberti and Rossellino had made, when the Pope passed away.

For fifty years things lay in abeyance, until the great Julius the Second came to the pontifical throne. He called to his service the architect Bramante d'Urbino, who made new plans. The corner stone of the new Saint Peter's was laid by the Pope's hands in 1506. Bramante conceived as his design a Greek cross, but there were many shiftings between Greek and Latin before Michelangelo, the greatest architect of the several who worked on the church, in his own design confirmed Bramante's judgment. Eventually, however, the Latin cross became the shape of the cathedral. In the year 1626, almost precisely thirteen hundred years after Pope Sylvester had consecrated the Basilica of Constantine, the present Saint Peter's was consecrated by Urban the Eighth.

While the new Saint Peter's was rising, the old basilica was being dismantled. In their hurry the architects and workmen often destroyed many of the fine mosaics and mediæval monuments and memorials of early Christian days. Not all, however, for there are a goodly number of various adornments from the old church preserved in the present structure. Still had Michelangelo's plan been adhered to, we should have to-day the beautiful atrium of Constantine's cathedral, with the graceful porticoes on the four sides. But the lengthening of the nave necessitated the destruction of this last remnant of the old basilica, which had been the heart of the worship of the world for twelve centuries.

So one may trace back the history of Saint Peter's as one stands near the red disk of porphyry from the old church. The slab, indeed, is a voice of the early Christian days, a voice that speaks in the words of youthtime, or springtime.

Not far away, a little distance up the nave, is the bronze figure of Saint Peter on a marble throne. Of the sixth century, this monument is a magnificent work of art to the memory of the first Bishop of Rome. But there is little need to linger long at the statue of the Saint when the tomb, with all that remains of the Apostle, are so close by. For in the centre of the church in a sunken space, directly beneath the noble dome of Michelangelo, rests the tomb of the first Pope. You approach it by walking up the nave to an oval space encircled by a marble balustrade, and

made brilliant by numerous clusters of never-paling lamps. When you have gone down the marble steps, past Canova's beautiful statue of Pius the Sixth, in wonderment at the precious stones that deck the walls and floor about you, you stand just without the bronze doors leading to the niche, the floor of which rests above Peter's tomb. Here the body of the Apostle was buried when Saint Peter's was undreamed, and the place of entombment lay against the wall of the circus of Nero. Here the tomb remained when Anacletus built the memorial oratory. Here the tomb lay when Constantine built over it an altar, and, later, on ground embracing part of Nero's circus, a mighty basilica not less famed than its successor. And here the tomb still lies, unmoved in the nineteen centuries, the centre of Christian interest in the year 67, the focus of Christian pilgrimage in this twentieth century. In one single spot has the tomb reposed, while the revolution of wearied years journeyed on in unrelenting succession, changing the things that claim their life from time and their fame from the vicissitudes of mortal desires. Peter's tomb has lain in the same spot since the beginning, and for all those centuries, save for the brief time it reposed in the catacombs, transferred thither for safety, the body of the Apostle has rested in the same sarcophagus.

When you ascend into the nave again, you will proceed a short distance to where the high altar stands forth in glory beneath Bernini's soaring canopy. Here in days not far gone, it was the custom for the Pope to celebrate Mass on the grand festivals of the Church. Viewed as a spectacle, wondrous it must have been to behold, bordering the great nave on either side, the files of Swiss guards in glitter and gold; the ranks of countless priests in black cassock and white surplice; a half a hundred monsignori and bishops in purple mantle; a score of cardinals radiant in scarlet; and in purest of white robes, the reigning Pope, a Gregory the Sixteenth, perhaps, or a Pius the Ninth. The fragrant incense rising in clouds from swinging censers; a thousand lights glowing on priceless altars; the liquid melody of an incomparable choir; the sunbeams of heaven streaming through beauteous windows; and the dome of a master builder hanging like a mother's protection over a multitude of sixty thousand, the residents of Rome and the visitors of the world: nothing on earth could surpass all this. Then suddenly the movement through that multitude would cease; the stir of expectation would subside; and the great temple would be calm and still.

Under the vast dome-halo which encircled them the throng would drop to their knees—cardinals, bishops, monsignori, priests; princes, generals, ambassadors; men of Rome and men of England and from every sun; humble mothers with babes in their arms, and women of fashion's choosing. And while they knelt there, with heads bowed in adoration, a gentle bell would tinkle in soft heralding, and the Vicar of Christ would raise high in the air the white Body of the Lord. Then the great organ would burst out again into wonderful music, and a hundred voices would chant God's praises in happy unison, and the immense volume of sound would sweep down the aisles, and would gather resonance among the chapels, and would tremble about columns and capitals, and would rise in grand triumph amid lofty arches even to the inmost circle of the wondrous dome. Rarely nowadays may one see those splendid pageants at Saint Peter's. But the glorious memories cling to its aisles and its altars, radiant and undimmed, like the remembrance of a well-loved friend.

From the high altar one passes to the apse at the end of the church, where stands Bernini's colossal chair of gilded bronze, inclosing the chair Saint Peter used as Bishop of Rome. This is a fitting point from which to begin a visit to the various chapels that are built along the aisles and transepts. Twenty-seven chapels there are in all, some of surpassing interest. It is indeed well-nigh impossible to make selection here in this vast assemblage of beauteous tombs and well-modeled statues and exquisitely executed mosaics.

Of the mosaics the two generally conceded to be the best are the "Transfiguration," after Raphael's painting in the Vatican, and the "Burial of Saint Petronilla," after Guercino. They are marvelously wrought, and, from one's viewpoint along the church aisle, resemble for all the world superior oil paintings rich in every merit of tone and color. And if they are lesser things in order of creation, in any event they will last forever, a splendid triumph of mechanical art.

Among the tombs, that of Sixtus the Fourth is one of the most noteworthy. It stands in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Pollajuolo executed the work in bronze, and to his artistry is due the quietude and calm of the figure of the first Rovere Pope recumbent on the sarcophagus. Sharing the tomb with him lies the dust of the resolute Julius the Second, who laid the foundation stone of the church, and called Bramante to build it. Scarcely less ex-

quisite, perhaps, in design and execution is Canova's masterpiece, the tomb of Clement the Thirteenth. Between the figures of Death and Religion the Pope is seen praying, while below the figures of two lions complete the grouping.

By far the most excellent of the many statues in the cathedral is the "Pietà" of Michelangelo. The great sculptor took as his theme the sorrow of our Lady for her divine Son's Crucifixion. The body of the dead Christ is lying in her arms, a human form resting after much labor, at peace after much pain. The Virgin gazes upon her dead Son lovingly and tenderly, with the look of a mother's compassion in her quiet face, and the dolorous woe of a world's weeping lying beneath her drooping eyes. The "Pietà" is one of the most exquisite conceptions of the ages, and one of the most beautiful creations of art in the world.

So the visitor wanders through the massive edifice, admiring here a fine mosaic or here a delicately carved altar-rail, or over yonder a beauteously chiseled tomb above the sainted dust of centuries agone. He will be glad of the many treasures preserved from old Saint Peter's, the monuments and tombs and brazen doors reaching in spirit across the ages. He has seen the apse where the canonizations are determined in solemn procedure; he has walked through the right transept, where the Œcumenical Council was assembled in 1870, and where Papal infallibility was proclaimed to the nations; and into the left transept where the penitent pilgrims of every clime may tell in the language of home their tales of regretted folly, and may seek surcease from the weariness of sin. And when he has seen and felt what a single visit to Saint Peter's will let him see and feel, he will walk down the nave again toward the door, and perhaps pause in rest a moment near the Porta Santa on the other side from the baptistery font which claims birth from Hadrian's mausoleum.

The Porta Santa swings not to the coming and going of visitors as do the other doors, but opens only once in twenty-five years, in the years of jubilee. But as you stand here, leaning against a great column, with eyes half-closed in reverie, you can see in the joy-land of imagination this door swing open, and all the bronze doors of the church, and the ages of the past file by you, century after century, straight up the nave to the tomb of Peter. Watch them you will, in their long procession, in their varied mien: slender little centuries, the weak, starveling centuries of early Christianity; then stronger figures; then ages still stronger and sterner, with the

mark of holiness on their brows and the stamp of vigor sealed in the set lines of their eyes; then the wraith-like figures come in confidence and power; three pitiful centuries, with ranks only half-filled; and after them again the prayerful hosts of the years that are. It is all very strange, but wonderfully clear the vision becomes as you stand by the Porta Santa.

Now the procession is returning and marching down the nave, after the visit of veneration to the Apostle's tomb. But this time it is not the mere impersonal ghosts of the years that you see, but with a lucid sight you catch the features of the personages in the marching, and distinguish them marvelously, as if they are old friends. In the procession are the people from every country and every clime, people of every rank and every age. Martyrs are there, Saint Maurus and Saint Simplician, and a host more; and their fellow-saints, Athansius and Ambrose and Jerome, Patrick and Boniface and Anselm, and Dominic and the one of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola; kings are there, Cædwalla the West-Saxon, Conrad the Mercian, Ceowulf the Northumbrian, Ethelwulf and Alfred and Canute, and many another from France and Germany. All these are in the front ranks, while after them come many another holy man, and many another king and queen, and many a mild-faced nun, and many a widowed matron, and many a boy and girl in years all tender. Down the long aisle they glide in the softness of silence, slowly and steadily, one long, uninterrupted, unbroken legion of loyalty. Still they are coming on, in the motley dress of Spain and France and England and Germany, and Asia and Africa; prince and knight and page, goldsmith and painter and soldier, poet and merchant and legate, man of law and doctor of physic, and the hopeful alchemist, the scholar from Oxford and from Paris and from Salamanca, and a thousand, thousand more. Then the people of a new continent are distinguished, and they are mingled with the others, and come marching past you.

So the mighty procession passes through the open doors to the end, while you stand aside a stranger soul, yet feeling in your breast a comradeship born of the thought that you, too, are of them and of their guild. You have been resting here for ten minutes, perhaps, yet in that time all the world from the first century to the twentieth has passed in review as a mighty army. For so visions will come in Saint Peter's; it is easy to thrust aside the film-curtain that clouds the imagination, and sweep away the cobweb of Time.

Saint Peter's is indeed the focus of the earth's citizens. If one could remain on its portals for half a lifetime, one would see every well-known being of the world climb the steps, and a hundred different types of all the rest. Distinction of religion makes no one hesitant of visiting the great cathedral. There is reason enough for the coming of all, Catholic or Protestant, Hebrew or Mohammedan, or the Brahmin from sacred Delhi. Some come to admire, some to study, and some to pray. And ever the stream of visitors will flow on, inexhaustible, unwavering, in steady volume, till the end of everything.

But now that your day-dream is over, and all is as it was before, you will wish to leave the Porta Santa and ascend to the galleries in the cupola to view the vastness of the edifice from the higher level. The effect is very wonderful as you look down on the pavement from this height; everything below seems so very minute, so exceedingly atomic indeed. Bernini's canopy is ninety-five feet from the pavement, but it is small, very small, now. You can see human beings flitting about the church, hundreds of them, and they seem no different from infinitesimal checkers moving mechanically over the flat surface.

While the tiny figures are shifting beneath you, it is hard for you up here so high to realize that below that floor down in the crypts, or under the chapel altars, lie the dust of the great beings of the earth. The Apostle is not alone in death. With him is Leo the First, who stayed the hand of Attila and Genseric; here is Gregory the Great, who loved England and her conversion; Adrian the Fourth, who came out of England, and who crowned Frederick Barbarossa; Nicholas the Fifth, the patron of the Renaissance; Paul the Second, who came from Venice like Pius the Tenth; Julius the Second, to whom the present Saint Peter's is largely due; Pius the Ninth, of recent memory; and many more. Saint John Chrysostom waits here in silence; Otho the Second dreams here of misty empires and the sceptre; and here lie the last of the Stuarts, James and Prince Charles and Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, together communing on the golden days when their house was a house of kings and glory was in flower.

From this contemplation of death you will turn, to climb still higher and emerge into the open air. Rome lies before you, the wonderful deathless city, stretching from the Tiber far and away toward the roses and cypresses of Tivoli. You can see on one side the road that leads to San Páolo fuori le Mura, and on the

other the gardens of the Pincio not far from the broad Corso, and between them the network of streets and palaces and ancient churches of modern Rome. It is easy to read Rome's history up here. Servius Tullius seems quite close, and Cincinnatus, and Tiberius Gracchus, and Sulla, and Julius Cæsar, and Augustus. You can see the flash of the western sun on helmet and spear as the legions swing into the city over the Via Appia; you can see the crowds gathered at the circus from all the seven hills of the city, watching famished lions tear the pale Christians to make an autumn holiday; you can see Peter toiling under his cross on the ground beneath you; you can see Leo fearlessly going out to challenge Attila with the name of the unknown God; you can see Hildebrand leaving the Castel Sant' Angelo for the Lateran with Robert Guiscard; you can see the vain and heroic Rienzi, last of the tribunes, calling on Rome to follow him; you can see the German savages of the Constable de Bourbon rushing into the avenues of Rome and making a helldom of a sacred city. All the panorama passes rapidly before you as the sun dissolves each picture and creates another. And this is what Rome is, this is what draws us to her, this is why we cling to her welcome. Without her Cæsars, without her Popes, Rome would be as another European city, much like Berlin or Madrid or Paris or London. With her Cæsars, with her Popes, she is—Rome.

Now you descend, and into the church again, and, before you leave, once more you will go up to the altar before which the red lamp glows, and make your prayer to the unseen God; to the Supreme Maker Who breathed the fire of genius into all who made His temple worthy as creatures could frame it of His divine glory; to the kind Lord Who has watched the peoples of Christendom kneel before His abode behind the golden door, and, watching, has been glad. Saint Peter's is the noblest monument of human artistic achievement; but it is, as well, the house of worship of all the world.

Once more you look about you, at the high dome and the transepts and the tribunes and the tombs and the monuments and the altars, and you reflect on what it all means. For it is the greatest single structure in the world, the undying voice of the most artistic period since the days of Pericles, the glorification of the foremost worker of his time, Michelangelo, the expression of the Church's never-failing patronage of the arts, the embodiment of man's eternal seeking for the victory of the spirit, the beauteous

symbol of the living faith of two hundred and fifty millions of Christian souls. It is the most interesting thing in Rome. The Forum gives tongue to the old republic, but the republic died, never to revive; the Colosseum speaks the manners of the empire, but the empire fell, tottering in its own decay, a tired and worn-out thing; Saint Peter's is the voice of the Church of God, and the Church has lived, though torn and scourged and trodden by foes within and without the lines, and the Church will ever live till the angel's calling is heard in the sky and the song of the world is still.

But while the world lasts, while the Church lasts, Saint Peter's, perhaps in a thousand newer plannings and a thousand finer buildings, will continue to draw to its threshold the pathways of the earth and the countless millions who will ask the peace of its shrines. When the palaces of now proud dynasties of kings will have fallen, and wondrous buildings of marble stateliness will have long lain shattered, and the gardens of present loveliness will have become a dreary waste, there will be pilgrims from the forbidden valleys of old Cathay gazing in gladness on the beauty of a Saint Peter's in Rome, and worshippers from the isles of the tropic seas kneeling at its altars.

While the spell is still on you, and the resolution to come again and again and again, you walk softly down the long aisle, push back the leathern curtain once more, and quietly descend the steps into the Piazza. The old obelisk from Heliopolis looks down upon you, counting you as one more on the ever-lengthening roll of pilgrims to the cathedral of Christendom. The fountains playing gracefully on either side are cooling the summer air, and whispering across the court the memories of the years. Past them you go, your mind trembling under the burden of a myriad thoughts, and your heart charged to overflowing with the emotions that beg in turn for the mastery. Behind you stands the church of the world, the church where all the nations of the earth have knelt, where the mingled prayers of a hundred stranger tongues have ascended to Heaven, where the congregated worship of an army throng has risen as a cloud of incense to the mighty Father. Behind you lie the sainted bones of martyred pontiffs and the holy remains of many a Christian hero, and amid them all, waiting with them the promised day yet to dawn from the time-land, lies the hallowed dust of the one who saw in life the Master face to face, Saint Peter.

Such thoughts will be yours as you walk along in silence.

Such thoughts were ours one summer day as we crossed the Piazza and were nearing the end of the lovely colonnades. It had been all gladsome during the hours, and we were happy, and we were going home to rest. And while we waited for our carriage to drive up, we looked back once more on Saint Peter's massive dome; once more we viewed the splendid façade and the balcony where Pius the Ninth used to appear and raise his hand in benediction to the city and to the world, while all the city, assembled in silent reverence below, stood sponsor for the world; once again we let our eyes sweep across the mighty ellipse where a nation's chivalry might camp. We had penetrated more deeply into the secret of Rome's fascination; we had approached a little closer to her ever-elusive charm; we had been granted a juster meaning of her mystery, and had found a new reason of her life eternal.

A PAINTER'S VISION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

CLOSE by the sea a carven ruin stands,
Of old, a church. Its arches, splendid yet
With red and blue and gold, are sunk and wet
About their bases. Weeds and yellow sands
Block up the chancel, though with out-stretched hands
A strange, forsaken Christ above is set
In gold-rimmed fresco. Calm o'er force or fret,
The curved wall of the apse it still commands.

Is this symbolic? Sea-waves, creeping in,
Have new-baptized its pillars; flaking off,
Broken mosaics mar its pulpit's grace.
Neglect, the willful world, its woe and sin,
Are in it all! Yet strong, above its scoff,
The Changeless One presides with loving Face.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

Chapter V.

HEN the imaginary lady with the "passion for antiques" had completed her purchase of the Matterson plate, Richard received five hundred dollars by express. Four hundred of this paid the interest on the mortgage, the remaining hundred was expended with infinitesimal care, every cent so carefully guarded that the Colonel was openly disgusted. Economy was an abstract virtue that he condoned only in the abstract. Penuriousness had never been practiced under his roof before.

For three long evenings from supper until bedtime, Richard sat with pencil and paper planning how he could spread out that hundred dollars to cover his immediate needs, trying to decide which of all his necessities were most essential.

The list read: "Horse, plow, harness, seed, bricks, shingles, fence wire, lumber." Then, halting for a moment in his work, he would go to the bookcase, and getting out a number of farm journals, begin to study the cheapest and best fertilizers to add to his compact heaps. True to his habit of concentration, he would spend hours poring over these old magazines, his scientific instinct roused by new methods, modern devices. Then he would begin another list of necessities: "Incubator, rubber roofing, tool grinder, gasoline engine, fruit sprayer." But smiling at the impossibility of securing these desirable appliances, he would throw that list in the fire, and begin again with the most rudimentary tools: "Spade, hoe, ax, hammer."

"Betty," he said one night, "I don't believe I am very practical after all."

The Colonel, who was half-dozing in his chair, roused at the words. "Has that fact just dawned upon you?" he asked.

"It's dawning," replied Richard good-naturedly. "I am just trying to decide what we had better do with that hundred dollars."

"God have mercy," said the Colonel. "Haven't you spent that hundred dollars yet, with the house falling about our ears?

Send for Joe Brown and have him fix that chimney; that last storm blew the bricks into the kitchen yard, and hire a nigger or two. Your hands begin to look like a plowman's."

Richard regarded his offending members with smiling unconcern. The palms had blistered and then grown hard; the nails were broken. The Colonel's hands were as soft and smooth as a woman's; the nails pink and polished; attention to them had always been his one feminine weakness.

"Yes, we must have that chimney repaired," said Richard reflectively. "It's dangerous as it is."

"And I need a pair of slippers *dreadfully,*" said Betty. "Satin slippers—here they are advertised in this department store catalogue; French heels, chiffon bows, five dollars! Oh, Dick! I must have a pair."

"All right, Betty," he said, and to his credit he did not for a moment consider what that five dollars would buy. "I believe it's one of our traditions to dance when our fortunes have failed us."

"It is, sir," said the Colonel. "Your great-aunts who lived in Richmond were impoverished by the war. They gave away all their money and clothes to help the cause; they had nothing left but their ball gowns. I found them dressed in white satin sitting in the drawing-room, playing their guitars, and, by heaven, sir, they hadn't a crumb in the larder."

"I suppose it's in the blood," said Richard a little wearily. "Now we have a race horse—"

"I'll not sell her at any price," said the Colonel on the defensive at once. "If we can't get a living off five hundred acres of land, then we don't deserve to live, sir—we don't deserve to live."

"Perhaps I don't," said Richard humorously.

The discussion had ended there. After a few evenings of filial consideration of the Colonel's wishes, Richard found that all the old gentleman's ideas, with the exception of the chimney, were impractical. If he could wrest a bare living off the farm this first year, it must be by his own initiative and by his own manual labor. The small debt that he was obliged to contract for dry groceries and feed for the horses worried him. He could not agree to hire hands when he had no money to pay them for their time.

Meanwhile he sought advice from the old farmers who worked their truck gardens in his vicinity, and he listened eagerly to any suggestions offered by the loungers at the village store; he read

all the books he could borrow on horticulture, and he sent to Washington for the bulletins that are issued there from the Bureau of Soils. When he spent his hundred dollars the items read: "One pair of satin slippers, repairing chimney, plow, seeds, spade, hoe, hammer, nails, hinges, window glass."

After two months of untiring effort, Matterson Hall began to recover some appearance of past prosperity; the shutters swung on strong new hinges; the windowpanes had been puttied into place; the pillar of the porch had been repaired; the chimney bricked to its normal height; the roses bloomed with wild profusion in the carefully bordered garden beds; in the kitchen garden some of the earlier vegetables were ready for the picking, and the green blades of corn in the moist, brown fields promised an abundant harvest—but Richard had paid.

He was tired, physically exhausted by the unaccustomed labors of a day. Too tired for anything but a hurried prayer at night as he sank into a dreamless sleep; too tired for any intellectual relief that he might have found in books; too tired to think, to reason about anything except the clamoring work for the morrow—currying the horses, milking the cow, plowing, digging, planting, grubbing up stumps, blasting away rocks, chopping wood, drawing water, working with old tools that broke in his energetic grasp, working, working feverishly like a prisoner trying to file his way out to liberty. He thought of the old monks following the plow in prayerful meditation, but he was not like them he told himself. He could not work with the ease and distraction of long-accustomed habit. His mind was focused on the tasks he had to do, and the tasks were unremitting. One pair of unpracticed hands trying to perform the work of ten, and hampered at every turn by the need of ready money.

The Colonel was of no assistance. He viewed the changes in his home with some satisfaction, but disapproved entirely of Richard's methods. A gentleman did not plow his own fields when the country was full of worthless niggers; a gentleman did not clean his own stable; a gentleman did not do his own milking; a gentleman gave up some time to social intercourse with his neighbors.

Richard found it wiser not to take the Colonel too seriously.

"You have to do the social stunt for both of us," he said. "I'm too busy, and I haven't any clothes."

The lack of fresh clothes was a real trial to him. He did not

mind cheapness or shabbiness, but the few suits he owned were all mud-stained, and he had always craved cleanliness. It seemed to him that he was always in the dirt. A grime had crept under his finger nails that he could not remove; the pores of his face seemed clogged with dust. It was when he realized that he was growing half-indifferent to these facts that he took his first real recreation.

About half a mile from the Hall there was a small stream that bubbled briskly over rocks and roots, and emptied itself into a hollow. In this cool-shaded swimming pool Richard had spent many hot afternoons as a boy, but the pool had become shallow with the years, or perhaps the difference was in his own height. He determined to widen and deepen it. Whenever he could spare an hour out of his busy day, he worked like a beaver scooping out the dead leaves, dredging out the stones and mud, digging away the bank on one side, and building a dam with the refuse on the other. When the work was finished and the water had cleared, the pool seemed a priceless luxury.

Anxious to share it with someone, he improvised a little bath house on the fern-grown bank, and, garbed in a bathing suit that he had left over from one of his summer outings, he brought Betty out to watch him disport himself in the water. She was enthusiastic about the place, and she ran home to hunt a bathing dress for herself, making him promise that he would teach her to swim.

After she had gone he finished his bath, dressed himself, and then lay for a few moments outstretched in the shade, his body so still that some inquisitive robins fluttered over him unafraid of the big sunburned hand that seemed so impotent in its stillness. A dozen duties left undone came into his mind to plague him, and destroy the perfect peace of this brief interim of rest. Perhaps next year the farm would pay and permit a breathing space; perhaps he could introduce some of the modern time-saving devices; perhaps he might dare to go into debt if a crop was assured. Now his farming was all experimental. He had no faith in the outcome.

His seminary life seemed drifting from him into a dim background. He had put all thought of it away from him purposely. He never could go back. The Colonel needed him; Betty needed him, and, believing that he was facing the inevitable, the keenness of his disappointment lessened, and even his desire to return seemed dulled. After all if the grind of the work could be lifted, he could

find vast satisfaction in the life of a scholar. He could supervise the farm with an intelligence that would make it a paying proposition; he could live the calm peaceful life of the old-time planter, and he could write. It might be possible that his pen would prove more powerful than his preaching. His day dream was interrupted by someone lifting his hand, and a woman's voice said:

"I thought you were dead or hurt. You always were provoking."

He looked up lazily. A girl stood leaning against one of the tree trunks, dressed in a black riding habit, which was covered with mud. She wore no hat; her hair plaited in two thick braids fell across her shoulders; her riding boots were muddy to the ankles. One cheek bore a daub of dirt that made the rest of her face look all the fairer by contrast. Her appearance was so startling that Richard rose hastily, oblivious to any conventional greeting.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

She laughed with no trace of embarrassment. "I came over my horse's head into that mud puddle, if you must know."

"And where is the horse?"

"He has run away."

"Which way?"

"I'm sure I don't care. Please don't think of catching him. I never want to see him again."

"But why didn't I hear him breaking through the bushes?"

"I'm sure I don't know that either."

"Are you hurt?"

"Now isn't that a foolish question? Do you suppose if I had been hurt that I would have been so solicitous about you?"

"Oh, I didn't know you were solicitous."

"Didn't I cross that stream on stepping-stones, and climb up that slippery bank, to discover if you were dead or not?"

"And having discovered that I was alive, you said, 'How provoking.'"

"Of course—don't you know who I am?"

"A friend of the coroner's, I should suppose," he said humorously.

She met this remark by pulling off her mud-caked gloves, and shutting her eyes until they were mere slits, she pulled down the corners of her mouth, "Now don't I look more familiar?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the grimace. "I don't think I ever saw you before," he said frankly, "unless—"

"Go on."

"Unless you're—Jess Fielding."

"I am. I thought you would remember. I used to make faces at you over the fence. I was poor white trash dressed in a gingham apron, and a sun bonnet, snub nose, freckle face, now—"

"You don't look like that now," he said awkwardly.

"Think I've improved?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"And I suppose that's a compliment," she said teasingly. "I never contradict compliments. People ought to be encouraged to say pleasant things in this uncomfortable world."

"Is it uncomfortable?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"Because—well people seldom get what they want, and when they do—they don't want it. Isn't that lucid?"

"Very," he smiled.

"Now, you haven't got what you want."

"How do you know?"

"I heard you wanted to be a priest."

He was a trifle annoyed at this discussion of his private affairs. "I've given up that idea," he said quietly.

She sat down beside him, and began to scrape the mud off her riding boots. "So have I," she said.

He looked bewildered. "I don't exactly see," he began.

"Of course you don't. Men always want to see everything. That's one reason they are so unsatisfactory. They never feel their way round corners like women do. You thought of being a priest, gave it up—no disgrace in that. I thought of being a nun. Is that more startling? It was only a mood with me; I didn't have any vocation; I didn't even go to the convent to try; I couldn't stand the monotony of the life; I'm too turbulent, impulsive, impious; I'm just tired."

"Tired," the word sunk deep in his heart, and roused him to sympathy and confidences. "So am I," he said.

"Oh, I'm tired of being useless, and you're tired because you have to work so hard. I'd like to come over and help you dig."

"I haven't any tools," he said. He did not realize the hopelessness that had crept into his tones; he did not know that with

her quick intuition she had comprehended the struggle he was making.

"I'll send you some."

"I'll have to pay for them with radishes."

"Why, haven't you any money?"

The question would have seemed preposterous in a drawing-room. Here in the woods, in the strangeness of their meeting, the conventions did not seem to count.

"No," he said.

"And I have too much."

"Too much?" he repeated. "I did not know anyone ever had too much."

"But they can. We have too much now. We used to have too little. You remember how poor we were. I had to go to bed when mother washed my dress. I only had one. Poor mother died in the struggle; then father struck oil. Now he has silver mines, coal mines, oil wells, railroads; I've been everywhere. I went to school in Paris, Germany, Italy. I've been around the world three times; I've studied art and music and the languages. I haven't a particle of talent for anything. I've motored, and driven and ridden on camels and elephants; I've climbed mountains, crossed deserts, met all kinds of people. Now I've come back. I know you will laugh, but I wanted to come back here where everybody snubbed me in the old days—back here to make good."

But Richard did not smile, and she went on: "Father has bought the old Hedricks' coal mines, five miles from here. You remember old Mr. Hedricks had so much trouble with negro labor? Father has brought all sorts of foreigners down. Such a conglomerate mass, and they live like pigs."

"I know," he said, "I was over there yesterday; but I think that is partly your fault."

"My fault?"

"You own the mines. You could build them decent houses, give them higher wages; I think the owner ought to help."

"Hm," she said reflectively. "Suppose you were the owner? I hear the Colonel declares you are; he's going around the county telling people that my grandfather forged the papers giving him the title to the Texas land. Without the Texas lands we would be nowhere. I'd still be wearing my sun-bonnet and my outgrown gingham dress."

"What does your father say?"

"Father? He's not here. He's out west looking into copper mines. I shouldn't think it would be his mission to go to work to prove himself a pauper, and your father—well, please pardon me, but everybody knows that the Colonel is too lazy to work for anything." She got up and tried to beat some of the mud off her skirt with her riding crop. "I must be going," she said. "Miss Prunesy Prisms will see my horse and get worried about me."

"And who is she?" he asked.

Miss Fielding laughed. "Haven't we asked each other a lot of questions? Very bad form to ask questions. Miss Prunesy would be scandalized, but being polite is one of the things I'm tired of. Miss Prunesy is a pet name I have for my old governess. She lives with me. She comes from New England, and is very punctilious. I call her Prunesy Prisms partly on that account, and partly because I found her in a cheap boarding house in Boston, the kind of boarding house that has one prismatic chandelier in the parlor, and that feeds you on prunes three times a day. I'm very fond of Prunesy; she chaperones me, and I mother her. She's not very practical; she's spooky."

"Spooky?"

"Believes in ghosts. Hopes to see one some day. Makes a study of the occult. If it weren't for her religion and her rheumatism I believe she would go live in a graveyard and try to chum with disembodied spirits, but since I've adopted her she's grown quite cheerful and normal. Now I'm really going. Come and see me, won't you?"

He shook his head. "I won't have the time," he answered.

She held out her hand to him: "Why that's the only reason I want you," she smiled.

Chapter VI.

When Richard reached home it was four o'clock. He had wasted two hours of a precious day. It had been so long since he allowed himself any leisure, that he felt conscious-stricken when Betty met him at the door and asked:

"Where have you been all this time?"

"I've been talking to Miss Fielding."

"Why, where did you meet her?"

"Down by the swimming pool. Her horse threw her into a mud puddle, but fortunately she was not hurt."

"How did she look?"

"Well, she looked rather muddy."

"Oh, Dick—Dick, you know what I mean? Is she as beautiful as people say she is?"

He looked perplexed. "I don't know."

"Didn't you look at her?"

"Why, yes."

"And you don't know whether she is pretty or not?"

"Why, I suppose she is; I never thought about it."

"Well, you are funny," said Betty with a hopeless shake of her head. "Most men think of that the first thing. I've been crazy to see her. They say she has traveled everywhere, and that she was presented at court in a white satin dress with a train four yards long."

"Must have been dreadfully in the way," he interrupted.

"Oh, I suppose it was, but think of being rich enough to trail four yards of satin over a dusty floor, and not care whether it gets dirty or not."

"Let us hope the floor wasn't dusty."

"You are never serious," said Betty. "Don't you know that all women adore clothes? I'm getting dreadfully tired of being shabby;" she sat down on the top step, and, leaning her curly head against one of the porch pillars, she looked ruefully down at her soiled linen skirt. "I don't suppose I'll ever have anything," she sighed. "I came home to see if I could find something to cut into a bathing suit, and there's nothing. Jess Fielding seems to have everything. You know they have come to live in the old Hedricks' house. People say they've turned it into a palace; brocade covered walls; all kinds of hand-carved furniture they bought in Europe; electric lights; five landscape gardeners fixing the grounds, and we—we have nothing."

"I don't know," he said cheerfully, "I think we have a great deal."

"We have a roof above our heads and a bed to sleep on; what else? We have no money, and I don't see how we are going to get on any longer without it. Bonny has a calf, that means no milk or butter for us; the cow shed is leaking; there's some kind of a bug eating the beans you planted in the garden; the chickens need

feed; the cornmeal bin is empty, and the Colonel has ordered a new bridle for Spangles—I don't know how he expects to pay for it—and Jess Fielding has invited us to a masquerade party, and—and I haven't a thing to wear."

It was a climax. Betty buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Richard sat down beside her. He felt weak with a sense of failure. From his normal point of view, Betty's lack of a ball gown would have seemed a small tragedy, but he was not normal. Exhausted by overwork in the fields, beset continually by the innumerable demands of the household, fearing to go in debt himself, yet having to struggle to keep down the Colonel's luxurious expenditures, Betty's tears made him feel powerless, mercenary, desperate. But his long-practiced efforts at self-control now made his voice fall calm and unafraid.

"If it's a masquerade, any kind of fancy fixing will do. I'm sure we can find something in the attic."

Her tears were like a sudden rainfall. She wiped them hurriedly away, reassured by his suggestion.

"What will you wear?" she asked.

"Me?"

"Why, you're invited too, and where can you get a costume?"

"That's easy," he answered. "I'll be delighted to stay at home."

"But you can't," she said with great finality. "You will have to take me. I can't drive five miles through the woods at midnight, and have one of those fearful foreign miners murder me on the way."

"Do you want to go so very much?"

"Why, Dick, I'd be broken-hearted if I had to stay at home. I'd go if I had to walk all the distance. You will have to take me. You surely wouldn't be cruel enough to deprive me of a pleasure like this."

"But, Betty, dear, I don't know what to do at parties."

"Why you dance?"

"I don't know how."

"Then you'll have to sit around and talk to the girls."

"I don't know how to do that either."

"Why, Dick! Didn't you ever go to parties when you were at college?"

"Not if I could help it."

"But you wouldn't disappoint me, Dick?" Her voice was

very appealing, and she looked so woebegone that he put his arm affectionately around her. "I'll do anything you say, Betty, dear, but if we haven't anything to wear, I suppose that you will agree that we will have to stay at home."

"But we'll find something," she said, her natural optimism fully restored. "Come with me and lift down the trunks, they are piled high on top of one another. I never thought of it before, but there must be all kinds of dead people's clothes in the attic."

Richard followed her with heavy steps. His sensibilities were finer than Betty's. Her words: "dead people's clothes" had made him regret his suggestion. To go rummaging among the belongings of the departed for a masquerade costume seemed to belittle their memories. But the fancy was a foolish one, he told himself, and the situation worthy of another interpretation. After all, if Betty's mother and grandmother had been alive, they would have offered their wearing apparel willingly to aid the child. And if he was obliged to escort Betty, he determined not to destroy her pleasure by going grudgingly.

The attic was a creepy place, dimly lighted, full of odd-shaped bundles that required little imagination to transform them into ghostly shapes. One of the Colonel's old suits hung from the rafters, looking like the body of a successful suicide; a rag bag lying prone in one corner resembled a fat old woman, who had fallen in a hopeless heap waiting for someone to help her to her legs again. Richard opened one of the creaking shutters, the summer sunshine dispelled the illusions, and forced these cast-away possessions back into a world of reality again.

It had been years since Richard had been in the attic. He had romped here when he was a boy, but now to his maturer mind the place seemed sacred with memories of his mother. A little wooden rocking cradle stood empty in one corner, a withered spray of roses on the ruffled pillow. As he lifted the dried flowers they fell to dust in his hands. He guessed that his mother had put them there, intentionally bringing them from the garden in all their beauty, and placing them where the pink baby faces had rested, marking a grief to motherhood that comes when cradles are outgrown and children emerge from that state of absolute helplessness so precious with the privilege of service.

In one trunk Richard's toys were treasured, and in a box were the curls that the Colonel had insisted upon cropping off when his son was six. Richard remembered that when the scissors

had begun their work of destruction, his mother had cried, and the Colonel had sneered at her for being a sentimentalist. And Richard's joy at getting rid of his hated hair had been tempered by a vague feeling of indignation towards his father.

His mother had died when he was nine; if she had lived she would have given him the sympathy that the Colonel had denied him. If she had lived his boyhood would have been brightened, his struggle to gain an education would have been lessened, and, in some wise woman's way, she might have made even this last sacrifice unnecessary. She would have fostered his idealism, and he could have gone on somehow in the life he had elected to lead.

He banished these thoughts from his mind and turned to Betty. "Do you want that big trunk lifted down?" In these last few months he had schooled himself, when he began to have regrets, to seize upon the first practical work that presented itself.

"Let's explore this camphor chest first," she said, falling on her knees to fumble with the rusty lock. "Oh, Dick! Dick! Look here. The very thing. It's grandfather's uniform—Mexican war uniform—not a hole—gold plated buttons. If they had been brass they would have tarnished long ago. Look at the breadth of the shoulders. Look at the epaulettes. Try it on, Dick. Oh, try it on."

Richard obligingly threw off his coat, and thrust his arms in the uniform that Betty held out to him. "Oh, it fits like it was made for you," she cried, clapping her hands. "You couldn't get in the Colonel's clothes, but grandfather was a big man like you. Oh, it's the best kind of a masquerade costume, Dick. Dick, you look like an angel."

He ran his fingers over the smooth cloth with some satisfaction. "A brass-buttoned angel!" he exclaimed.

"It's just splendid," said Betty. "Such a lot of buttons, and the fit. Oh, Dick, you really ought to join the army. You're—you're just superb. Now if I can only find something as good."

He knelt down beside her to aid her in her search. "Nothing here but men's clothes," she said at last in a tone of disappointment.

"Shirts," said Richard triumphantly. "Ruffled shirts, I'm going to replenish my wardrobe; they may be a hundred years behind the times, but they are clean, Betty, they are clean. I'll lift down this other trunk for you. Surely we can find something for you among so many boxes."

"Take off that coat," commanded Betty. "I wouldn't have

you tear it for the world. It's too beautiful. You can't miss the masquerade now that you have something so fine to wear."

He threw the coat obediently into the cradle, and exerting his great strength he lifted a heavily-packed trunk from the pile that reached to the ceiling. As he did so a thin box clattered to his feet, and a heap of old letters were scattered on the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, mechanically, the yellow papers suggested a thought to him.

"Betty," he said, "did you ever hear anyone besides the Colonel talk about our claim to that Texas land?"

"No," said Betty, busy with the refractory lid of the trunk. "Did you?"

"Miss Fielding mentioned it to-day," he answered.

"Jess Fielding?"

"She said they might belong to us."

"Then why doesn't she give them back?"

"Why should she? We can't prove it."

"But why couldn't we?"

"I've been thinking that," he said slowly, and his eyes were fixed upon the papers in his hand. "These papers are my grandfather's. This seems to be a love letter."

"Oh, let me see," said Betty jumping up. She leaned against her brother's shoulder, and for a time they stood in silence, both intent upon this romance of long ago.

"I don't call that a love letter," she said at last. "It's too stilted."

"I don't know," said Richard. "I don't believe I'm an authority on the subject."

"Why, didn't you ever get one? Didn't you know any girls when you were at college?"

"They didn't write me letters."

"Dear me! I don't see why, but they will after they see you in that gorgeous uniform."

He smiled a little wearily. "Don't frighten me, Betty," he said.

"Pooh!" said Betty. "Everybody gets love letters; I've got a band-box full myself."

"You?"

"Of course. I may live out here in the wild woods, but we occasionally have visitors in the county. No girl could live this far South without getting love letters."

"I'll take your word for it," he agreed. He was turning over the papers with more interest. "Betty," he said, "if there is any truth in what the Colonel believes that the title was forged, well, here we have grandfather's signature dozens of times on these letters. I'm going to take this box to my room. I'm going to sit up nights. I'm going to see if there's any truth, or law, or justice in that Fielding claim. How would you like to have a million dollars, Betty, dear?"

"A million! I would die of joy," she said.

"Then we had better not try to get it if the effect is to be so deplorable."

"It would be delightful," said Betty, pausing for a moment in her foraging. "Then we would have everything that Jess Fielding has now."

"Well, I don't know that that phase of it especially appeals to me. If we only had something."

"If we only had," said Betty shaking her head. "Oh! I want a good riding horse. The Colonel won't let me ride Spangles. I have stolen her twice on the sly."

"Betty, Betty," he said disapprovingly. "You had no right to do that. Spangles is no fit horse for a woman to ride. She will kill you."

"I don't care if she does," said Betty, with a willful toss of her head.

Richard forced her to look straight into his face. "Betty," he began, "I hate to hear you talk like that. Promise me that you won't ride Spangles any more. Promise me."

"Well, I won't if we get the Fielding's money. Then we can have the finest stables in the state. Oh! I do love blooded horses, Dick."

"So do I," he admitted.

"And we could travel, Dick, travel everywhere—Europe—Asia—and we could go to India and shoot tigers, Dick."

"Well that's about the last of my ambitions."

"Oh, I'd dote on shooting tigers, Dick, and I could, too; I'm a good shot. The Colonel and I have been shooting at targets ever since I was big enough to hold a pistol, but what's the use? No fun shooting rabbits here."

"Well you can leave me out of the India expedition; I'll go to Italy, buy myself a gondola, and lie on my back for six months and rest."

"What's the use of talking," said Betty, "we'll never have anything. Oh, yes, we will! Look here. Oh, look here!"

From the bottom of the trunk she brought a white satin dress festooned in lace and orange blossoms. "Oh, Dick—Dick!" she cried in an ecstasy. "It's my grandmother's wedding gown. Big as a balloon, and here—here is the hoop skirt to go with it."

"Why, Betty, child, you can't wear that, that's some sort of a cage."

"It's a hoop skirt, Dick, and isn't it funny, and won't I look fine! You and I will be the greatest things at the party." She gathered up the old-fashioned dress and the white wedding veil. "I'm going to my room to try them on."

Richard shut the window and followed her. "Have you your uniform?" she asked.

But he had forgotten it. In one arm he carried a dozen of his grandfather's shirts, in the other hand he held the tin box of papers. It beat against the banisters as he descended the narrow stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADY ABERDEEN'S CRUSADE.*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN the Ireland of my young days—doubtless in the Ireland of to-day to a somewhat less extent—there was an extraordinary *laissez faire* where matters of health and sanitation were concerned, which one might better describe as fatalism.

The terrible holocaust of the young in Ireland, mainly preventible, was brought home to me recently when I was writing a volume of *Reminiscences* which covered the period of my youth. One after another of the friends of my girlhood slips out of the circle of life and vanishes from my pages, with half the song unsung, with half the story untold, silently, mysteriously, passing away to join their fellows in the mists and shadows. Preventible deaths, nearly all of them—a neglected cold, insufficient clothing, stuffy houses, unsuitable food, and stewed tea, turned many a young creature from the destiny of life its Creator had allotted to it.

All these causes operate still in Ireland to swell the death-rate, but not, I must believe, to the appalling extent which they did in my girlhood: at least, people do not now, or need not, cast away their lives through ignorance, since the work of Lady Aberdeen and the Women's National Health Association has become so widespread in Ireland.

I will tell you how the poor lived in my young days in Ireland, as I knew it from personal experience. A family of a husband and wife and eight or nine children lived at my father's gates. The cottage was a two-roomed one, with a clay floor, which in wet weather became as much puddled as the road outside. The kitchen was the family sitting-room. There was no grate, but an open hearth on which green twigs burned for a fire, filling the throat and eyes with acrid smoke. There was a table, a long stool, and a dresser covered with cheap crockery. There was a little square window high in the wall filled with geraniums: these windows were not made to open; but it mattered less since the

*This article will be of special interest to our readers because of the share many prominent Irish-Americans have taken in the anti-tuberculosis crusade in Ireland. His Eminence Cardinal Farley was among the first to contribute generously to the movement.—[Ed. C. W.]

door stood always open. There was no ceiling but the bare rafters, on which a few hens roosted.

The bedroom was divided by a partition wall, which went only half-way to the ceiling. It contained one bed, covered with a miscellaneous assortment of rags of one kind or another. I never knew how they slept, the father and mother and eight children, but in that room children were brought into the world, and sick children nursed, and mysteries of life there were, but none of death, for in my memory of them the children lived and flourished, as the better-housed, better-fed children in the English villages never seem to me to do.

It must have been somewhat thick at night, with the father and mother and eight children, and the hens, and perhaps a cat or a dog. But perhaps the door let in the wind. They had one or two priceless advantages: the babies were always nursed by their mothers, and the Irish knew nothing of patent medicines. Nor were the children in danger of being fed on cheese and beer and pickled onions, as I have seen them in an English village, for their parents had no such dainties. The children were a living proof that over-feeding is a more deadly thing than under-feeding, as the Irish peasant proved at all ages compared with his English brother.

Sanitation or water supply these cabins had none. This was so much a typical case that no one ever thought an improvement in the standard of living possible: it did not enter into one's purview at all. It was so and it would always be so: as in the Irish houses, even very pretentious houses, the servants slept in dark holes, windowless, fire-placeless, off the kitchen, and spent their days and nights underground.

The poor never complained. The Irish servants were cheerful and attached. If the poor were only half-fed, their masters were only half-fed too. They were all happy together with a gaiety unknown to an over-fed nation. The spiritual virtues throve. They had never heard of "cleanliness being next to godliness;" or if they had it was a counsel of perfection beyond them, cleanliness being a chilly thing and dirt comfortable and warm. But—perhaps it was worse in the town than the country—the number of the young who got up and left the firesides somewhere between their twentieth and thirtieth year, going out with veiled heads into the darkness, was terrible. A spell of cold winds in Dublin in the old days—an East wind on a Fairyhouse or Punchestown day—brought the reckless young tumbling to earth like leaves in a gale from an

autumnal tree. It was always lungs, pneumonia or consumption following on a chill. The last thing an Irishman or woman troubles about is a meal. He will take a meal whenever he is ready for it, or it is ready for him. She won't take it at all: a cup of tea and a bun will keep her going all day. My father, I remember, used to go abroad in his fields after a slight breakfast, and if there was anything special going on would not come back till evening. I suppose that adaptable creature, the stomach, had ceased to complain. It was a curious matter of pride with the Irish in those days, that they did not care for their food. They were a spiritual people, unlike the English meat-eaters.

At that time no one apparently thought that things could be helped. There were all manner of philanthropies going on in Dublin, which is immensely charitable. Of alleviation of sickness and suffering there was much. But as for segregation, disinfection, sanitary measures, there was little knowledge of them.

I came back to Ireland, after an absence of nearly a score of years, with a very open mind about the things I had heard Lady Aberdeen and her Women's National Health Association were doing. The whole *laissez faire* section in Ireland was up in arms. There was one very thin argument, which you may hear still in the mouths of Lady Aberdeen's opponents: the thinness becomes more apparent by repetition: it is, that Lady Aberdeen's movement for fighting consumption has given Ireland a bad name; if you ask for instances you are told that English tourists are afraid to come to Ireland, and that Irish servants will not obtain situations in England because we are all supposed to be tuberculous. Well, these effects, if they are true, do not touch the root of the matter. I do not believe that the English tourist keeps away from Ireland because of the fight against consumption. He is far more likely to be kept away by bad and dear hotels. The Irish servant, in my knowledge of her, does not want to go to England. She is much more likely, unfortunately, to go to America. I should be very glad of anything that would keep her at home.

The malcontents in Ireland are, I believe, to be found rather among the Anglo-Irish than the Celtic-Irish. These are the ladies who ask why the Viceroy should not be content to do as his predecessors did, to entertain, and show himself at rare intervals on some occasion of sufficient importance to warrant the display. They ask the question still more concerning Lady Aberdeen.

Well, this gracious lady is one of those whom Ireland has

captured, who has become more Irish than the Irish. Endowed with the love of her kind, with enormous energy, great administrative powers, the faculty of selecting those best fitted to do her work—the qualities of generalship—with a spirit incapable of being daunted, Lady Aberdeen set out on her task of saving Ireland, so far as in her lay, from the terrible consumption; incidentally from many ills as well. Poor Ireland, bleeding to death from the emigration which has steadily continued since the famine of 1846-47, needed all the help that could be given to her, else the Celt would soon be "gone with a vengeance," as the *Times* wrote, gloating over the fleeing multitudes in those long-dead days of the Victorian forties.

Lady Aberdeen has a very charming personality. She has dignity, and yet she is very warm and kind. She has humor, without which the gods themselves would be worsted if they undertook reforms in Ireland. She can make herself all things to all men. All over Ireland she has gathered into the Women's National Health Association, and into various subsidiary committees, a great number of women, many of whom would otherwise lead very stagnant lives.

She carries out her work with a great spirit. She has the invaluable faculty of going straight to her object, looking neither to right nor left. When she meets with what would be to another person a check or a disaster, her spirit carries her triumphantly through it. It takes something of the fanatic to make a reformer. Fanaticism plus humor—they are not irreconcilable—go to make up Lady Aberdeen's equipment for the task she has undertaken.

Well, having heard Lady Aberdeen's work decried by those who thought the function of viceroyalty to be only that of entertaining the élite—it is one of the charges against the most amiable and high-minded of Viceroys, as against his wife, that he is too accessible, comes too close to the common people—I thought I would look into Lady Aberdeen's work for myself. Being a very busy person, I have had to do my learning on a small scale. Lady Aberdeen has a specially tender heart for children, a motherly heart which loves to make them happy: therefore, I began with one of the Babies' Clubs, of which Her Excellency has opened and is opening so many.

There was nothing cold about the charity of this Babies' Club. It was run by a most efficient and sympathetic trained nurse. It has its meetings in a little two-roomed cottage in the centre of a crowded and very poor district. Usually the nurse has one or

other of her "ladies" to help her with the business of the club, but as it was July, and a good many of the ladies were scattered, I volunteered to help for that afternoon.

The club feeds and clothes the babies. It provides Pasteurized milk for the babies at a very small payment per week—there is no pauperizing—and it supplies garments made by the ladies. The mothers come in with the babies to receive their milk tickets and an article of clothing. The baby is weighed perhaps. A few quiet words of advice are given: the nurse in no way usurps the position of the doctors who are always ready to give their services free to the Babies' Club. The maternity outfits are another form of the club's many beneficences; and it will board out or find a holiday home for delicate children.

Our first visit that day was to the Collier Dispensary for tuberculosis in Charles Street, a slummy street running down from the Quays of Dublin. The Collier Dispensary has been endowed and equipped by the son of the late Mr. P. F. Collier of *Collier's Weekly,* New York, as a memorial of his father. Lady Aberdeen has a wonderful way of ingratiating herself with the rich for the advantage of the poor. The Collier Dispensary is fitted with all the latest appliances. Everything is washable; and the white tiled walls are rounded at the floor, so that there may be no dust lurking in corners to harbor germs. In the waiting-room were many patients. Everything was sterilized of course, and the atmosphere of the place was one of busy usefulness. There was hope there for those gaunt-eyed and hollow-cheeked men and women and children whose cases were so carefully watched and treated, who, if the case was too advanced for home-treatment, had still the chance of the sanatorium. While the poor patients wait they are given hot milk and Plasmon biscuits, and in fine weather they can wait their turn in the roof-garden bordered with flowers and plants, with comfortable deck chairs and awnings, where one is high above the squalor and ugliness of the slum, and can see the beautiful surrounding hills beyond the network of Dublin streets. Doctors and nurses visit, when necessary, patients in their own homes. And, oh dear, in those dreadfully sad slums of Dublin—which have only this to be said for them, that God is not forgotten in them: they are innocent slums as compared with the slums of other cities—it may well be that the happiest and brightest spots in many a poor life may be the visit to the Collier Dispensary, with the hot milk and the Plasmon biscuits, and the rest, if the weather allows, among the flowers of the roof garden.

Another American—Mr. Strauss—has equipped the Pasteurized Milk Depot with the most up-to-date sterilizing arrangement. The milk for a baby costs one-and-sixpence a week: and with the Pasteurized milk the baby is safe.

Having explained the Pasteurizing to us, and given us a taste of the milk—and it would be an exacting baby who would ask for better—the bright young nurse takes us up to see another roof garden, in this case for the use of the nurses. She takes us to the parapet to look over. All around are crazy and miserable dwellings, right in the midst of them a cow-shed, with a filthy yard. Close by the nurse indicates a wretched dwelling. "One of my patients is there," she says. "She has three young children. She is in consumption, and at eleven o'clock this morning she has had an operation for cancer. I don't suppose she will live through it."

Cancer and consumption in one body, and three young children born of that body! And there are people all round about sullenly disapproving of anyone trying to help, because forsooth English tourists may be kept out and the English market closed to Irish domestic servants, who are a thousand times better and happier at home.

I have said that Irish poverty shows itself more than any other poverty. Barefooted children, clad in a few flying rags—when there is frost in winter you will see the poor feet tied up in filthy rags where they are chapped and bleeding. Many of these children are homeless, and sleep in open halls and staircases at night. The little newsboys, match-sellers, etc., of the Dublin streets become, in a manner of speaking, gypsies. The restraints of houses are not for them. You may feed and clothe and shelter one of these boys for a certain time: then he will go out, "on gur" —that is their own phrase—that is to say he will run wild a bit before the flesh-pots of civilization have any call for him again. The towzle-headed, shawled woman of the Dublin streets must be an amazement to the visitor from a better-clad world. The Irish poor have an incredibly low standard of comfort.

The woman who brings you vegetables and fruit to your door, or fresh herrings, or some such thing, in enormous baskets which she is helped to carry by a stunted child, will shock you when she comes to you on a wet and cold winter day. You shall hear the water squelching in her broken boots. Her petticoats drip-drip about her as she stands on your doorstep. The child is in

like evil case. Both will be blue with cold, their teeth chattering, so that they can scarcely take the first sip of the hot drink which you may be moved to give them. Yet this wretched object will be a good and respectable woman.

It may be imagined how these conditions make for consumption. Well, you cannot lift a whole impoverished city and country out of its poverty: but you can meet and frustrate the effects of these wretched conditions; and that the Women's National Health Association of Ireland is doing, with a courage, an energy, a whole-heartedness which shows that there is the one compelling mind and heart behind it.

Another American—Mr. Allan Ryan—has equipped a Home for Consumptives at the North Wall, Dublin, well away from the city at the edge of a stony spit of land that runs out into the sea at the river's mouth. There is a Preventive Holiday Home at Sutton, also by the sea, to which patients are sent who seem in danger of developing tuberculosis.

The big sanatorium at Peamount I have not yet seen. Already there are sixty-three patients, and further buildings are being erected to accommodate those for whom application have been sent. At Crooksling on the side of the mountains, about seventy miles from Dublin, the Corporation of Dublin has already a sanatorium for consumptives. I saw it stated at a meeting of some administrative board the other day that there were three thousand cases of consumption in the County of Dublin; and that Crooksling was going to extend its accommodation.

I speak only of what I have seen myself. All these different manifestations of the Women's National Health Association have each their off-shoots, their ramifications, their thousand benevolences for which I have not space. But I must touch on some of the open-air institutions. There is the Ormond Market open-space. Ormond Market was a meat market, famous in the eighteenth century for the prowess of its butchers' boys, who use to come out and fight the law of the land of peaceable citizens on any or no provocation—a sort of Mohocks in low life. Some time ago, Ormond Market was a derelict heap of ruins. Lady Aberdeen acquired the site at a pepper-corn rent from its owner, pending the development of the corporation plans of re-building. Part of it is to be turned into a garden for the dwellers in the dreadful slums about it. The remaining portion is now a boys' camp. It was being prepared for its purpose when I was there. All round

are open-air sleeping sheds. There is a kitchen to provide the boys with their meals; bath and wash-houses, and a good open space in the midst. It is designed primarily for boys living amid unhealthy surroundings, where there are tuberculous cases, and so on.

Also there are the babies' playgrounds. Dublin is sadly deficient in open spaces, at least such as are available for the poor. That the Dublin poor may be trusted is abundantly evident in St. Stephen's Green, which the munificence of Lord Ardilaun has turned from a dusty enclosed space, only to be entered by the holders of a private key, into a place of green pastures and flowing waters—a real paradise for the Dublin poor. But St. Augustine Street, for example, where the St. Monica's Babies' Playground has been made, is a world away from St. Stephen's Green; and the babies have no place to play but the streets, and the chance of being crushed to death by a passing vehicle at any moment of their play.

Lady Aberdeen acquired a plot of land where some more tottering houses had been demolished. She had it enclosed, and laid out by two of her ladies who are professional gardeners. She put up sheds for the babies to sleep in their prams. A sand heap was provided for the children to dig in. Skipping-ropes, balls, all sorts of games to be played in the open air, were provided. A superintendent was chosen. Then the children came in.

I am bound to say that when I saw the garden the landscape gardening was a little gone to seed. What would you have? The place was almost densely crowded with children. One thought of Blake.

> Oh, what a multitude they seem, these flowers of London Town.
> Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own.
> The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs,
> Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

The sheds were full of babies in all stages of sleeping and waking, some rising up after refreshing sleep, with the amazing independence of the babies of the poor, and stretching out their hands for their discarded toys or their bottles. Other babies were enjoying the ministrations of their small guardians, dreadfully responsible little girls, sometimes not so big as their better-fed charges. All sorts of games were in progress in the garden outside, and there were plenty of seats in shade and out of it for the children to rest if they will. But what a mercy, what a charity,

to keep the children safe from the streets and in the open air, away from the crowded, unwholesome dwellings.

I have skimmed only very lightly over some of the activities of Lady Aberdeen and the Women's National Health Association of Ireland. Ireland is as busy as a hive of bees with those new activities which have organized and directed a great mass of feminine energy, hitherto unused, scarcely realized. Ireland is very conservative, and she is only beginning to send her daughters, of the gentler class, out into the world. What a number of empty hands such work as this must have filled to overflowing! And that is not the least of its beneficences.

STARS.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

BRIGHT stars, yellow stars, flashing through the air,
Are you errant strands of Lady Mary's hair?
As she slits the cloudy veil and bends down through,
Do you fall across her cheeks and over heaven too?

Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes,
Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies.
Now and then a winged child turns his merry face
Down toward the spinning world—what a funny place!

Jesus Christ came from the Cross (Christ receive my soul!),
In each perfect hand and foot there was a bloody hole,
Four great iron spikes there were, red and never dry,
Michael plucked them from the Cross and set them in the sky.

Christ's Troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,
Draw your swords and strike at hell and strike again.
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are,
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE SAINTS.

BY F. DROUET, C.M.

THE above title will, no doubt, give a mild shock to many a timorous soul, and I feel quite sure that if my dear old grandmother had ever come across it in the pages of a Catholic magazine, she would have rubbed her glasses energetically, to make sure that she was not the victim of some illusion. This simply shows that her notion of sanctity needed revision. If she could have read that second chapter of Joly's volume, *The Psychology of the Saints,* she would have learned a few things that would have made her open her eyes big and wide. This chapter, entitled "Human Nature in the Saints," is a most enjoyable bit of hagiography and, withal, of psychology.

For too long a time, readers of Saints' lives (*pusillus grex,* even among Catholics) gained the impression that these holy persons were as stiff as their cold statues standing under the porches of our Gothic cathedrals.

And, of course, this is why that immense department of Catholic literature was so carefully shunned by ordinary readers. The famous letter of Bishop Dupanloup on *The Method of Writing Saints' Lives* brought about a great change, and we now hear regularly of sacred biographies reaching their fifteenth or twentieth edition within a year. What a delightful surprise to find out that those holy persons, whom many of us had pictured living on a plane altogether apart, almost out of reach, were after all human beings like ourselves, made of the fragile clay, with a true human heart beating in a true human breast; to discover that they were capable of the same emotions, passing in turn from sadness to joy, from hope to fear, from enthusiasm to discouragement; that their soul like our own was to-day visited by sunshine and to-morrow by darkness. What a surprise to hear of a Saint Francis of Assisi pretending to play the violin with a piece of wood and a ruler to amuse his brethren; of a Saint Teresa playing the flute on feast days; of a Saint Philip Neri, whom Professor Joly does not hesitate to call a "humoristic Saint," two words forsooth

which we are not accustomed to find so close together; of a Saint Crispino of Viterbo, a most worthy son of the *poverello* of Assisi, and a most decided enemy of sadness in any shape, so much so that he was always laughing or smiling; of a Saint —, but I am anticipating, and I had better, perhaps, in order to make my readers agree with me, tell first what I mean by laughter; for, just as, according to the French, there are *fagots* and *fagots,* so also undoubtedly, there is laughter and laughter.

Whole treatises, very learned, too, have been written on the subject by specialists, and you may, some fine day, stumble upon one of these alluring titles, such as "On the Psychology of Laughter," or "On the Psychology of Smiles." You would learn, among a thousand equally interesting novelties, that "Laughter is a peculiar movement of the muscles of the face and eyes, usually accompanied by the emission of explosive and chuckling sounds from the chest and throat." Or you may, perhaps, prefer this definition: "Laughter is the reaction of our æsthetic faculty, wounded by the spectacle of some disorder in surrounding objects." If you do not laugh at that, you must have lost all sense of humor. Perhaps you may, with the gentle skeptic, tell me that you do not care to fathom the psychological or physiological mysteries of human laughter as long as you have a chance, once in a while, to enjoy a good hearty laugh. And perhaps you are right; so without more ado I will, with a Jesuit Father, the lamented Father Delaporte, who has written many a choice bit of smiling literature, make a distinction between physical and psychological laughter: the former being a mere nervous phenomenon, the latter rather an emotion of the soul. They may resemble each other in some of their external manifestations, they differ certainly as to their cause and meaning.

It would be false to maintain, absolutely at least, that laughter is necessarily a sign of human intelligence. For, there is a stupid laughter; also a shrill laughter of the insane, and the almost mechanical laughter of the little child who is tickled.

The list of intelligent, therefore truly human, laughters would be quite long, and, sad to say, reprehensible laughter, perhaps, would be found to be most common. There is the scornful, the ironical, sarcastic laughter; the cruel and ferocious laughter; the sad and bitter one; the laughter of the well-bred and of the ill-bred, of the witty and of the fool. The fool, the Scripture remarks, always laughs with a loud noise, and in another passage

of holy Writ we find this picturesque description of the same: "As the crackling of thorns burning under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool." Some laugh at everything, and some laugh without apparent cause. There is an artificial, or, as the term goes, a "forced" laughter; such was the laughter of Julian the Apostate, "that vulgar maker of puns," as St. Gregory calls him.

The laughter of the Saints is healthy, frank, and true; it rings like honest metal; it has the pure sound of a soul at peace with God and man; it is natural and spontaneous, like the rustling of the golden leaves on a clear autumn day, like the song of the brook on the polished pebbles, or like the musical thrill of the lark soaring and quivering with sheer delight in the glory of the rising sun. Their laughter is a manifestation of mental health—sympathetic and contagious, which means that it is simply and wholly human.

The Saints seldom, if ever, indulged in that loud expression of joy, which was totally unknown to the Saint of Saints, our Lord Jesus Christ. Their happiness usually found its expression in that most human of human attributes, of which nobody would ever dream of depriving Christ Himself, the smile; the smile, that is to say, as a modern writer has it, "The light of the soul upon the countenance; the outward manifestation of the highest human feelings—tenderness, love, understanding of the truth, admiration for the beautiful. It is something more than a variety of laughter, it is laughter transformed, spiritualized, raised above itself."

Nothing could be more worthy of man, and to this variety of merriment—be it said to the relief of those timorous souls whom my title may have disturbed—belongs for the most part the laughter of the Saints.

It was evidently of that class of laughter that Emile Faguet, the French academician, was thinking when, in a speech he was to deliver on a certain Commencement day, he said: "Laughter is nature taking a holiday; that sort of joy is an act of gratitude towards the Creator, and, I dare say, a kind of prayer. I hope you will make in that way a morning and evening prayer, and say grace around twelve o'clock. Be not scandalized; in speaking as I do, I am more of a churchman than you may think me. Religious, men and women, not only indulge in external happiness, but go so far as to make it an obligation; it is a part of their rule."

It would be hard for M. Faguet to produce a copy of any monastic rule in which laughter is expressly commanded. There is

no doubt, however, that founders of Religious Communities have insisted on the spiritual value of joy. St. Ignatius of Loyola, meeting one day one of his novices who was apparently in the darkest of moods, said to him: "My son, I want you to laugh; I want you to be happy in the Lord; a religious has no reason to be sad, and he has many reasons to be cheerful." That most amiable of all Saints, Francis de Sales, wrote: "A sad saint who is sad is a very poor saint." Visitors to monasteries or religious houses at recreation time have been able to catch an unmistakable echo of that particular kind of happiness, which, if it is not imposed by the rules, is none the less a fact, a carefully-preserved tradition.

Spiritual writers tell us, not that all virtue consists in cheerfulness, but that cheerfulness is a powerful help to the practice of all virtues. Does not the word "happiness" occur in almost every page of the holy Scriptures? "The book of eternal truths," says Father Delaporte, "is an almost uninterrupted series of cheerful hymns: *Gaude et Lætare!*" The Gospel is the announcement of the most happy news: "I bring you tidings of great joy," declares the messenger of God. Our Blessed Lord, after preaching and sanctifying poverty, sorrow, tears, and persecutions, thus sums up His teaching, "Be glad and rejoice!" A short time before His death, He told His disciples: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy, and your joy no man shall take from you." These divine words have been re-echoed times without number in the lives of the Saints. That consolation has been the secret of their happiness.

St. Peter bids the Christians rejoice and be glad with exceeding joy. St. Paul might be called the Doctor of Happiness, as well as the Doctor of Grace. "Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say rejoice!" "I am filled with comfort, I exceedingly abound with joy in all our tribulation."

Joy! Comfort! Happiness! This is the authentic teaching of the Saints, and this is the constant teaching of the Church, and the burden of her liturgy in which the "alleluia" of the Resurrection sounds far more frequently than the *Dies Iræ* of the Last Judgment. It is impossible not to be struck by the lively tunes of some of the hymns of the Church, like the *Adeste Fideles*, or *O Filii et Filæ*. Do they not breathe forth a childlike cheerfulness, and sound like popular songs, made by the Mother Church for the merry hearts and merry lips of her children?

The most genuine and most complete representatives of the Church's spirit, the Saints, could not fail to heed such an invitation. Moreover, were not the Saints themselves responsible for the making and development of that spirit of decided optimism, of that buoyant cheerfulness so noticeable throughout our liturgical books, bursting forth occasionally into the merry, catching notes of the *Iste Confessor,* or the *Exultet jam Angelica?* The martyrs themselves preserved that smiling optimism, that peace and cheerfulness in the midst of the most refined tortures. Whoever reads for the first time the passion of St. Lawrence must experience a strange surprise and emotion at hearing the triumphant pleasantry thrown by the holy martyr into his tormentor's face: "This side is now well done! Turn me over, and eat."

The martyrs were not saddened by the overhanging shadow of death. There are no sad Saints; I mean, of course, habitually sad; such would be a living contradiction. Even that most tame and timid of all hagiographers, the honest Godescard, agrees that a Saint may show occasionally his good humor or display his wit. This valuable concession he makes *apropos* of a Saint whose name does not hold out any promise of humor—Sulpitius *Severus,* whose character and temper, however, gave happily the lie to his family name. "His piety," admits Godescard, "was in no way austere or repulsive." He sometimes indulged in innocent jokes. Read, for instance, the beginning of his letter to Bassula, his mother-in-law; or the one he wrote to St. Paulinus of Nola, in sending him a new cook, Victor. This is one of the strangest and most piquant letters of recommendation ever written to a friend already disappointed by half a dozen chefs:

> I am told that all your cooks leave you. The reason probably is that the meagerness of your menu does not give them a chance to make a good showing. Now, I send you a boy from my own kitchen. He is pretty good in cooking the white beans, in making the insipid beet tasty with a sharp vinegar sauce, or at concocting a bad porridge for hungry monks; as to the use of pepper and other spices he knows nothing at all, but he has no equal in crushing fragrant herbs in a noisy mortar. He has only one defect. He is an unscrupulous foe of all gardens; and if allowed to enter one, will cut right and left, and play terrible havoc with all flowerbeds. But you do not need to worry about furnishing him with fuel: he burns everything and anything that he can lay

his hands on, including the beams and boards of the roof. With all his habits and propensities I beg you to receive him as a son.

Victor, as history shows, proved to be a gem. He surpassed himself in making broths in season and out of season, to the intense delight of an old peasant who came regularly to the convent kitchen to feast on the remnants of the meals. As this faithful guest had not a single tooth left, the new régime suited him admirably, and Victor represented in his eyes the *ne plus ultra* of culinary art.

St. Paulinus relaxed more than once his episcopal dignity. When he writes the praise of his dear St. Felix of Nola, he laughs without scruple at the simplicity, and the noisy and somewhat boisterous devotion, of the Campanian peasants who came every year to the Saint's tomb, with their whole families, the cattle sometimes included. He congratulates one of his parishioners on having escaped the need of a physician, "more cruel than illness itself."

One of Paulinus' contemporaries, the pride of Christian Latin literature, St. Jerome, would, if time and space permitted, furnish us with most abundant and unique material. We must confess, however, that his laughter is not always of the same innocent variety. The pen of the solitary of Bethlehem was sometimes dipped in vinegar; his reputation on that score was quite well established, for good Sulpitius Severus thinking he had, one day, overstepped the bounds of Christian charity in his description of a conceited monk, stops abruptly with this significant remark: "But this is too caustic; we must leave that sort of description to the Blessed Jerome." Caustic he surely was, and sarcastic in abundant measure. In the recesses of his distant solitude he is still haunted by the vivid memories of the wicked Roman society, by the pictures of the worldly clerics at whose hands he had suffered so much. He cannot resist the temptation of poking fun at them once in a while. His terrible laughter wakes up the echoes of the surrounding hills, travels to Rome on the wings of the Eurus, and warns those unworthy members of the Church that the old lion is still alive and roaring at them. "Anyone who sees them," he writes to Eustochium, "would take them for bridegrooms rather than for clerics; their only care is to perfume their garments, and their hair still bears the marks of the curling iron; lest they should wet their feet, they seem afraid of walking, even on tip-toe. He continues with a vivid, although not altogether edifying, description of one whom he calls *a princeps,* a past

master in the art of obtaining presents from the rich: "He gets up with the sun, and carefully maps out the round of his daily visits. The importunate old man always takes a short cut, and almost routs his victims out of bed. Does he notice a nice cushion, a pretty table-cloth, some elegant piece of furniture? He admires and praises it aloud; he fingers and caresses it; he says he needs it, of course, but in such plaintive and querulous tones that he appears to extort it rather than to ask for it. No one would dare to offend the gazetter of the town; and he seems to be ubiquitous; no matter what way you turn, you are sure he is the first you will stumble against!"

Be it said in justice to the great old fighter, that his wrinkled face can be lit up once in a while with a really tender smile. Take, for instance, that choice morsel of epistolary literature, the letter to Eustochium entitled *De munusculis,* in which he thanks her, among other things, for the gift of a basket of cherries, "and such cherries, too, red with such a virginal blush that I think they have been just brought over by Lucullus himself."

Who would have thought that the sweet St. Bernard, *Doctor Mellifluus,* could have indulged in the same satirical vein, and re-echoed, after many centuries, the ironical outbursts of Jerome? Yet he did; and some of his letters are models of quiet, but none the less pungent satire, just as they are models of fluent, harmonious, and well-balanced Latinity. Read in the ninth chapter of his *Apologia ad Guillielmum,* the long and amusing description of the "menu" of a single meal among the lax monks of Cluny, and you will see how the holiest of abbots can laugh heartily.

"What about the drinking of pure water?" asks the Saint. "Why, not even wine mixed with water is admitted on the table. All of us since we became monks have developed weak stomachs; we do not forget the very valuable advice of the Apostle concerning the use of *wine,* but we fail to notice, I do not know why, the words, *a little,* which immediately precede.....In some convents I am told that on feast days the wine is mixed with honey and sweet spices: shall we maintain that this is also *propter infirmitatem stomachi?*"

In the next chapter he draws with the same witty pen the portrait of the monk who runs from town to town, from market to market, from store to store, to buy the best available cloth for his brethren's habits. He depicts him eagerly searching every corner of the merchant's house, upsetting every piece of furniture, unfold-

ing immense piles of stuffs, fingering them with a connoisseur's hand, examining them closely in the sunlight with a critical eye, rejecting contemptuously any piece that falls short of the standard of perfection, and selecting finally the very, very best, regardless of price.

Among the modern Saints, the great Spanish mystic, St. Teresa, and the dear St. Francis de Sales would easily supply us with an abundant harvest of smiles. St. Francis de Sales, of whom his latest biographer has said: "His style was truly the style of Christian France: transparent and simple, both delicate and resolute, both strong and tender, with a little point of amiable cheerfulness that never goes beyond the bounds of propriety, and of quiet playfulness which never inflicts a wound."

The pen of St. Teresa often wrote such expressions as, "I had to laugh;" "I laughed heartily;" "you make me laugh." Of St. Teresa another Saint has said: "God be blessed! Here is a Saint whom we can all imitate. She eats, sleeps, and laughs like other people, without affectation, without ceremonies; and yet, with all that, it is visible that she is filled with the Spirit of God."

As a matter of fact, the great Spanish mystic could not conceal her dislike of those religious who mistake affected gravity and unbending rigidity for spiritual perfection, and walk as though they were clad in armor plate. "What would become of our little community," she used to say, "if everyone of us endeavored to bury the little bit of humor and wit that she has? Nobody can have too much of it. Let everyone show, in all simplicity, whatever amount she has of it, for the common joy and pleasure. Do not imitate those poor unfortunate people who, as soon as they have acquired a little piety, put on a gloomy and peevish air, and seem to be afraid of speaking or breathing, lest their piety should fly away."

During her somewhat rough career as a reformer, she needed to draw freely from that store of good humor, apparently inexhaustible, with which, fortunately, a kind Providence had provided her. For, besides meeting violent opposition and abuse, she had to deal with all sorts of people, to endure all sorts of hardships, and more than once her happy faculty of seeing the bright, and we may say the humorous, side of things helped her to redeem the situation.

A good brother, who thought himself a painter, and who answered to the attractive name of John Misery, undertook to

draw her portrait. Teresa who, in her youth had been told she was pretty and (she confessed later on) had believed it, was not altogether pleased with the artistic endeavors of the self-appointed portrait-maker, for no sooner had she been admitted to contemplate the completed masterpiece than she exclaimed: "May God forgive you, brother, for having made me so ugly!"

It is no surprise then to hear her latest biographer declare that cheerfulness was in her eyes one of the surest signs of a religious vocation. She never missed a chance to give good example in this, and to show her Sisters that even a most familiar type of joy was perfectly compatible with the perfection of their state; for many a Carmelite house in Spain has preserved, among other treasured relics, little drums and tambourines that were used in her time. She used to sum up her teachings on the subject in this brief but significant formula: "No melancholy sanctity." "Please," she said in a letter, "please narrate to others all the misfortunes we have had with that kind of saintly people.....It would be better to abstain from opening new houses than to put in them melancholy subjects. Religious of that stamp are the ruin of monasteries."

Who is the modern critic who has said that "Saints are usually ill-tempered persons?" Evidently he was little acquainted with St. Teresa, and he probably had never heard of that contemporary Saint, Mother Barat, of whom it is said that the recreations over which she presided were extremely cheerful. She confessed frankly she had little use for those religious who, probably through fear of blundering, keep resolutely silent. "The first rule of the house," she used to say, "is to bore nobody."

St. Francis de Sales was, as we have said, a most resolute enemy of sadness in every form, and declared that it was incompatible with devotion. In his delightful *Spirit of St. Francis de Sales,* Monsignor Camus thus characterizes the happy dispositions of the Saint: "This Samson gathered honey out of the mouth of lions and found peace in war. Like the three children, he found dew in the midst of flames, roses amongst thorns, oil in the rocks, and sweetness in the most bitter bitterness."

No one ever possessed to the same degree the invaluable gift of "spreading the sweetness of Christ over the sorrows of life." He wrote to an afflicted person: "Live happy among the thorns of the Savior's crown; *like a nightingale in a bush,* sing: Long live Jesus!"

In this gallery of cheerful Saints, a particularly honorable mention is due to St. Philip Neri, whom Goethe justly calls the "humoristic Saint." He was fond of playing some rather mean tricks on his novices, and if he saw one of them a bit proud of his new habit, he would send him out on some errand, with a ridiculous appendage, like, for instance, a fox tail, hanging over his back. The following anecdote, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the best authorities, will suffice to illustrate this amusing feature of his character. One day he was sent by the Pope himself to some neighboring convent to inquire into the life of a nun who had the reputation of a Saint. The weather was horrible, and when Philip dismounted he was bespattered with mud from head to foot. The good Sister was brought before him, and judging at a glance that her air of compunction was rather overdone, Philip said abruptly while stretching out his leg: "Pull off my boots, won't you?" The would-be Saint assumed at once an air of offended dignity, and without any further inquiry the Pope's envoy put on his hat, went straight to his master, and told him that a religious so devoid of humility had no claim whatever to the saints' aureole.

Many of the readers of this magazine have heard, no doubt, of Sister Teresa of the Infant Jesus, the little Carmelite nun who died some years ago in the odor of sanctity at Lisieux in France, and whose biography attracted, at least in her native country, such sympathetic attention. Frail and delicate, as she always was, she knew she was destined for an early death. Yet, how she could smile! There was in the convent an old infirm sister who had become very childish. Every evening, at ten minutes of six, somebody had to leave the chapel in order to take the dear old soul to the refectory. Knowing it was next to impossible to please the sick lady, Sister Teresa hesitated a long time before she dared to propose her good services. They were accepted, with some misgivings, however; and every day at the appointed time, the community could witness this delightful little comedy:

> The old Sister shook her apron [writes Sister Teresa herself], and I knew it meant: "time to go! let us start!" Summoning all my courage, I would arise; and then a very peculiar ceremony began. I had to move and carry the bench in a certain way, and in no other. It was most important that I should be extremely slow in starting. My rôle consisted in following the

> good Sister while holding her by her cincture. This I did with all the care and kindness of which I was capable; but if, by chance, my charge made a single false step, she immediately thought that she was going to collapse, and cried out: *"Mon Dieu!* You walk too fast! I'll be broken to pieces!" If I tried to walk more slowly she would ask: "Why, you don't follow me. I don't feel your hand at all; I am going to fall! Ah! I was right in saying that you were much too young for this office!" Finally we would reach the refectory without any serious mishap. Then new difficulties arose. In order not to hurt my patient's old suffering frame, I had to install her in her place with all the skill I could master. Then, I must roll up her sleeves, always in a certain definite manner; and then—at last—I was free to go.....In a short while, however, I discovered that she was cutting her bread with extreme difficulty, and henceforth I never left her without rendering her this last service; and before parting I never failed to look at her with my best smile.

It would seem that the smile was the most appreciated part of the performance, for if anyone else was designated to help her, the old Sister invariably protested and said: "No, send me the little one who has such a beautiful smile."

THE POETRY OF KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

BY KATHERINE BREGY.

THERE is something of the sweet prodigality of Nature in all that Mrs. Hinkson gives us: in her prose, alike critical and romantic, and not less in that poetic utterance which would seem to have gathered up and concentrated the beauty of her message. She differs as radically as may be from the abstinent, definitive speech of her long-time friend, Mrs. Meynell; there is nothing in her song of the silver remoteness, the classicism, the restraint of her well-loved Lionel Johnson. Like a torrent of sunshine falls her lyric speech, large and sweet and spontaneous; lighting up things great and humble with equal diligence. About her pages there is the lush and innocent luxuriance of summer fields and blowing wild flowers.

If it be not "to consider too curiously," the simile may be carried a step farther. In the garden of Mrs. Hinkson's poetry it is quite possible to sort and sift the flowers—even to trace by their sequence the progress of her own seasons. First of all, back in 1885, came *Louise de la Vallière,* a first volume as like as possible to the pale sweet crocus of earliest springtime. Everyone was writing narrative verse just then—Tennyson, Swinburne, Aubrey de Vere, William Morris—so, of course, it contained narratives. It was colorful, too, with something of the irised imagery of the Brotherhood; for was not the flame of Rossetti's genius but a few years extinguished, and still a vital thing to all the younger poets? The great day of Victorian poetry was just wearing to its sunset when this little Irish maiden stepped across the horizon of London town, her heart full of dreams, her lips of songs. Like most youthful songs they were shy, romantic, idealistic; tenderly but not fastidiously wrought, and preoccupied with the minor music of life. The title poem was a monologue of much grace and pathos—a midnight episode in the Carmelite convent where Louise,

> (—a broken reed that He
> Hath bound with His strong fingers tenderly),

has sought her penitential peace. *Joan of Arc* again takes the monologue form, and the book holds a charming tale of King Cophetua's Beggar-Queen. A poem upon Thoreau gave prophecy of the Franciscan sympathies which have dominated so much of Katharine Tynan's later work: and there was already, in more than one poem, touches of that sweet and altogether reconciling comprehension of *death* which has given largeness and serenity to her pages.

Two years after *Louise* came *Shamrocks,* a sister volume very like its predecessor, but greener and gladder; in a word, more Celtic. There was a charming legend of *The Sick Princess* with ardent pre-Raphaelite coloring: there were Irish narratives, somewhat in de Vere's manner, of Aibhric and the Swans, Diarmind and Grainne, *et cetera.* But along with reminiscence there was the forward leap. In its *Angel of the Annunciation* one discerns the golden germ later to develop into the First Book of *Miracle Plays;* just as *The Heart of a Mother* anticipates that whole group of poems which one shall find clustering about the thought of the little dead child. And it is much to be doubted if any other than Katharine Tynan could have put into the gentle Franciscan sermon these characteristic bird stanzas:

> Little flowers of air,
> With your feathers soft and sleek,
> And your bright brown eyes and meek,
> He hath made you fair!
>
> He hath taught to you
> Skill to weave in tree and thatch
> Nests where happy mothers hatch
> Speckled eggs of blue.

The garden had even more emphatically found itself when *Ballads and Lyrics* blossomed three years later, and to the early crocus and shamrock there was added a hedge of hawthorne, blithe and sweet. It gave us the last of the long Irish narratives in the stirring tales of the Children of Lir and Connla of the Golden Hair. And it gave us the first of those delicious verse *apologias* which Mrs. Hinkson's readers have learned, to expect by way of introduction—as also that little trick of the refrain which she has used so repeatedly and so refreshingly. Nowhere is it more refreshing nor more persistent than in the now familiar *April* lyric:

All in the April evening,
  April airs were abroad:
The sheep with their little lambs
  Passed by me on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
  Passed by me on the road:
All in an April evening,
  I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
  With a weak human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God,
  Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains,
  Dewy pastures are sweet;
Rest for the little bodies,
  Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
  Up on the hill top green,
Only a cross of shame,
  Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
  April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
  And thought on the Lamb of God.

In that we come upon the strain which Mrs. Hinkson's friends will like to label the essential Katharinian!

So much for the lyrics, which indeed were beginning to take major hold upon this garden of verse. Of very different tenor was the *Countess Cathleen,* a ballad upon that curious and poignant legend which William Butler Yeats has since put into dramatic form. To handle with any sort of *vraisemblance* this tale of the woman who sells her own soul to the demon merchants, that her people may be saved from famine, would seem a work of peculiar difficulty. It is a far more mystical version of the Monna Vanna problem—with something of Faust to boot. But there is no doubt that it has proved immensely stimulating to the poets. When Katharine Tynan pictured her Cathleen going forth from the palace,

With her white soul in her hand,
  Fair beyond desires,
And her eyes like those who stand
  In eternal fires,

she achieved one of her most beautiful passages. And it is interesting to note how many of Mr. Yeats' really great lines have been called into being by the same theme.

The first age of the garden was done when the hawthorne of *Ballads and Lyrics* had blossomed white and pink. For with *Cuckoo Songs* (1894) the warm sweetness of the lilac is felt—the lilac flowers which link together the late virginity of spring and the fresh motherhood of early summer. There were lovely bird notes here also: one cuckoo song so piercingly sweet that Katharine Tynan ought never to have written of the cuckoo again. There were charming renderings of the legends of Brother Ronan and his Birds, of Blessed Columba and his Horse; there was a brave ballad of Geoffrey Barron, and a tragically beautiful legend of *Our Lady of Pity;* really at root the same legend which Heine has used so arrestingly in his *Pilgrimage of Kevlaar.* A lovely little miracle play of the Resurrection proved exceedingly prophetic in matter and metre of the volume next to come. And with all this, there was a noticeable deepening of the personal note. To Katharine Tynan (or as she had now become, Mrs. Henry Albert Hinkson) there had come a new power of self-expression and of soul-expression.

In the main, and all along, this has been most successful in concrete forms. *God's Bird* is both noble and tender; but most readers will recognize in *House and Home* a rather unique combination of "the dream and the business," and withal a very convincing piece of feminine (if not "feminist") psychology:

> Where is the house, the house we love?
> By field or river, square or street,
> The house our hearts go dreaming of,
> That lonely waits our hurrying feet;
> The house to which we come, we come,
> To make that happy house our home.
> Is it under grey London skies?
> Or somewhere hid, in fields and trees,
> With gardens where a musk wind sighs,
> Or one brown plot to grow heartsease?
>
> * * * * *
>
> O dear dream-house, for you I store
> A medley of such curious things
> As a wise thrush goes counting o'er,
> Ere the glad moon of songs and wings,

When a small nest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.
Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
  And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
  And in the sweet-aired twilight glooms
Will set a curtain straight, or chair,
And dust and order and make fair.
  * * * * *
O dear dream-house, for which we pray,
Our feet come slowly up your way!

Close upon the echo of *Cuckoo Songs* came the *Miracle Plays* of 1895—Mary lilies for the garden first, and then for Mary's own altar. Here was a most lovesome recasting of the mediæval strain, a series of little poetic plays upon our Lord's Birth and Childhood, very devout, very naïve, very artistic; and full (as the best mediæval ones were also full) of a vital and simple humanism. Although cast in dialogue form, their strength is mainly lyrical; and at the beginning and end of all six parts there are lyrics of extremely quotable beauty. Here is a fragment of one upon the Annunciation:

Lilies in our garden
  Take the light, pure and white;
Lilies in the moonlight
  Like a silver flame.

Lilies in our garden
  Shed perfume, all a bloom.
Bearing then a white lily
  Blessed Gabriel came.

Silver pale his lily
  Like a sword flashed and stirred;
Scimitar of Heaven
  To lay Satan low.

Shining like his lily
  Mary went, sweet, content,
Walking in her garden
  Flower of gold and snow.

The dramatic sense is nowise deficient, for all this lyricism: one meets it in the characterization of the three kings, in the

exquisite little scene with Simeon at the Presentation, in the song of Dimas' Mother. St. Joseph was to take on personality later, in that poem of glorified domesticity, *The Man of the House,* and was but slightly defined in the *Miracle Plays.* But the Virgin moves like a pearl across the pages—

> Hidden and draped from head to feet
> In veils of holiness, yet meet
> For human joy and pain.

It is a mystical, childlike Mary in the early scenes, bowered among her blossoms and her birds; a very woman in the hours of stress; a very mother in her sweetly fearful dominance of the final episodes.

Love and motherhood and then death had laid their seal upon Katharine Tynan's life—perhaps, indeed, they must needs have laid their seal, every one of them—before she could conceivably have given us her *Lover's Breast Knot.* She herself has named the flowers it brought into the garden—heartsease and love-lies-bleeding: heartsease for the "marriage of true minds," a *woman's* love songs, infinitely tender, scarcely passionate; and love-lies-bleeding to rest, like a sprig of rosemary, on the grave of the little lost son, Godfrey. Here, in truth, was passion enough; no passion of ineffectual tears, but the agony of motherhood made barren, the surpassing wistfulness of eyes which must look all the way into eternity before the heart's delight be found.

> His face was sweeter than a rose—
> But O Love's rose is thorny!
> He nestled in my breast so close
> Before he went his journey.

It is a note less of tragedy than of consummate, quintessential pathos, and without it Mrs. Hinkson's poetry could never have attained its most piercing loveliness. For are not the poet's lips made sweet by sorrow, even as the prophet's by a burning coal?

Two years later, in 1898, *The Wind in the Trees,* a new volume of Nature pieces, came from the poet's hand. It had the distinction of being an exhibition without one single "interior." Songs of the regal chestnut were here; of the ever-favorite lamb and cuckoo; of young trees shooting upright like "soft flames of green;" of brisk chanticleer who "whistles back the day." There

were a thousand felicities, many of them to be returned to and developed even more felicitously later on; meanwhile they brought into the garden a wealth of green and glossy grasses, tall, shadowy, woodsy things—conjurings of bird and red deer, of orchards and meadows, of the colleen milking her cow at dawn.

For three years then the Muse spoke but rarely; and the garden waited, after the wise, brooding way of gardens, until sun and rain should bring their riot of roses. In 1901 they came—red roses and white, pink and golden—the *Collected Poems,* with a whole sheaf of pages never seen before. The promise of spring had been fulfilled: the flag of midsummer was floating over Katharine Tynan's garden of verse. Her second poetic period had reached its culmination.

This is not to imply, in all later work, decadence. In July there is not decadence; but there is, every gardener knows, a vast difference from June. There is maturity. The aggressive eagerness and radiance of early creation has merged into a something warm, serene, enveloping—a something sweetly humble, which has laid aside the novelty, the exoticism of youth.

> I sing of children and of folk on wings,
> Of faith, of love, of quiet country things;
> Of death that is but lying down at night,
> And waking with the birds at morning light;
> And of the Love of God encompassing;
> And of the seasons round from spring to spring;
> I sing of gardens, fields, and flowers and trees:
> Therefore I call my love-songs Innocencies.

So sang Mrs. Hinkson in the very opening stanza of her *Innocencies* (1905). Looking through the slim volume, one gets the impression of a white field of daisies; white and sunny and gentle, with here and there a blue gentian for the laughter of child eyes. Very similar were the *Experiences* of 1908. For, in truth, Katharine Tynan's experiences are all innocencies: praises to God for the beauty of earth, for the serviceable senses, for sweet memories and sad, for friends and gardens and the quiet of meadow-paths, for sunlight and shadow, and all the comfortable and common things of life.

There has been but one subsequent volume, the *New Poems* of 1911; lavender flowers, pungent yet strangely placid, with the one flaming poppy of that much discussed lyric, *Maternity.* The

sun was nearing midheaven; more and more was stillness resting like a veil of August haze upon the garden. The glad birds, made by the good God "in a moment merry," and loved by our poet with a particular and symbolic tenderness, chirp triumphantly; the golden bee whispers his amorous secrets; the little lambs lie quiet beside contented ewes; men come and go and love and build and sleep at last—in peace. And over the "flying wheel of time" rests the Thought of God, immanent, unchangeable,

> O'er whom Eternity will pass
> But as an image in a glass.

Has the poet's heart grown a little weary of the conflict, the drama of life, when it creeps into an ideal refuge such as this? Or has the poet's heart risen above the dualism of the body into a trance of bright *and true* contemplation? Or—both? The reader must decide: and his judgment *pro* or *con* will be largely colored by the way he is able to accept such a simple yet amazing poem as *Good Friday:*

> Good Friday is a heavenly day,
> So bright, so fair, so still,
> They slay the King of all the world
> On a high hill.
> * * * *
> Sweetly it rose and fell,
> So calm, so light, so grave.
> Christ Jesus, sacrificed for men,
> Died—and forgave.

Meanwhile the gold and purple of seedtime comes on apace. The garden waits once more—and its autumn song shall not be wanting. Already it is promised; nay, we know it in fragments. And we shall know it soon in the fulfillment of *Irish Poems.*

It would be very easy to over-accentuate this note of serenity in Mrs. Hinkson's work. It is always easy to overstress the obvious, and to hear only the loudest music. But there are many distinct "motives" in these songs of the seasons, and it is not alone in the most joyous that she has proved a true poet. Her love of Nature has indeed been rapturously felt and sung. She has been, as it were, inebriated by the beauty and peace of the sunlit earth; over and over again has she praised the golden coun-

try and lamented the greyness, the conflict, the heartache of the town. No one has sung more enchantingly of the birds: very few more sympathetically of the beasts. But Francis himself was scarcely joyous when he looked upon the burdens of Brother Ox or Brother Ass. In Katharine Tynan's *Shamrocks* there was a version of that old, sweet legend of Christ and the "pitiful dead dog" lying in the streets of Jerusalem: and soon, in the volume not yet published, her readers will come upon a lyric, *The Ass Speaks,* in her best manner and of tear-compelling potency. We quote but a few stanzas:

I am the little Ass of Christ—
  I carried Him ere He was born,
And bore Him to His bitter tryst
  Unwilling, that Palm Sunday morn.

I was His Mother's servant, I,
  I carried her from Nazareth,
Up to the shining hill-country,
  To see the Lady Elizabeth.

The stones were many in my road.
  By valleys steeper than a cup,
I, trembling for my heavenly load,
  Went cat-foot since I held It up.

* * * *

I knelt beside my brother Ox,
  And saw the very Birth! O Love,
And awe and wonder! little folks
  May see such sights nor die thereof.

The chilly Babe we breathed upon,
  Warmed with our breath the frozen air,
Kneeling beside Our Lady's gown,
  His only comfort saving Her.

I am beaten, weary foot, ill-fed;
  Men curse me: yet I bear withal
Christ's Cross betwixt my shoulders laid,
  So I am honored though I'm small.

I bore Christ Jesus, and I bear
  His Cross upon my rough, grey back.
Dear Christian people, pray you, spare
  The whip, for Jesus' Christ, His sake.

Something of this tender, colloquial note goes into all of Katharine Tynan's devotional poetry. It was the charm of the *Miracle Plays* and the *Man of the House,* and it gave sincerity to the more ornate pre-Raphaelite pieces. By temperament, Mrs. Hinkson would seem less mystical than Crashaw or Francis Thompson or even Dante Rossetti; but in the best of her religious pieces she becomes mystical, precisely because of the definite intimacy with which she handles Uranian themes. There is a beautiful youthfulness in the sharp sweet music of her *Garden;* a lyric breath, it might be, from the unspoiled hills of Oberammergau:

> Our Lord, Christ Jesus, Son of God,
> Loved gardens while on earth He abode.
> There was a garden where He took
> His pleasures oft, by Kedron's brook.
> There in His uttermost agony
> He found a pillow whereon to lie
> And anguish while His disciples slept.
> Be sure the little grass-blades kept
> Vigil with Him, and the grey olives
> Shivered and sighed like one that grieves,
> And the flowers hid their eyes for fear!
> His garden was His comforter.
> There to the quiet heart He made,
> He came, and it upheld His head
> Before the angel did. Therefore
> Blessed be gardens evermore!

The song gathers up then the story of another garden, wherein "He lay, stabbed through, one wound," the quiet earth holding Him close for His three-days' sleep. And it is here, where the "widowed flowers" are bowed low with watching, that the dawn of Easter breaks:

> O! in the beautiful rose-red day
> Who comes a-walking down this way?
> Why's Magdalen weeping? Ah, sweet lady,
> She knows not where is her Lord's Body!
> Sweet Magdalen, see! here is your Love!
> Whom Solomon's seal and the sweet-clove
> Brush with their lips as He goes by.
> Now bid His disciples haste! Bring hither
> His Mother and St. John together!

But t'was the Garden saw Him rise.
Wherefore she flaunts her peacock's eyes;
Wherefore her birds sing low and loud,
The heart that bare His sleep is proud.

It was not in the nature of Mrs. Hinkson's poetry to fall into the snare of didacticism; if she teaches, we do not know it; and she is wise enough to seem ignorant of it herself. Yet we cannot ignore the peculiar nobility with which, from almost every angle, she has treated the subject of death. It is not merely in the religious pieces; nor in that spirited and singing bit of symbolism, *Planting Bulbs;* it is the pervading message of her song. From that early recognition of Azrael (little-loved yet much-loving angel!) in the very youth of her work, our poet has simply dismissed the traditional fear of death. La Fontaine's fable seems thin and poor beside her bravely gentle *Death and the Man.* She has found a stronger thing—Love which casts out fear; and she carries it unhesitatingly into every human relationship. Hence we find the constantly recurring motive of the return of the dead: the motive of the dead child (surely one of the saddest in all literature!) remembering and comforting the mother still "under sentence of life." More insistent still is the theme of the dead mother, who returns to watch over her little ones upon earth. *Shamrocks* gave us the first of these valiant, piteous women: then came *The Widowed House* of *Cuckoo Songs,* a brief piece of haunting power and pathos:

Within your house that's widowed Love's nest is bitter cold,
Love goes with drooping pinions, his pulses slow and old;
Your baby cries all night long for you he never knew,
The dust is over all things: the grave dust over you.

* * * * * * * *

'T were liker you to hasten, putting the glory by,
To kiss your love's cold forehead and still your baby's cry.
'T were liker you'd come stealing, a little ghost in white,
To rock a tiny cradle all in the hushed moonlight,
To whisper to a sleeper till he should dream and wake,
And find the strange new comfort and lose the old heart-break.

* * * * * * * *

But *there* we have the strongest motive in all Mrs. Hinkson's poetry—the note of her essential motherhood. It has been as varied as maternity itself: first a thing of promise, of wistful-

ness; then—in the whole multitude of child pieces—a thing of sunny joy, of vigilance, at once of queenliness and humility. In the *Lover's Breast Knot* there is the other story: a story too sacred and too sorrowful to tell in broken fragments. But even there love, the *mother's* love, manifestly triumphs. It is so much stronger than death! Katharine Tynan does not doubt that it is stronger also than hell; and she has said so in one of the most striking poems ever written on the subject. Humanly speaking, *Maternity* is really the last word:

> There is no height, no depth, my own, could set us apart,
> Body of mine and soul of mine: heart of my heart!
> There is no sea so deep, my own, no mountain so high,
> That I should not come to you if I heard you cry.
> There is no hell so sunken, no heaven so steep,
> Where I should not seek my own, find you and keep.
> Now you are round and soft to see, sweet as a rose,
> Not a stain on my spotless one, white as the snows.
> If some day you came to me heavy with sin,
> I, your mother, would run to the door and let you in.
> I would wash you white again with my tears and grief,
> Body of mine and soul of mine, till you found relief.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Child, if I were in heaven one day and you were in hell—
> Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell—
> I would leave for you the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
> Straight to the heart of hell would go, seeking my sweet.
> God mayhap would turn Him around at sound of the door:
> "Who is it goes out from Me to come back no more?"
> Then the blessed Mother of God would say from her throne:
> "Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.
> Body of mine, and soul of mine, born of me,
> Thou Who wert once little Jesus beside my knee,
> It is like to that all mothers are made: Thou madest them so.
> Body of mine and soul of mine, do I not know?"

If poetry must be haled before the bar of theology, these bold stanzas will, indeed, be found wanting. There is not much "detachment" in them: the divine mercy and justice are scarcely apparent. The white light of perfect wisdom is broken into facets of vibrating color. But in this palpitating purple, this crimson of the heart's own blood, is there not some passionate reflection of the love which surpasseth woman's—the Love which, when

sacrifice and burnt offering might no longer avail, cried out to His Eternal Father, *Lo, I come?*

There is nothing in all the love poems of Katharine Tynan to equal the passion of *Maternity*. Yet, although romantic love has scarcely been a favorite theme with her, and although it has been a theme treated with reticence, she has given us authentic love songs none the less. In the early poems there was often a note of wistfulness; but in all the mature work it is calm and sweet fruition, a deep but scarcely ruffled music. Once again domesticity dominates; as in *House and Home* and the *Country Lover* the sea surges toward harbor lights. For sundered lovers, staggering separately the long Via Crucis till paths converge at last—for lovers who must needs do battle in the dust and heat and darkness—for lovers bruised and broken by the pitiless waves of life—our poet has no word. But the *True Marriage* of hidden grace and manifest love, the union grown purer by long use and daily sacrifice, she has interpreted with delicate and exquisite fervor. As the song of sorrows borne together, *Any Wife,* a recent poem, is fitting complement to the earlier *Breast Knot.* There is indeed one poem in which a note of compelling passion rings; but this is a poem of death also, *The Ghost.* Once again the loved one is called back from the grave—back from the cold and darkness, into the firelit home. And the final stanza is magnificently dramatic—

> *Fear!* Is it fear of you,
> And on my breast your head?
> I shall but fear the dawning new,
> And the cocks both white and red!

The garden is primitive always, a sweet and childlike thing, with the lineaments of Eden still upon its face. That is why we have so insistently kept to the figure of the garden in dealing with Mrs. Hinkson's poetry. It, also, is fragrant and childlike: in style and viewpoint, too, it has become more artless with the years. It has the beautiful ingenuousness of maturity, not questioning but satisfied. Its music is determinately simple and naïve: deliciously simple in the better pieces, which, by-the-by, are almost always just more masterful, more spontaneous, more concentrated versions of the weaker ones. But simplicity, as Wordsworth proved, is a difficult grace to manage. The "simple life," save when exquisite choice has created simplicity, tends to become

the meager life; the professedly simple verse trembles upon the verge of crudity or commonplace. There is nothing inherently wrong about such phrases as "Everyone knew you, everyone loved you"—"The longer I've lost you the more I miss you:" but it is hard to render them poetic, because they are saturated and blurred with the breath of everyday usage. There are other expressions, like the "nurseries of heaven," which fail of effect because they have become identified with another and a master voice. Mrs. Hinkson has written eleven volumes of verse, along with an enormous production of prose work. It would be incredible, within such space, if she had not proved at moments reminiscent, both of herself and others. Gardens also are repetitional; gardens are over-productive; and left to themselves create a magnificent harvest of weeds. All this is merely pointing out that the richer the soil, the more certain is the garden to have need of a pruning fork.

And Katharine Tynan's garden has, in all truth, been rich: in sympathy, in variety, in those rarer virtues of sincerity and idealized realism. Her poetry is highly emotional, but not, for the most part, stirred by the profundities of passion or conviction. It knows little of conflict. It is gentle, gracious, intensely personal. When it reaches out to experiences as old and as large as humanity, it does so by the simple right of having lived and felt one life sensitively. There is no effort of the poet to "project" her soul—to speak oracularly or vicariously. Indeed, she is no lover of abstractions in divine or human things. There is little in her work of what we are fond of calling Celtic other-worldliness: a thing beloved of poet and dreamer, not unknown, perhaps, to peasant or beggar; but no whit more real, and not one-tenth as general as Celtic domesticity. There is no more home-making race on earth than the Irish, and the Irishman as lover (not in any precise sense mystical!) has become a fable to the nations. In this engaging sense Mrs. Hinkson's poetry is Celtic enough! One of its dominating notes has been the love of Ireland—another has been the love of motherhood—a third the love of God. It is a very good triangle: almost as good and fair and comforting as the little, immortal shamrock itself. And everyone with a flash of Celtic fire will cry out upon the critic that we shall be hard put to better that!

BERGSON AND FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

HITHERTO the upholders and the opponents of free will have understood each other fairly well. There has been no doubt as to the point at issue. But in M. Bergson's philosophy, as we have seen, the intellect is not considered the supreme judge and guide in conduct. Bergson's conceptions of space and time and flow and intuition have changed all this.

Before coming to real grips with M. Bergson it will be necessary to say a word or two on the universally accepted doctrine of free will. Free will implies two things: an intellectual light, and a volition freely exerted by the agent, which is not a necessary result of his nature or environment.

The function of his intelligence is to weigh evidence. And since there are two sides to every question, there must be motives drawing him to either side. But the weightier motive is not sufficient to force his will in any one way. Probably he will follow the weightier motive, and an outsider knowing all the circumstances, might foretell with probability which course he would take. But he could not foretell with certainty, because the freedom inherent in the will defies exact calculation.

M. Bergson's first mistake is in supposing that the question of freedom confines itself either to determination by necessary causes or to an entire absence of motives. There is a middle course. The will is influenced to a certain extent by evidence duly weighed by the intellect, but it is not absolutely determined by it.

The primary testimony of freedom is a strict intuition. If we look into ourselves, and place ourselves between two alternatives, say to take up one book or another, or to take up a book or leave it alone, we see immediately without discursive reasoning that we are able to choose. Moreover, this consciousness of being able to choose freely is present before, during, and after the act.

This consciousness of freedom, so universal in mankind, and the responsibility universally attached to human acts, prove conclusively that freedom must be considered one of the essential features of human nature.

We are, now, in a position to approach M. Bergson's treatment of it. The determinists say that intellectual light destroys freedom, since it acts as a determining motive. M. Bergson says that they are right if we allow the intellect to be a motive at all. Therefore, to save freedom from the hands of the determinists, we must, according to Bergson, seek for it elsewhere than in the choice between two alternatives apprehended by the intellect. He proposes to find it in the very rare creative acts which are the expression of man's whole personality. And this is how he arrives at his conclusion.

The great bugbear which bars the way to a solution of the problem is space. Psychic states pertain to real time, the all-important flowing "now," whereas space does not. Time flown may be represented by spatial pictures, but not time flowing. An act of freedom is a supreme psychic state; therefore it cannot be measured, nor compared with alternative courses proposed by the intellect.*

About two-thirds of the volume treating particularly of this subject, is devoted to the attempt to show that psychic states are not subject to the laws of mathematics and geometry, or, in other words, that if they can be said to be greater or less, the difference is one of intensity and not of extensity. When I am sorry my sorrow is neither square nor round, and when I am glad my gladness is neither seven nor eight. If we attach magnitude to psychic states, it is only because the intellect, being normally at home with solids, uses analogies of spatial magnitude to represent that which has no space and no measurement. Psychic states simply endure in an unceasing flow, and consequently any intellectual or pictorial representation of them is entirely inadequate to the reality, and is but an artificial device for the practical purposes of life.

> We should, therefore, distinguish two forms of multiplicity; two very different ways of regarding duration; two aspects of conscious life. Below homogeneous duration, which is the extensive symbol of true duration, a close psychological analysis distinguishes a duration whose heterogeneous moments permeate one another; below the self with well-defined states, a self in which *succeeding each other* means *melting into one another* and forming an organic whole. But we are generally content with the first, *i. e.*, with the shadow of the self projected into homogeneous space. Consciousness goaded by an insatiable desire to separate, substitutes the symbol for the reality,

**Time and Free Will*, xix.

> or perceives the reality only through the symbol. As the self thus refracted, and thereby broken to pieces, is much better adapted to the requirements of social life in general and language in particular, consciousness prefers it, and gradually loses sight of the fundamental self.*

If we are to observe where freedom lies, so it is contended, we must ever turn our eye on these two aspects of self. The surface self which is intellectual and static must be subject to the laws of science, and consequently cannot be free. Whereas the fundamental self, being independent of space, independent of laws, independent of intellect, must be free. In this fluid, fundamental self lies the kinetic action of the whole soul: the gathering up of the whole of the life force.

It is not necessary to associate a number of conscious states in order to rebuild the person, for, according to M. Bergson, the whole personality is in a single one of them, provided that we know how to choose it. Such a manifestation of this inner state will be a free act, since the self alone has been the author of it, and since it will express the whole of the self. Freedom, thus understood, is not absolute, as a radically libertarian philosophy would have it; it admits of degrees. Many people, M. Bergson asserts, do not allow all their experiences to sink down into this fundamental self. In fact the chosen ones are very few. "Free acts are exceptional even on the part of those who are most given to controlling and reasoning out what they do." M. Bergson goes so far as to say that an act which is the result of this bubbling up of what he calls the inner life, even though the same be unreasonable, may be a free act. In fact it would be difficult to exaggerate the extent to which in Bergson's philosophy reason is prostituted.†

With Bergson the force which is supposed to rise up and burst into freedom is composed indiscriminately of feelings and ideas. He states that we have two selves at variance with each other. And most important of all he gives the palm of freedom to blind inclination in preference to intellectual vision. All this, it is calmly assumed, is our highest and noblest life, the very quintessence of a life spent in forming a happy and honorable character.

When intellect and space have been excluded from the process, when the free act has been placed in the fluid "now," when the faculty by which it is perceived is declared to be only feeling,

**Time and Free Will*, p. 128. †*Ibid.*, p. 167.

there must necessarily arise some difficulty in defining what freedom is. M. Bergson says quite frankly that it is indefinable. If he attempted to define it, he would crystallize it, and at once thereby concede the whole case to the determinists. He must, therefore, keep the concept nebulous. Clearness is static, whilst nebulosity is always shifting.

A very strange and significant admission on the part of a philosopher to say he is unable to define his terms. It is an admission that he is cornered. We must retrace his steps to see where he went wrong, and how he became thus cornered.

According to evolutionary philosophy, the initial thrust of creative evolution has evolved man as we know him. Various branches of life have bifurcated. Intellect is but a development of sensation. Intellect and sensation, therefore, are always radically the same thing. Intellect is always extended. Hence M. Bergson is beset with the difficulty of trying to escape extension.

If he had admitted at the beginning, as the schoolmen do, that there is an essential difference between intellect and sensation, he would not thus have impaled himself. St. Thomas states this position so delicately and clearly that we cannot do better than repeat his words. He seems almost to have foreseen the speculations of M. Bergson.

> Distance in place ordinarily affects sense, not intellect, except incidentally, where intellect has to gather its data from sense. For while there is a definite law of distance, according to which sensible objects affect sense, terms of intellect, as they impress the intellect, are not in *place,* but are separate from bodily matter. .....Terms of intellect are as independent of time as they are of place. Time follows upon local motion, and measures such things only as are in some manner placed in space.....Time is a condition of our intellectual activity, since we receive knowledge from phantasms that regard a fixed time. Hence to its judgments, affirmative and negative, our intelligence always appends a fixed time, *except when it understands the essence of a thing.* It understands essence by abstracting terms of understanding from the conditions of sensible things: hence in that operation it understands irrespectively of time and other conditions of sensible things.*

Here St. Thomas puts the operations of the intellect beyond both space and time. Had M. Bergson not been obsessed by radical evolutionism, he need not have written the first two long

**Contra Gentiles,* Lib. II., Cap. XCVI.

chapters of his *Time and Free Will.* The free act is essentially independent of time and space. We grant him that, not because fluid time is not space, but because the acts of the intellect are simple, spiritual, unextended acts, and, therefore, essentially beyond time and space.

The intellect thus rescued from the necessitous bonds of sensation is rescued from all determinist danger. When M. Bergson confuses intellect with sensation, he first concedes with the right hand to the determinist that which he afterwards tries to take away with the left. There is no need for these contortions. The intellect is essentially distinct from sense. Our consciousness tells us that we are able to think universal concepts which are beyond the limitations of sense. We can *picture,* for instance, with the imagination an individual man, and such an individual must have a definite size and shape. But we can also *think* of the universal concept "man" which has no definite size or shape. If the intellect is essentially independent of time and space, it can provide a spiritual motive for the will which can influence the will without forcing it.

Even those of us who hold the traditional doctrine of free will, need to be constantly on our guard against misunderstanding the use of the word "motive." We need constantly to remind ourselves that when we speak of the spirit we must needs do so in terms of the flesh. These terms are analogical, and are not quite adequate for their purpose. When we speak of motive power applied by one spiritual faculty to another, it is not the same kind of motive power as that which is applied by a sledge hammer to a wedge. One is vital and spiritual, whilst the other is mechanical and material. The latter is of its nature necessitous, whilst the former of its nature is free.

This confusion has constrained M. Bergson to deny freedom to acts which hitherto have been considered free, and to attribute freedom to acts which may or may not be free.

His continued attempt to obscure the intellectual life by an appeal to life as a whole, really an appeal to the whole life minus intellect, reaches the height of the picturesque when M. Bergson tries to explain away our deliberation between two courses of action.

> In reality there are not two tendencies, or even two directions, but a self which lives and develops by means of its very hesitations, until the free action drops from it like an overripe fruit.*
>
> **Time and Free Will,* p. 176.

Our first criticism of the foregoing doctrine will be an appeal to that very consciousness of living upon which M. Bergson depends so much. He appeals to that consciousness, and rightly so too, for evidence that some of our acts are free. But does not consciousness announce the possibility of choosing an alternative? Does not consciousness announce the same thing equally before, during, and after the act which is in fact chosen? If consciousness does not announce this, it announces nothing at all.

Nor is M. Bergson any better off if we appeal to discursive reasoning. To what sort of acts are praise and blame attached? For what acts is a person held responsible, for the deliberate ones or the impulsive ones?

Take a prisoner who is charged with the capital offence. Let time and space enter very much into his deed. Let him be known to have traversed continents, to have taken weeks and months to mature his crime. Let him pass through all those acts which are indicative of intellectual deliberation. Let all this be proved against him, and any jury will find him guilty without any recommendation to mercy. On the other hand, let him be known to have acted on the impulse of passion. Let him be known to be subject to brain-storms, those sudden outbursts of elemental passion, jealousy, anger, and the like. Let it be proved that he acted without deliberation. Let it be shown that the beginning and the end of the process was in the fluid "now" (or "then"). The jury would undoubtedly hesitate to pronounce him guilty. It would declare rather that he was devoid of the intellectual light necessary for freedom.

Or take a case of a great act, done at a crisis in a man's life, which the world praises; let us say the conversion of Newman. Undoubtedly that act was the sum total of his past life, surface life as well as fundamental. Undoubtedly influences were at work which he had forgotten. But then his mind was able to summarize his past thought. His will had formed volitional habits ever tending Godwards. And long years after the act he was able to go back on his past life and record the chief of the reasons which had urged him onward. He was able to write a whole book, which was in the strictest sense of the word an *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. And who shall say that reason does not predominate in every line of it? Yet it is not for the reasons which he gives that the world admires him. There are thousands upon thousands who admire his act whilst profoundly disagreeing with its reasons.

It is because he acted in deference to conscience, because he could have remained where he was, but freely preferred to follow the "kindly light."

Then what shall we say of those whose past life has been one of sin, and who suddenly become converted. Sin implies a direction away from God, whilst conversion implies the very opposite. We may take either St. Paul or St. Augustine or some of those non-Catholic varieties quoted by Professor William James. Are the free actions of these men to be compared with the fall of an over-ripe fruit? The whole trend and growth of the character of Paul had been towards the persecution of others. Then when the light suddenly came, he was able to turn right about and begin an entirely new life. Self-development along the old lines would only have taken him further and further away from the free life which was afterwards to be such a joy to him.

St. Augustine has left us an account* of passions tending to determine him one way and of freely fighting against them. But he requires time and space and something else. An outside free Power must raise and accentuate his own freedom.

Then outside Catholicism there is the case which Newman describes as "the almost miraculous conversion and subsequent life of Colonel Gardiner."† Professor James speaks of it as "the classic case of Colonel Gardiner," the man who was cured of sexual temptation in a single hour. To Mr. Spears the Colonel said: "I was effectually cured of all inclination to that sin I was so strongly addicted to, that I thought nothing but shooting me through the head could have cured me of it; and all desire and inclination to it was removed, as entirely as if I had been a suckling child; nor did the temptation return to this day."‡ Mr. Webster's words on the same subject are these: "One thing I have heard the Colonel frequently say, that he was much addicted to impurity before his acquaintance with religion; but that so soon as he was enlightened from above, he felt the power of the Holy Ghost changing his nature so wonderfully that his sanctification in this respect seemed more remarkable than in any other."§

In presenting these examples, let us beware of a possible Bergsonian retort that these lives were one continuous flow, and that conversion was but a curve in the direction. The question we are dealing with at present is not the flow but the freedom. M.

*_Confessions_, Book VI., ch. xi. †_Difficulties of Anglicans_, vol. i., p. 91.
‡_Varieties of Religious Experience_, p. 269. §_Ibid._

Bergson places freedom in the gathering up and bursting of a particular kind of life. But if this were true, then a sinful course of life ought to fructify in sin, and the free act should be a sinful act falling from the sinner like over-ripe fruit. But in the cases just quoted, it is precisely the contrary which happens. The act of conversion, instead of being the ripe fruit of past conduct, is the beginning of a new life. The continuum is broken. The new life is discontinuous from the old, being of an entirely different order. Nay it is the very discontinuity which is counted as meritorious. The freedom and responsibility was present, for the world does not praise where there is no responsibility. Nor does the presence of grace, admitted in all three cases, lessen the responsibility or deprive the agents of merit.

It remains for us now to do for M. Bergson that which he has declined to do for himself, namely, to define his so-called freedom.

The only vestige of freedom which he has retained is the name. The thing itself he has utterly sponged out from his method. The thing which he calls freedom is the act which is the result of all the powers of the soul. This might possibly be a free act if all the powers of the soul were reviewed by the intelligence, and under intellectual light found expression through the will. But then, on the other hand, M. Bergson excludes the intellectual light. On one page he asks for the activity of the whole soul, whilst on the next page it is the whole soul minus intelligence which he requires.

The difference between the Bergsonian crisis and the old determinist crisis is like that between the crisis of the modern motor car and the old stagecoach. If the old stagecoach went smash, why there you were. But if the modern motor car goes smash, why where are you? The brute beasts act in response to their whole souls. When the tiger is enraged, the whole gamut of his feelings are actuated, and his resolve falls from his individuality like over-ripe fruit. And if we exclude the deliberations of the intellect from resolutions of man, the "whole soul" which is left is precisely similar to that of the tiger. So this is the definition which we must impose on Bergsonian freedom—sheer animal impulse.

Indeed, in his later work he seems to accept this conclusion:

> We have already said that animals and vegetables must have separated soon from their common stock, the vegetable falling

> asleep in immobility, the animal, on the contrary, becoming more and more awake, and marching on to the conquest of a nervous system. Probably the effort of the animal kingdom resulted in creating organisms still very simple, but endowed with a certain freedom of action, and, above all, with a shape so undecided that it could lend itself to any future determination. These animals may have resembled some of our worms.....*

In this case there is no difference whatever between freedom and necessity. Determinism triumphs, but in the name of freedom.

It is not difficult to see the effect of this philosophy on other manifestations of the time-spirit of which it is itself the outcome. If this new concept of freedom be true, then the doctrine of man's self-perfectibility is absolute and final, mere sensation is the norm of morality, and man is locked up for ever in pure subjectivism. The new thing does not show itself under these ugly names, but clothes itself with such terms as "self-realization;" "enhancement of life;" "living out one's own nature."

Looked at more closely, the new thing is found to be composed chiefly of the three appetites: for gold, sex, and independence, respectively. When the *élan vital* appears as the lust for gold, it sets up the banner of freedom of contract. If it can only play upon, or rather prey upon, the poor man's need of bread, it ignores all sense of the real thing, freedom. Lust determines the signature of the contract on the one part, and hunger determines the signature of the contract on the other.

When the vital impulse thrusts itself onward under the form of sexual appetite, it does so in the name of love. It even counts as immoral any attempt to keep this love within any constraining limits of law. "He who feels strongly enough," writes Ellen Key, "does not ask himself whether he has a right to that feeling —he is so enlarged by his love that he feels the life of humanity is enlarged by him." The pity is that those who adopt such teaching find out their mistake when it is too late. The surrender to erotic excitement is the passing from personal liberty into abject slavery, and there is no need to describe further the lamentable results of it.

When the creative evolution expands as the lust for independence, there is no sphere of life that it may not vitiate. Everywhere law is needed to protect personal freedom from the intrusion

**Creative Evolution*, p. 136.

of undue determining forces. But the lust for independence is impatient of all law. Independence, therefore, is the great enemy of freedom. If freedom is to reign, the lust for independence must be kept within the bounds of reason. And this must be done immediately and constantly, for the more the passion is allowed independence the more it grows in intensity, and the less reason and will are exercised in controlling it so much the weaker do these faculties become. The appetites for gold, sex, and independence are not bad things in themselves. They are the spontaneous motor forces which are designed to carry on the existence of the race. But lest they should be dissipated in aimless diffusion, laws are needed to economize them.

We cordially agree, therefore, with M. Bergson that the whole problem of free will harks back to the question: Is time space? We agree with him that time is not space. But we profoundly disagree with him in divorcing time from space as he does. They are indissolubly wedded together. And I speak here not merely of space and time-flown, but of space and time-flowing. Flowing time has no meaning unless there be moving bodies with which to measure it. But space is an essential quality of moving bodies. Space, therefore, is wanted to give definition to what would otherwise be a vague and nebulous idea of flowing time.

Nay the problem rather harks further back to the most elementary question of all: Is "being" identical with "becoming?" It is not. But "being" is needed for "becoming." Before we can treat of "becoming" as a reality at all, we must first satisfy ourselves that it *is*.

Similarly must we run this metaphysical principle through the whole course of our reasoning. As "being" is wanted for "becoming," so is the static wanted for the kinetic, so is space wanted for time, so is reason wanted for will, so is authority wanted for autonomy, and so is law wanted for freedom. Yes, even in the simplest acts of free will some laws must be observed. Even if it be such a simple choice as to whether I shall stand up or sit down, law must be taken into account. It will not do for me to yield to any inclination whatsoever and tumble about anywhere. I must reckon with the law of gravity, for instance, and the equilibrium of forces. Otherwise I might sit down to my unexpected discomfiture.

GREEN BAGS AND GREEN RIBBONS.

BY KATHERINE G. KENNEDY.

ROM England, eh?" said Mr. Joseph Carney; his appraising eye noting the weathered state of Willett's clothes. "You're a long way from home then."

"It seems a longer way than it is, since I've been walking about trying to find a place. It's very difficult for a stranger."

"I suppose so." Mr. Carney's tone indicated that he hoped it might be difficult for such a trampish-looking fellow to find a place in a law firm.

"I've had the best of training, sir, and experience too, both in chambers and at the bar. I can be of use to you I know."

Mr. Joseph Carney grunted as he strained his vigorous mind to a point of decision. Heaven knows he needed help, Parker down with pneumonia, and the Brandon case coming to trial in a week's time, but he did not want a vagabond Englishman. The fellow had no recommendations, and he looked like a tramp; besides Mr. Joseph Carney did not like an Englishman. Mr. Joseph Carney was an Irishman; not, be it noted, the Irishman one finds in books. There was not the least likelihood of Mr. Joseph Carney slapping the back of a shabby coat or striking palms fraternally with its humble occupant. Mr. Carney, the attorney, was a man of standing in his profession, and he displayed his warmest favor toward good tailoring and clean linen.

For a moment he stood hesitating, his tall figure silhouetted against the snowstorm beyond the window. Then he turned to Willett, thin-lipped, stern-browed, and grudgingly surrendered. "I'll try you for a week," he said, and rang the bell. Craig gravely responded. He hung Willett's hat in the corner closet, unearthed a load of papers from the files for his benefit, and laid them on Parker's desk.

Kate Desmond, returning a half hour later from the luncheon she had enjoyed on the eleventh floor of a neighboring department store, found Willett working as busily and tranquilly at Parker's desk as though it had been his accustomed location for years. She regarded him with silent interest, while she shook the snow

from her hat and coat and hung them up. As she opened the little gate to enter the part of the large room which was railed off from the clerks, she caught Craig's eye. He nodded toward Willett with a whimsical smile, which seemed to say, "See what I got for you while you were gone." Kate puckered her brow into an expressive half inquiry, half surprise, and hurried to her place. She inserted a sheet of paper into the typewriter with a click and a slide, and immediately a shower of taps filled the room with its monotonous song.

Outside the fall of wet sodden snow had been followed by rain, and a rising wind that blew it in sheets down the channels of streets.

Mr. Joseph Carney pushed open the door of the inner sanctum, and gladdened his sight for a moment with the picture of industry which his little group of drones presented. He waited until Willett looked up, and then called him in. As he disappeared Craig turned in his chair and whistled; Kate trailed a glance over her shoulder, and the typewriter song slowed up and stopped.

"Woman, dear," cried Craig in a voice comically husky, "d'ye r'alize what's befallen us?"

"Who is he?" she asked ignoring his broad humor.

Craig assumed a lofty tone. "'Tis he the enemy," he asserted, summoning all his dramatic powers to enliven the speech he had spent the last half hour composing. "He who spilt your sires' blood at Drogheda and Wexford, and who tried to stifle freedom at Bunker Hill and Lexington, is even now amongst us."

"An Englishman, but how did he come in here?"

"That," answered Craig still using the heroic style, "is a story of discovery, adventure, and conquest. The beginning of it is that the old man received word an hour ago that Parker's cold had developed into pneumonia, and the news threw him into a fit; the suits against the foundry being already on the calendar, and a call to the Court of Appeals expected in the near future. He called me in, and briefly gave me the job of finding a first-class man to fill Parker's place immediately. There was no use to reason with him. He was beyond such treatment, so I started out to find the impossible. I went first to the law school, but as I met the jostling, gibbering crowd coming out, I turned back in despair. I happened to think that the law librarian might know someone, and went speedily over to the library. I almost knocked a man down when I opened the door suddenly, and as I turned to apologize he

button-holed me. He was an experienced barrister, he explained, lately from England, and was looking for a position in this land of free opportunity. I did not notice that he looked like a member of the bread line, or the snow shovellers' union, until I got out on the street with him. Then I would have been glad to lose him, but he hung close to me, and talked cheerfully while he splashed along in a leaky pair of shoes.

"Probably he isn't a lawyer at all," said Kate.

"You are wrong there, Katherine," returned Craig gravely. "He is all he claims, and more yet."

"How can *you* tell?"

"By the look of him, or rather by the look he wore when he went in to see Carney. You see before I reached the office door, I had concluded that he would look a mighty foolish proposition to the old man, so I decided to defer explaining until after he had been ejected. I pushed open the door, announced him by name, and then turned to tell my shabby discovery to walk in. It was then I realized his size and quality, and as he stepped in I distinctly felt that he would not come out until he chose. He wore an expression that was as cheerful as it was compelling, and seemed to assert that wearing shabby clothes was his own chosen peculiarity—a thing to be smiled at in a man of manner and bearing."

"It must have been a strong expression to induce Carney to accept such a shabby looking fellow." Kate was not entirely satisfied by Craig's explanation of the miracle that had taken place in her absence.

"Well, it might not have succeeded another time," reflected Craig more coolly, "but you see this morning the old man was worried, and in his perplexity he lost sight of the fact that he was counselor for the diocese."

"He was so sunk in the blues that he forgot the purple," laughed Kate.

"Exactly, and yet more, for he forgot the green as well. No officer in the Irish League should be found hobnobbing with an Englishman, but that's the dramatic point," he chuckled. "Think of it! A copy of the resolutions endorsing John Redmond reposes in the very desk the Briton uses."

The entrance of a couple of black-shirted moulders, who had come up to give evidence in the Brandon case, interrupted the laugh which Craig had provoked. As they passed in to see Carney,

the new clerk came out, and Kate gave him her unmeasured attention in an effort to see what had reconciled the chief to any thing so dishevelled in appearance. She saw a slender figure that was not tall, and a pair of masterful blue eyes filled with eager interest. He unloaded an armful of books on to his desk, and spoke to Craig. "There's nothing better than the chance to handle a nice bit of law." His English voice was pleasantly modulated, and he enunciated well, cutting his t's out clear and sharp.

Craig responded with a glance of approval that was almost paternal, and turned to introduce him to Kate, but she, in a mood of feminine perversity, had turned her back, and descended on the keys before her with two swift strong hands that drowned his voice in a crescendo of taps.

Craig shook his head over his lost opportunity. Kate shook hers later, for when she was leaving the office she came upon him talking to the Englishman in a corner of the corridor, and burrowing in his pockets as he talked. "The usual way," she mused bitterly. "The English have always made the Irish pay for the unsought privilege of their society." She decided then that Craig had fallen into the hands of an adventurer, and she would make that fact plain to him on the morrow. But the following morning was filled with feverish haste, pressing work, and the confusing element of many clients coming and going through the office. In the afternoon, when things were quieter, an incident occurred which changed her purpose in a peculiar way. She had been working with Craig on a case for appeal, and Willett had been continually in the room; curiously, however, he had not as yet addressed a word to her, although he seemed sufficiently sociable to Craig. After a time Carney called him, and when he returned he summoned Kate in the following words, "Mr. Carney wishes to see the typist."

Kate blazed a look at him which swept the length of his pitiful attire, from his half-soiled collar to his cracked boots, but his honest innocence saved him from withering. It was Craig who reddened and looked embarrassed, and it was Craig who became confused in his effort to present to him the enviable standing of the business woman in America. The Englishman in turn was pathetically humble in his apologies, for it was plain to one of far duller perception that Craig had arrived at a state of mind where Kate's approval was a necessity in all things from briefs to button-hole bouquets.

They both looked up a bit nervously as that young lady re-

turned to the room. But one glance restored content where it should have awakened suspicion. For the fact that a nature of uncommon honesty is apt to descend to duplicity under the strain of sentimental relations, was well proved by the expression of cheerful unconcern with which Kate covered her indignation. For the first time since his advent, she chose to be sociable toward Willett. Indeed she became quite chatty, and led him to describe the splendor of the English courts, while she sat a solemn picture of mocking attention. "And you used to wear a gown, too, and have your papers carried to court for you in a green bag?" she asked artlessly. "And here's Jimmie who often carries the sacred things in his pockets." But Jimmie did not join in the laugh. Somehow he did not enjoy Kate in the rôle she was playing of the ignorant little typist; besides he was intensely interested in Willett. He found himself constantly speculating about him. Why had he left England? Why, when so well-equipped for success in a profession, was he here a penniless stranger? Delicacy forbade inquiry, but from his few irrelevant remarks Jimmie got the idea Willett had already tasted success and prestige.

England became the topic of the day; and as Willett gradually progressed from impersonal subjects like London, cabs, and the English elective system to more human interests, Desdemona giving ear to the More was a pattern of inattention beside Craig. "If he says 'when I was at Oxford or at the Temple,' Jimmie drops his jaw and goes into a trance," grumbled Kate. Her imagination seldom strayed across the Irish Channel. What mattered Oxford to one who was studying Gaelic, and who could fit half the people of her parish to their proper Irish counties? What mattered England at all to a Desmond; humble though the relic be of the proud Geraldines and Earls of Desmond? Such romantic attachments naturally hindered Kate from developing complete sympathy toward a shabby English lawyer; and she was therefore wickedly pleased when the Little Corporal's visit revealed Willett in a new and unpleasant light to Craig. This happened a week later, and on a day uncommonly fair for Willett's future.

It was the morning after a free and independent jury had awarded a splendid sum of money to Joseph Carney's client in the Brandon suit, and accordingly that distinguished and successful lawyer left the remote and exalted region back of the ground glass door, and came forth to receive the congratulations of his employees.

With hands thrust deep in his pockets, and eyes that beamed through his gold-rimmed glasses, he lounged contentedly against a table while he recalled the fine points he had made in examination or summing up. The light of his countenance was reflected in the faces around him, for all had worked uncommonly hard, and, besides, Willett and Craig had assisted in court. And to good purpose too, for it was a question scribbled eagerly by Willett, and sent to the old man at a crucial moment, which ripped open the breach and sent the defense to a disastrous defeat. After Carney had done sufficient honor to himself, he acknowledged this benefit quite handsomely. "And the paper you sent up held a charge of dynamite, Willett. I half believe it did the trick." Even Kate was warmed for a moment by the glance of deep-eyed appreciation which accompanied Willett's words of acknowledgment. The flush which spread above his wide-set eyes dispelled the look of caution he usually wore, and for this moment he seemed boyish.

Kate, however, was not the sort that parted weakly with a prejudice, and she turned with a feeling of relief toward the little group that entered the door just then. Carney's fashionable daughter and small son were but a step in front of the oddest little figure in the forty-six States of the Union. A silk hat that had grown on a primeval block, and an old frock coat attired a little wizened, bright-eyed man, who displayed a shining row of false teeth as he greeted Carney.

"Good morning, counselor. Rejoicing you are, I see, at the fine lot of money the court gave you yesterday."

"Rejoicing's the word, Jerry O', and good cause to rejoice at the sight of yourself coming in with your pocket full of interest money." The little old man laughed, and waved a deprecating hand toward the Carney family as they retreated toward the inner room. He then seated himself beside Kate, who had been appointed guardian of his monthly business. He removed a package of receipted bills from the crown of his old hat, and a bulging envelope from his breast pocket, and transferred them cautiously to her care. The social part of his visit was interrupted by the little boy, who ran rapturously out to tell Kate that his mother had permitted him to stay awhile, and could he "play" on her typewriter.

Gathering up the papers as the old man left, she laid them in the right-hand drawer of her table, and turned a smiling face

toward the child. The Little Corporal he was called in recognition of his Napoleonic face. He stood now a picture of fair-haired grace in his belted suit of blue cloth, and watched Kate as she fed the typewriter a clean sheet of paper, and placed a book on the seat of the chair. He then scrambled up, elated at the chance to try this new and wonderful machine. Craig jibed at him happily, as he gravely and timidly tapped the keys with his little fingers; and Kate stood about and waited upon him, removing the paper for examination every time he requested it. But he ignored them both when the "letter" he was writing was finished. Wriggling off the chair he took it straight to Willett, who had paid not the slightest attention to his presence. With the sweet fearlessness of a child who has known naught but smiles, he stationed himself between the stranger's knees and chattered about the "letter." It was to his father who had gone to "Noo Ork," and it was about "the wat they 'catched' in their wat trap." "Let me up," he demanded, "and I'll read it to you," and forthwith attempted to climb on Willett's knee. "Dear daddy," he commenced, when a rude hand thrust him down, and Willett stood up with wild eyes and ashen face. He stood for a moment hesitating, then quickly seized his hat and left the room.

"The man is crazy," stammered Craig, standing up by his chair from sheer force of reflected excitement. But Kate did not answer; the pain-filled eyes and trembling lip of the little boy engrossed her attention. She proved the worth of her sympathy by not showing it, but instead said the cheering word that prevented the flood of tears he was trying to withstand. "I believe you scared that man, Corporal. Did you see him run away?" The gaiety of her tone was contagious. But a moment the little fellow hesitated between sunshine and rain, and then his baby laugh rang out. "I chased him," he boasted, and returned to Kate, who reseated him at the typewriter before she even looked at Craig.

"Well, what do you think of that?" ejaculated that astonished individual.

"What's the use of trying to think about it," she answered with irritating calmness. "If we are going to take in common vagrants, we ought to expect surprises and mysteries too."

"A common vagrant," repeated Craig with hostile emphasis. "Anyone can see that the man is a gentleman."

Kate's approval was necessary for Craig's happiness it is

true, but it is also true that he was not the grasping sort that demanded happiness at all times.

Joseph Carney at this point interrupted, what promised to be a spirited quarrel, by appearing and carrying off his small grandchild to luncheon. A moment later Willett returned. He appeared quite restored to his usual good humor by his absence, and tactfully began to discuss the wonders of their great country. "Fancy," he began, "a country where carpets are laid in a laboring man's cottage! I was in such a one yesterday, and I can't get over it." Craig answered him pleasantly enough, but what he said was of no importance, in fact nothing anybody said was of the least importance, until Kate discovered that Jerry O's money was gone. And then she did not say anything. No, indeed, she was too breathless in her effort to find the precious envelope. She tore the contents of her desk apart, hysterically at first, and then calming down by sheer force of will, she went over the contents with deliberate leisure. She made several trips to the safe besides, and pulled apart boxes she had not been near in weeks, before Craig noticed that something had gone wrong.

"Are you exercising for health or recreation?" he asked dryly, as Kate made her third dash for the safe; but the smile died on his face as he encountered her wild eyes.

"Jerry O's money is gone," she gasped. Craig stared and Willett swung around in his chair. Silence reigned for the space of a moment, and then Willett begged with trembling eagerness, "You look for it, Craig. She has lost her head."

I do not know whether to blame the irritation of the moment, or to go deeper and blame the centuries of oppression her people had endured from his, for Kate's hard words that follow: "'Twould do better for *you* to look, Mr. Willett. Suppose you begin at your breast pocket," she said.

The hot blood surged through his face as he grasped the arms of his chair, and partly rose. Then he settled back again, pallid and spent. He still grasped the chair with tight fingers, but the blazing light of challenge had died out of his eyes when he again stood up.

"I'll do better. I'll let you look, Miss Desmond," he said almost amiably. Then when he saw her turn away, he pulled his pockets inside out and spoke to Craig. "If I'm suspected I can't afford to stay. I'm a stranger and penniless, and the best way is to be off again."

Before Craig could finds words to reply he was at the door. "There'll be snow to shovel to-morrow," he announced bitterly as he passed out.

Craig and Kate stood looking intently at the door long after it shut. And many weary hours they were destined to spend looking at that door in the future, for the money was found in the morning, but Willett did not come back. Joseph Carney returned it with the blandest of smiles. His daughter had found it in the Little Corporal's breeches pocket when she put him to bed. "The little rascal needed an envelope for his daddy's letter, and he took a good one," he explained with a proud chuckle.

But Kate did not chuckle. She turned her humiliated face toward Craig. "You have his address, haven't you, Jimmie?" she asked gravely.

"No, I haven't his address."

"You haven't?" she echoed, "then how will we find him?"

"I don't know," said Craig sadly. "I don't suppose we can find him, and its inhuman weather too."

Kate turned gloomy eyes toward the street, where the people cowered under the double lash of an icy wind and snow. The sight stirred her to action. She must find him. She had driven him out and branded him a thief, and it was her most pressing duty to bring him back. At noon she inserted an advertisement in the evening paper, and on the morn she watched the office door with dog-like intentness. It seemed to her that the weather was never so dreary, the winds more bitingly cold than in the days that followed Willett's departure.

Day after day she watched the door open and shut, but the shabby young man with the blue, bevel-looking eyes did not come back. Then she began to call the rescue missions on the telephone, and to leave a graphic description of Willett with them; to take her noontime walk in different unlovely sections of the city where signs of "rooms to let" spotted the windows; to increase daily her zeal in the effort to undo the wrong she had done. At this time the sight of piled-up food in restaurant windows gave her a sickening sense of guilt, and the touch of warm blankets on her own bed filled her with self-loathing.

The rush of work being disposed of, Joseph Carney had lost interest in the recovery of his clever clerk, and was placidly existing without him; Craig had accepted the inevitable, and had become a mere agent in the execution of Kate's orders. She alone

persevered in the effort to find Willett in those last wretched days of February. The earth was still fast in the grip of a winter famous for its bitterness, when one day she stood at the office window looking down at the opposite sidewalk. Its outer edge was piled waist high with a bank of snow, upon which the icy sleet was falling. A gang of laborers with picks and shovels came around the corner and fell to work. A small wiry man with yellow hair attracted Kate's attentive sight, and she called Jimmie, with a little tremble of anxiety in her voice.

"He wouldn't have the good luck to be among those fellows," explained Craig. "They belong to the Department of Public Works, and draw a steady salary." But he waited until he could get a look at the man in question, who turned out to be a hard-handed young Swede.

"Don't worry about him, Kate," he consoled her, "there was something bad in his life or he would not be adrift. Anyway he can blame his own rudeness to the Little Corporal for his trouble here. You had a good reason to dislike him."

"No, Jimmie, my cheap grade of patriotism is to blame. From the first I hated the idea of your taking in an Englishman. I kept asking myself what chance a penniless young Irishman with shabby clothes and a Dublin brogue would have in a London law office, and I thought I knew the answer. As if it mattered what the answer is! As if the Irish ever learned their manners out of English books! As if they were ever more Irish than when they held out hands to some poor defeated vagabond! Sure any weak-kneed idiot can be kind to the prosperous." Kate finished with a gesture toward her eyes, and Jimmie sat down in front of his calf-skin book with a distressed expression.

Life in the office had become as gray and drear as the wretched streets outside. Time was when the hours spent there were too few. When the conflicts waged in court were full of spirit. When the arriving client was delightfully absurd, and the departing left smiles and chuckles bubbling in his wake. But ten more such dismal days passed, and then in an hour of hopeless inactivity the spell was broken. The telephone emitted a halting call, and Kate reached for the receiver. "It's for Lawyer Craig," she said with a little mocking grimace. The message was one which often comes into a law office, and Craig reported it to Kate quite disinterestedly. A sick man at the corner of Water and Elm Streets wanted him in a hurry. But Kate was not disinterested.

"Do you suppose," she asked quickly, "that it might be his Lordship?"

"No, I do not suppose so. I suppose it's some sick sailor who wants to make his will," he replied impatiently as he started out.

He had trouble in finding the house, which was in the disorderly region of the harbor; a place full of saloons and sailor's lodgings. It was, as he thought, a sailor who had called him, but not for himself. No, he had called him for Willett; for Willett, desperately ill and tossing in partial delirium on the nasty little lodging house bed. The discovery stupefied Craig for a moment, and then slowly he reached the conclusion that he must get him out of this miserable place at once. He hurried out to call one of the hospitals, and order its ambulance. This seemed the most practical thing to do for a friendless stranger, and would have relieved the situation simply and at once if he had not encountered Kate Desmond as he stepped outside the door.

"I just couldn't wait till you got back," she explained.

"It's Willett all right," said he, "but the sickest man you ever saw. I'm going to call the ambulance, and get him into a hospital if I can."

"A hospital!" ejaculated Kate with horrified eyes. "O don't send him to a hospital, Jimmie."

"Then where shall I send him?" asked Craig.

The directness of the question disconcerted her for a mere moment. "Send him to our house. He'll die if he goes to a hospital."

Craig protested, and for several minutes they wrangled stubbornly, but in the end he called a carriage instead of an ambulance. And that was why the scene of Willett's battle with death was Kate's own square little room instead of the long hospital ward.

There was a moment of uncertainty when they faced Kate's bewildered mother. But that capable young woman cleared the situation speedily. She explained that her charge was "one of Carney's clerks," which opened up a channel of deep and friendly concern; that she wanted to save him from the dreaded hospital was perfectly reasonable to the mother, who shared Kate's opinion of such institutions. With surprising readiness she hurried to make ready the sick man's room. They carried him in, the driver and Craig, and laid him in a state of moaning stupor on the cool white bed.

"In heaven's name who is he?" It was the mother who

spoke, and Craig giving a lingering look at the features, which were handsome in spite of the feverish flush, and at the coat now horribly soiled and tattered, answered, "I wonder," as he tiptoed from the room.

And he found yet more reason to wonder. For Kate arriving late at the office in the morning was a far different person than the dispirited being he had known for weeks. She was filled with solicitude and generous concern; her eyes shone and her face glowed with a new warmth. "Willett had a fighting chance," the doctor said. "Horribly sick of course, but he was young, and his heart was all right. And they had been able to get such a splendid nurse; one who had been taking care of pneumonia all winter."

Jimmie appeared mildly interested. There was something disquieting, if not quite uncomfortable, in the thought of Willett in Kate's home. Her pity was so fully and so frequently expressed; and pity he well knew often developed into a thing dearer and more dangerous. She noticed his lack of concern, and gave him a quizzical glance as she drew his attention to a packet of letters she was putting away. "The doctor took them from Willett's pocket. He said I might find an address to let his people know if anything should happen." The quizzical expression deepened into a look of apprehension a moment later. She recalled Craig's former friendly interest in Willett, his satisfaction in the success he had made of Carney's work, and her spirits succumbed to a fit of profound depression. Jimmie realized how wicked she had been; how cruel; and his approval had turned to dislike. It was this conclusion that first caused the wall of gloomy reserve which daily increased between them. Conversation languished. To Craig's inquiries for Willett's condition she gave curt answers. "He was barely holding his own. There was danger of further complications. He did not respond to the treatment as they had hoped. They were having a consultation. No, he could do nothing to help." The days crept by like so many dirt-hued snails; and the time of the crisis for Willett at last arrived.

That wretched day Kate spent quite alone trying nervously to get a scrap or two of information through the telephone. Craig was out subpœnaing witnesses in a distant section of the city, and when he came back at three o'clock he was startled to find her dressed for the street. Her eyes were red from weeping, and her manner plainly excited. She had been sent for, she explained,

and in reply Craig struggled to express sympathy. For a moment jealousy was strangled by love; but it was only for a moment, for Kate's few words, as she picked up her purse with a trembling hand, restored the fiend to power. "Jimmy," she said, "pray that he doesn't die."

Craig did not reply, but opened the door for her with studied politeness, and she passed out. "Gone" was the one word he said as he closed it. He turned away overcome by discouragement and distaste. The sight had been too much for him. Kate the dependable, the practical, the direct, lovesick and hysterical over a vagabond she knew nothing about. "Gone" he again snorted, and kicked a book that had fallen to the floor. Carney calling him in to consult him could get no good of him, and was not slow to say so. He went home to eat no dinner, to toss sleeplessly about during most of the night, and then to over-sleep and be late in getting to work in the morning. When he reached the office door he stood a moment with his hand on the knob, the thought of seeing Kate again gave him a sickening sense of dread. That she would be unable to get away from home reassured him, and he pushed open the door.

But Kate was there. She sat near the window where a virile young sunbeam warmed the piled-up masses of her hair. A dress he had never before seen of a rich dark-blue drew out the warm tints of her face, and deepened the color of her eyes. She summoned him in her familiar tone of calm authority. "Come here. I've been waiting ages for you," she said. As he approached her she extended a shapely hand toward him, and her face wore the expression of smiling candor that belonged to the long ago.

He smiled weakly as he asked, "What is it all about, please?"

"It's about me. I'm not a murderer, Jimmie," she announced solemnly. "Willett is going to recover. And, Jimmie," she continued eagerly, "I know why he was so 'rude' to the Little Corporal?" With a swift movement of her hand she laid two papers on the table, one below the other. The first was a card lined off in little squares, and marked in tens and nines. It took but an instant for Craig to recognize a former companion. It was a scholar's report card, and below it lay a letter in the large round handwriting of a little child. It was dated three months back, and from one of the smaller cities in England. Craig's eyes grasped but two words of the message. They were, "Dear daddy." And then in surprise too great for words he turned to Kate. She

returned his astounded stare with a placid smile. "From his own little boy," she said.

"I thought he was dying yesterday, and I opened the packet of letters while you were away. Of course, I didn't read them, but in looking for a complete address I came across one from his wife, and, Jimmie, I could not help but see that she is *still proud* of him. And to think that he might have died!" Kate struggled with emotion and Craig succumbed to it. His voice sounded strange and tremulous as he said pleadingly, "I'd like to take your hand again, Katherine." She gave it to him readily, but tried speedily to withdraw it when she felt his left arm about her shoulders. She threw her hand protestingly against the breast of his overcoat, and as she did so she noticed the knot of green ribbon with which it was adorned. "What are you wearing this for?" she asked in a voice almost childish in its frank astonishment. Jimmie distracted for a moment lost his hold, and Kate escaped. When he turned to look he found her struggling into her coat.

"To think I forgot it, I was so taken up with the English," she grumbled.

"Where are you going?" demanded Craig.

"To church," she asserted boldly. "And if Carney needs me tell him to look for me at the cathedral. I'll be singing 'St. Patrick's Day' with the choir."

Craig picked up the little report card, and sinking to his chair examined it with a whimsical smile.

"And he's every bit as smart as his daddy," he said.

New Books.

THE SACRED SHRINE. A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn, Professor of Æsthetic and Modern Literature at the University of Finland, Helsingfors. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

The Sacred Shrine is a rigidly impartial examination of Catholic art and ceremonial by a non-Catholic professor, with a view to ascertaining "the state of mind which, unaltered in its main features, has laid the foundation of the æsthetic life of believing Catholics."

Modern art, he tells us, is mainly non-religious; primitive art, on the other hand, was almost wholly religious; but Catholic art is a something between the two, "a middle age which has survived into the twentieth century," which avoids alike the bald intellectualism of the puritan religions and the animistic materialism of those religions which were earlier and more primitive. "The Catholic," he says, "is a form of religion which unites in itself elements from the lowest and highest forms of belief." The charge of materialism advanced against it by Protestants, he thinks invalid, for it is a fact "that the material and visible comprises only one side of a Catholic ceremony. *However closely this religion may connect itself with what is earthly, yet it does not become absorbed in the phenomena of sense.* The divine is not subjected, as is the case to a certain extent among savage peoples, to being jumbled together with the natural; on the contrary, the transcendence of the Supreme Being is insisted upon in the Catholic dogmas as emphatically as in the most intellectualistic of the Protestant confessions." It is by the doctrine of the Incarnation, he tells us, that the Catholic cult achieves its characteristic quality; "and it is by reason of the same doctrine that Catholic art is more æsthetic than Protestant art, and more religious than heathen art."

Many reasons, he adds, could be given to account for the popularity of the Church with people of æsthetic temperament, but the most weighty of all he considers the fact

> that the Catholic Church, through its ceremonies, connects itself so nearly with the existence of its individual members. Every event in their lives is distinguished and sanctified by a special

> sacrament. The believer feels bound to the Church, and in all his troubles is aware of the support of its authority. The fact that the ceremonies thus push their way into life—with Baptism in the Church, public Confirmation, Marriage, Confession and Absolution, Extreme Unction and Communion on the deathbed —must naturally give rich nourishment to the religious-æsthetic feelings.....One can assert quite literally that for pious Catholics the whole of life takes the form of an external visible service of God.

The doctrine of the Incarnation lies at the centre of all Catholic worship and veneration. The author, clearly grasping this truth, divides his book into two parts, which deal respectively with the Sacrament of the Altar and the Divine Motherhood of our Blessed Lady. In the first part, the Real Presence and all its artistic implications are treated of in so far as they are expressed by the architecture, the decorative art, and the ceremonial which surround the service of the Blessed Sacrament—the central fact, the intellectual and emotional stimulus being the Host, " that little material object " in which " pious people see with the eyes of faith the greatest and loftiest thing that their minds can grasp, He, 'for Whom the whole world was too narrow,' shows Himself to them in a limited and tangible shape. The fact that the sensuous vision could thus embrace a small impression, sustaining the richest and widest association of ideas, and serving as a meeting point for the deepest feelings, could not fail to influence powerfully both intellectual and emotional life."

In the first nine chapters we have a very full and scholarly treatment of the Altar, Relics, the Reliquary, the Mass, Altar Furniture, the Host, the Monstrance, and the Tabernacle, with the whole history of their æsthetic use and development. In the twelve chapters following we have a very careful study of the growth, both artistic and dogmatic, of devotion to our Lady under the following headings: The Dogma of Mary, The Gospel of Mary, The Conception, Her Childhood, Annunciation, The Incarnation, The Visitation, The Virginal Birth, The Manger, The Sorrowing Mother, Mary's Death and Assumption, and The Symbols of Mary. A chapter entitled The Sacred Shrine then concludes the book.

In this second part of the book, which treats of our Lady, we cannot expect to find the phraseology altogether pleasant to Catholic ears, but in spite of this the author has clearly grasped the Catholic point of view, and has profoundly mastered all that the best theo-

logians and historians could tell him about it. The logical necessity of such a devotion is admitted, and we are inclined to believe that no better book could be placed in the hands of anyone brought up in an atmosphere of anti-Catholic prejudice. The mysteries of Faith cannot be comprehended by unassisted reason, but the unreasonable prejudices with which they are so often surrounded are best cleared away by cold logic; and all those who, like the present author, are doing such a good work are clearing away the mists of prejudice, sending broadcast some rays of truth, and they will have their reward.

OUR LADY IN THE CHURCH, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By M. Nesbitt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

This book is a collection of essays on religious subjects which have already appeared in the *Ave Maria*. As the Right Reverend Dr. Casartelli states in the preface, the author has selected "topics of historical and antiquarian character connected with the life and work of the Church, and, therefore, of particular interest to Catholic readers."

The book is divided into three parts as follows: Part I., Our Lady and Some Saints; Part II., Feasts of the Church; Part III., Miscellaneous.

The style of these essays has been characterized as "chatty and instructive." The author makes frequent references to pious customs which obtained in Catholic countries during the Ages of Faith, when all, both gentle and simple, lived a life of almost continual prayer and uninterrupted union with God. In every difficulty recourse was had to Almighty God and our Blessed Lady, and there were prayers even for such small ailments as toothache and slight burns.

In the years when England bore the glorious title of "The Dowry of Mary," the land was dotted with chapels dedicated to our Blessed Lady, and our author gives many interesting accounts of these beautiful shrines. Amongst others, mention is made of a celebrated chapel of our Lady in Norwich, which, in 1272, was miraculously preserved from fire, although the cathedral church in which it was built was entirely destroyed by flames.

Lovers of St. Anthony of Padua—and is not their name "legion?"—will find chapter nine exceedingly interesting. Here Miss Nesbitt describes briefly St. Anthony's renunciation of the world; his ordination to the Priesthood, and his ardent desire of

suffering a martyr's death for the love of Christ our Lord. As time went on St. Anthony found himself called to lead a yet more perfect life; he, therefore, entered the Order of the Friars Minor, and, as an eloquent preacher and enlightened director, rendered signal services to the cause of holy Church. Even during his lifetime, St. Anthony worked numerous miracles, and as thousands of grateful clients testify, similar marvels are still obtained through his intercession before the Throne of God. Such was St. Anthony's sanctity and purity that he merited to receive the visits of the Sweet Infant Jesus, and Catholic art loves to represent him clad in the brown habit and clasping the Divine Child. Miss Nesbitt truly says, "We turn to it (his statue) as we turn to the well-known form of a cherished friend."

Other Saints mentioned are St. Columban; St. Edmund, King; St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Leonard of Port Maurice; and the great St. Vincent de Paul.

To conclude, we echo the words of Right Reverend Dr. Casartelli: "I feel sure that these.....interesting essays will be read with pleasure and profit.....I should say that Miss Nesbitt's book would make a specially appropriate volume for school libraries and school prizes."

LANCES HURLED AT THE SUN. By Rev. James H. Cotter, LL.D. Buffalo: The Buffalo Catholic Publication Co. $1.00.

The Reverend Doctor James H. Cotter, known as the author of *Shakespeare's Art,* and as the very able editorial writer for the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo, New York, has selected a number of those editorials and woven them together into a volume of essays. He chooses for them the title *Lances Hurled at the Sun,* a Tennysonian quotation to be interpreted, of course, as attacks, theoretical or practical, upon the Catholic Church.

In resisting such attacks, and in turning them back upon themselves, Dr. Cotter displays always a masterly use of argument, an unfailing clarity, and a wit that is sometimes genial, but more often turns to brilliant and stinging sarcasm. Socialism, Modernism, the system of secular university education, infidelity in France —these are among the lances he teaches us to dodge and to hurl back. To railing and to illogical abuse he never descends, but ridicule he uses cleverly and pitilessly. "It is to smile" when he calls the Boston *Transcript,* hitherto sacred to contradiction, the "Delphian Oracle of Bostonese logic;" and again when he

refers to the learned editor of one of our best magazines of secular culture as "a big, generous fellow who, in his love for the religious life, would annihilate such a nothing as belief."

It is difficult to particularize among essays so uniformly brilliant, but those dealing with Socialism and Modernism will probably attract attention most promptly. Dr. Cotter's arguments against socialistic theories are forceful and well presented. Our criticism takes the form of a regret that he has given so few pages to the subject. His thought simply aims at being destructive of Socialism; he presents no constructive argument. He might profitably have offered some statements of the Church's attitude on economic questions, as incorporating the best ideals, while condemning the false notions and the methods of the Socialist Party. In treating of Modernism, Dr. Cotter is wonderfully lucid and definite for so difficult a theme. Two of the essays are particularly fine—one which gently but firmly robs the Modernists of their claim to any originality, thus again emphasizing the absurdity of their chosen name, and recalling Mr. Chesterton's dictum that he would just as soon be called a "Thursdayite;" and another which disposes very definitely of the oft-repeated statement that Newman was a Modernist.

The volume includes a preface by Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, who hopes that it will "find many readers to profit by its contents."

COLUMBANUS THE CELT. By Walter T. Leahy. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. $1.50.

Saint Columbanus, the great Irish abbot and missionary preacher of the sixth century, is not so distinctly and proudly remembered as he should be by the present-day members of his Faith and nationality.

One of that noble band of apostles inspired by the life and labor of Saint Patrick, Columbanus was sent from the monastery of Bangor on foreign missions, first in Wales and Britain, and later on the continent. His was a life of adventure, of heroism, and of sanctity, a life of far-reaching results. It is told for us very graphically and vividly in the new historical novel, *Columbanus the Celt,* by Walter T. Leahy. Father Leahy begins with the childhood of the Saint, and following to a certain extent the method of "John Ayscough" in his beautiful *San Celestino,* traces the spiritual development and formation of the schoolboy at

Bangor, and then of the novice in the monastery there. Later he makes us follow him, not as a name in a vague history, not as a pictured face on a canvas, but as a living, struggling man, through a career difficult, courageous, saintly, and always efficient. Efficient is a word from which we moderns have sapped the strength by frequent use, and at any rate a pale word for one who helped to change the ways of Europe, but let it pass. It will only emphasize the contrast between our achievements and those of the "Dark Ages." Father Leahy in *Columbanus the Celt* has given us a book that is as interesting and exciting as any fiction, and that has at the same time the dignity of a biography. It should surely be appreciated by all Catholic readers, especially by those who are also Celts.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. GARRY. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

We have learned to expect of Mrs. de la Pasture well-told stories and clever character drawings, and her latest book, *The Honourable Mrs. Garry,* is no disappointment. Those of us who met the fair Erica with her china-blue eyes, her extra-décolleté gowns, and her catlike love of physical comfort, when she first appeared as the mercenary, heartless, Helen-of-Troy heroine in the novel called *Master Christopher,* have been wondering much as to her subsequent career. We get it in this present story, and follow it with the vivid interest that the author so well knows how to arouse. Erica really attempts to play fair with the young husband whose good looks and adoration almost atone for his comparative poverty. But alas for reformation! a string of pearls plays havoc with her good resolutions, and she cannot resist, later on, the temptation of a legacy from the dead Christopher. In her cold-blooded greed, her complacency, and most of all, in her very real, if only occasional, struggles for reform, Erica is surely one of the cleverest character sketches that the author has yet given us.

VOCATIONS FOR GIRLS. By Mary A. Laselle and Katherine Wiley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 85 cents.

Two teachers in the Technical High School of Newton, Massachusetts, have written a little manual that, for sound common sense and for practical helpfulness, cannot be too heartily recom-

mended. Its subject is *Vocations for Girls,* and its purpose "to give to young girls, and those responsible for the guidance of girls, some definite information as to conditions of work in the more common vocations." Thirteen vocations—or rather avocations—the authors take, and, devoting a chapter to each, point out what it requires in physique, in character, and in education; what scale of wages it offers; what are its attractions, and what its drawbacks. Then after treating of the salesgirl, the cook, and the kindergartner, the book remembers to deal with the girl who stays at home, who can be a wage-earner just as surely as her more enterprising sisters. All the information given is clear and definite, and the advice most sensible. Moreover, there follows an appendix, consisting of quotations from great authors, in definition and in praise of work. The book might profitably be placed in the hands of every "sweet girl graduate" of our convents, high schools, and grammar schools.

EUCHARISTICA: VERSE AND PROSE IN HONOUR OF THE HIDDEN GOD. By Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt.D. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.50.

The manifest need of a volume of Eucharistic poems in English has long been felt: not merely Eucharistic verse (in which our minor Catholic songsters are nowise abstinent), but worthy English renderings of the classic Latin hymns—as also original work of devout purpose and poetic purity. There is still remarkably little true poetry on this subject in English literature. Gerard Hopkins' *Barnfloor and Winepress* is one of the conspicuous exceptions, but it is too exotic for general appreciation.

Now comes this collected work of Dr. Henry (Professor of Poetry and Ecclesiastical Music at Overbrook Seminary), sonorous, lucidly clear, and bearing the hallmark of dignity and distinction. More than all this, it shines at its best with fine poetic fervor. Christ in the Blessed Eucharist is the regnant theme of the entire volume. Its translations open with the immortal hymns of St. Thomas (the *Lauda, Sion* and *Pange, Lingua*), and close with English versions of certain prayers from the Rituale and Pontificale for the blessing of Eucharistic vestments. In all cases, except of these liturgical prayers, the Latin original is placed beside the English translation—a not too common virtue. Everyone knows how comparatively easy it is for a scholar to transpose ecclesiastical Latin into a ponderous but rhythmic vernacular—how difficult to achieve the dramatic strength, the spontaneity of Doctor Henry's

versions. The Twelfth Psalm is an instance in point; while surely the refinement, grace, and directness of his *Anima Christi* prayer should give it the precedence among existing English versions.

Doctor Henry's original poems are so good that one longs for more of them. They abound in single lines of striking subtlety, and in an imaginative fervor at once vivid and controlled. At least one poem, "The Love of God," shakes the soul with all of Francis Thompson's mysticism, and much of Francis Thompson's music; while in "A Visit" there is the calmer but scarcely less poignant atmosphere of "twilight silences" in some ancient Gothic shrine of the Captive King. It is too great a gift for merely occasional or translational uses—this poetic gift of Doctor Henry's. The world has need of it for solace, for stimulus, for the "sweetness and light" which it holds in stewardship.

SONGS FOR SINNERS. By Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.00.

A volume of professedly religious verse does not usually awaken high expectations in a reviewer's breast. The very greatness of the theme leads him to expect either philosophical speculations arranged in metrical feet, abstract, passionless, laborious, or else perfervid raptures over the hackneyed—correct enough in theology, but lacking in that ring of personal experience or that intellectual dignity which would lift it out of the ranks of mere Sunday-school verse.

A reader approaching Father Blunt's *Songs for Sinners* in this frame of mind will be pleasantly disappointed. For here he will find the old and fundamental religious truths—the deceitfulness of sin; the misery consequent even in this life upon the rejection of Christ's yoke; the blessedness of Christ's peace; the purifying power of pain; the torments of hell; the sorrows and intercessory office of our Lady—treated with a dignity, a beauty, and a sincerity which cannot fail to command respect. Here is real poetry: musical voicing of strong emotion, vivid picturing of nature skillfully employed to mirror or to contrast with the tragic experiences of man. The imagery is always graceful and sometimes splendid; the rhythm always easy and sufficiently varied; the thought serious, sane and impressive. Nowhere is there suspicion of verse-made-to-order. To mention only a few numbers where all are good—there is genuine intensity in "What No Man Knoweth" and "The

Desert of the Soul;" genuine passion in "A Health" and "Blood Brotherhood;" genuine beauty in "The Three Home Comings" and "Love Watcheth." The titles of the separate songs are particularly apt and appealing.

In material, make up, and general appearance the volume is extremely successful. If the Devin-Adair Co. can continue to produce such excellent works, so beautifully printed, they will do much to remove an ancient complaint against those who have published books for Catholics.

MY UNKNOWN CHUM, "AGUECHEEK." With a foreword by Henry Garrity. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.50 net.

In this foreword, Mr. Garrity tells us that the volume bearing the above title is a reprint of the work of an "unknown author, who saw in travel, in art, in literature, in life, and humanity much that travelers and other writers and scholars have failed to observe." The original publication is now a rarity, found only in the libraries of book collectors and bibliophiles. Mr. Garrity had experienced so much pleasure and profit from the book, that he felt that he ought to give the world an opportunity to enjoy the work with him. Accordingly he has republished it, changing only the title from the original *Aguecheek* to the more significant one of *My Unknown Chum.*

We learn that the reputed author was one Charles B. Fairbanks, who died in 1859 at the early age of thirty-two, an age which, we agree with Mr. Garrity, is disputed by the text, for it is incredible that a man of that age should have had the wide scholarship possessed by the author, a scholarship having its foundation in the best teaching of the schools, but widened and deepened by years of travel and loving study of great authors.

The first part of the book, entitled "Sketches of Foreign Travel," is a graphic descriptive narrative of the great cities of Western Europe and Italy; but it is no mere diary or letter recording the passing impression of the chance tourist, with his Baedeker in hand, that is presented to us. Instead we have a traveler who dwells lovingly upon the great monuments of antiquity, to whom the Forum of Rome recalls the place "where Cicero pleaded, gazing upon that mount where captive kings did homage to the masters of the world." But if our unknown author gazes with veneration upon all "those dusty memorials of the brilliance of the past," he has little patience with the antiquarian, who with

microscope and chisel seeks to ascertain from what quarry the marble of each column or arch was obtained.

There is much that is reminiscent of Irving in this volume. If we miss at times the urbanity of the Master of Sunnyside, we must yield the palm of wide culture and scholarship to *My Unknown Chum.*

In the second part of the volume, entitled "Essays," we come into what is, if possible, a still more intimate touch with our traveler-author. We seem to be sitting by his side before some cheerful hearth fire, and listening to the happy outpourings of a mind enriched with the spoils of the best of all literature, and what an outpouring we have! Shrewd, witty, sententious criticisms of life; made with all in so kindly and humorous fashion as to take away the sting of the satire.

The literary world owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Garrity for restoring to it a volume capable of giving so much profit and pleasure. Let the young read it that they may realize, ere it be too late, the value of these studies that charmed and enriched far beyond the power of wealth; studies that "age cannot wither nor custome stale."

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN FRANCE FROM ITS ORIGIN TO ITS SUPPRESSION (1528–1762). Vol. II. (1575–1604). By Henri Fouqueray, S.J. Paris: Librairie Alphonse Picard. *12 frs.*

Father Fouqueray, in the second volume of his *History of the Society of Jesus in France,* deals with a complex and thrilling period. Tracing the interior life and the new progress of the Society under Henry III., and its efforts to restore the kingdom of Mary Stuart to the Faith, he begins his real theme with the accession of Henry of Navarre and the formation of the League. The Jesuits were of no political party, but they could not preach submission to a King excommunicated by Sixtus V.; after his abjuration, they were the first to rally to his side, and aided, especially through Cardinal Toletus, his reconciliation with Clement VIII. The opposition of the University and Parliament of Paris and of the Huguenots; the attempt on the life of the King by the half-crazed Jean Chastel, in which the Society was declared to be implicated because the lad had studied philosophy in one of its colleges, led to a decree of banishment and of confiscation of property. But the Parliaments of Bordeaux

and Toulouse refused to imitate Paris in this act; Lorraine received many of the Society; some cities, not affected by the decree, offered new foundations; those from which the Jesuits were expelled protested openly. The King, gradually reconciled with the Pope, learned to know the society better, and finally re-established them by the Edict of Rouen, proving afterwards a generous protector.

When we note that Father Fouqueray has devoted over seven hundred pages to these thirty years (1575-1604), we can form some understanding of the detail involved, but so interesting is the style that the detail does not weary. The tone is calm and objective, a most important requirement in the treatment of such a theme. The strife of parties and the faults of individuals are clearly pictured, but above them the religious, self-sacrificing policy and practice of the Society as a whole presents itself with convincing force.

A description of the apostolic work of the Jesuits and their success as educators; quotations from the rules laid down by P. Maggis for the College in Paris, 1587; a historical and analytical discussion of the *Ratio Studiorum,* 1599, serve to balance the political aspect of the picture. We heartily recommend this volume to all serious students.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN. By William C. Van Antwerp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

A volume in defense of the Stock Exchange has at least the merit of novelty. And this one has the two additional pleas in its favor, that it is written in an enthusiastic, and at times even brilliant, style, sprinkled with apt literary allusions, and amusing stories and epigrams, and also that it is a challenge to the sweeping indictments against this institution made at times without sufficient proof.

That its author is a member of the Exchange is a guarantee of his knowledge of the subject; to many it will, however, at once suggest a fear of bias. Readers will suspect that difficulties are glossed over or entirely ignored, and that to the quotations from economists opposing government interference, for instance, quotations from other economists equally important might be opposed. That some sort of Exchange is inevitable and necessary, all will agree; that the present one is quite the model here pictured we must beg leave to doubt. But we echo Mr. Van Antwerp's condemnation of rash judgments; and we trust that the improved methods

herein recorded may so increase as to leave the critic without defense. Descriptions of the Bourses in London and Paris close the book.

A CHILD'S RULE OF LIFE. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

A book which we heartily recommend to all parents, and which will have a great charm for all Catholic children, is *A Child's Rule of Life,* by Father Robert Hugh Benson. The author has left the field of psychological research, forgotten the problems and the tragedies of history, and allowed himself to be a child again. It is not every one that can keep his childhood. Father Benson has, and speaks to children about the great, big eternal things in a child's way. The little ones will be delighted to learn these verses by heart, and thus almost unconsciously gain a deep knowledge of Christian doctrine, and a love and habit of Catholic practice. Equal credit must be given to the illustrator, Mr. Gabriel Pippet, for his fine work. Father Benson says:

Mr. Pippet and I
Have thought we would try
To make up a Rule for you all.
A Rule to keep straight by,
Be in time and not late by—
(And e'en meditate by!)
A Rule for big children and small.
I've made up these rhymes;
Rather feeble sometimes,
But better than no rhymes at all.

The Rule takes the little child from the moment it awakes—

When I wake bright at morning light,
And new begins the day,
I put away the dreams of night,
Sit up, and then with all my might
I bless myself, and say,
O God, I offer up to Thee
My soul and heart Thine own to be.
And all I do or hear or see
And all my work and play—

through his morning prayers; going to church; hearing Mass; saying grace; reciting lessons; practicing obedience; confessing his

sins; receiving Holy Communion; evening prayers, and bed. Round them all Father Benson has put the fragrance of verse that will make them sweet and delightful to the child mind.

SING YE TO THE LORD. Second Series. By Father Robert Eaton. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Sometime ago we recommended to our readers Father Eaton's *Sing Ye to the Lord,* expositions of fifty of the Psalms. Father Eaton has issued a second series under the same title, which also merits our praise. These volumes ought to succeed in making the Psalms, so rich a treasure of spiritual wealth, practical prayers, subjects of meditation, and efficient means of consolation and of help to our people. Father Eaton's work is one of devotional exposition which will appeal to every soul, howsoever simple, that has any spiritual taste at all. His work is practical, that is, he shows the immediate usefulness of the Psalms in our present day duties and needs. To his commentary he brings a fund of practical experience, and a knowledge of Scripture in general. Never does he leave us without a pointed lesson. He brings out most effectively the superlative worth of the Psalms, and how the light and grace that the New Law has shed upon them lend might to their wisdom, hope to their sorrow, and joy to their aspirations. Our human nature is still subject to the same weakness as it was in the Psalmist's days. His warning must be heeded; his cry has found its echo in our own hearts; his hope-to-be has become our hope-that-is in Christ, the Light and the Way.

We will quote part of Father Eaton's commentary on the Twenty-sixth Psalm, which he has entitled "God Alone." After repeating from the twelfth to the seventeenth verse he writes:

> How beautiful a prayer, made up of short, broken petitions, but all so direct, so earnest, so full of trust! It goes straight to God, who will be entreated by His servants. We pray to ears that are attentive, and our prayer is after God's own heart, being framed from first to last in the spirit of the words: "One thing I have asked of the Lord, and this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, that I may see the delight of the Lord and may visit His temple."
>
> Such is the spirit of the saints, of all who are loyal and in earnest. It is the foundation on which to build securely: it is the spirit that makes life interesting and precious, and a very

prelude to eternity. It is the spirit that makes us careful over every detail, brave in every sorrow, regular and exact in the performance of all duties, humble in our esteem of ourselves, generous in our esteem of others, full of joy, of peace, of calm. By it life is buoyed up with hope of eternity, and lit by the encouraging light that streams from that distant but most certain shore, enabling us to arise to our task day by day in the strength of the sublime verses with which the Psalm concludes: "I believe to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living. Expect the Lord, O my soul, do manfully, let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord!"

Sing Ye to the Lord is a book that will be an illumination and a delight to many souls.

THE KINGDOM. By Harold Elsdale Goad. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

The author of this volume has undoubtedly endeavored to do an honest and consistent piece of work. With the old convent of San Damiano and the Umbrian hills as a setting, he has told the story of a man who had his difficulties of mind and heart, difficulties keen and long-sustained, yet from which he emerges, or at least the author would have him emerge, triumphant. The story is told with attractive sympathy, and the analytical work is at times admirably done. But the character of Bernardo, his progress and his triumph, are unreal and inconsistent. Though a story of a monk, and done, as we have said, with evident good intent, it is not at all Catholic. It seems to us like a grafting of amateurish mysticism upon modern pragmatism. If difficulties can be solved as they were solved with Bernardo, faith is purely emotional and subjective. The author has apparently tried to be all things to all men—both of the Catholic faith and of James' philosophy. But there is only one way, and that is Christ, Who did not deny nor neglect reason, but Who built upon it. There is a harmony in the whole universe of God, and he who shatters it only invites chaos. The saints had a rational faith, and the traditional steps and experiences by which they were made still hold good. They have been tried and have not been found wanting.

Foreign Periodicals.

Anglican Points of View. By A. H. Nankivell. In the Anglican Church there are many who are asking, "May we stay where we are?" or "Must we go to Rome?" Some are "sound on the Holy Father;" behind them are the "Guild of the Love of God," and the "Catholic Literature Association," who are non-Papal rather than anti-Papal, who do not think it safe to reject any Roman Catholic doctrine, and who are very devout to our Blessed Lady; behind these the main body of the English Church Union, willing to allow a Roman Primacy of ecclesiastical institution, but considering Rome too unreasonable to compel allegiance.

The best plan for converting these people is to influence first those nearest to the Church; to show them that the undoubted spiritual revival among some Anglicans does not justify schism or the toleration of heresy by authority; and to keep before them the central question, "Where is the Church?" They should be impressed with the fact that they are separated from the main body of Christendom, to whose judgment their Church refuses to submit; that, if they reject the Pope, they are rejecting the Church, for where Peter is, there is the Church; that the defense based on the history of the Meletian schism utterly breaks down; that Anglican Christianity is essentially geographical and national, without authority in faith or morals; that it is only the High Church party that supposes the Anglican Church to have a priesthood. But especially intimate and frequent contact with Catholics, and experience of the practical worth and power of our Faith, are necessary to complete the intellectual arguments.—*The Month,* April.

Familiar Prayers. Father Thurston in this paper discusses an overlooked composition which confirms his former conclusions on the origin of the Hail Mary. It is a rhythmical composition in prose, probably written by Gottschalk, Monk of Limburg and Canon of Aachen, who died in 1098. It is prefaced by an exact transcription of the salutation of the Angel to our Lady, without the greeting of St. Elizabeth; and it clearly foreshadows the direct petition with which our actual form of the Hail Mary concludes. St. Bernardine of Siena, who died in 1444, knew this supplementary

petition. In the Sarum Breviary of 1531 we have the entire Hail Mary to all intents and purposes as we have it now, except that *Christus* was inserted after Jesus, and the word *nostrae* is not found. However, memories of a truncated form survived even after the full form was adopted in the Roman Breviary of Pope Pius V. In Ireland, and in the diocese of Toul, down to the time of Calmet, who died in 1757, and probably much later, an *Ave* was used at the beginning of Office, consisting only of the words *Ave Maria gratia plena.* This custom, curiously enough, is said to have been introduced by Bishop Henri de Ville in the fifteenth century, at which date nobody disputes that the whole of the "first part," down to *Jesus Christus, Amen,* was commonly recited by all.

As for the *Regina Cœli,* it is much younger in date than the other three antiphons of our Lady, "and the so-called tradition connecting it with St. Gregory is an historically worthless fable, which cannot be traced further back than the *Legenda Aurea* of James de Voragine, compiled about the year 1275." It should probably be assigned to the early thirteenth century, and is not an original hymn, but only an adaptation of a Christmas hymn in honor of our Lady. Its adoption by the Church is due to Franciscan influence; its use during paschal time, in place of the Angelus, seems to have originated with an instruction issued by Pope Benedict XIV. in 1743.—*The Month,* April.

The Land of Francis of Assisi. By Henry Joly. This article is the first in a series of social studies of the provinces of Italy. The subject for this study is Umbria. The author describes its beautiful and healthy location; its entrancing scenery; but the inhabitants themselves are his chief concern. As regards labor they seem indifferent. Their sickness and mortality lists are very low, and the numbers of their emigrants the smallest in the kingdom. The people of Umbria are strong in faith, and on the whole may be considered the happiest of mortals.—*Le Correspondant,* January 25.

A Late Historian. By Marquis de Vogüé. Paul Thureau-Dangin died at Cannes, France, at the age of seventy-five years. His name was well known and highly venerated throughout the length and breadth of France. Early in his life, he sacrificed his ambitions for political honors, and devoted his years to literary

labors, especially history. Politically his preferences were for the constitutional monarchy, and in religious matters he was the pupil of Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Montalembert, and de Broglie.

In his writings on political history, he dealt with the thirty-four years of the constitutional monarchy. In religious history with the Catholic Renaissance or Oxford Movement in England, this latter being his chief work.

No greater tribute could have been given to his memory than the mixed gathering at his funeral in the Church of St. Sulpice. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the representative of the President of the Republic, mourned at his bier, together with scholars, politicians, religious orders, people of wealth and fashion, and those whom M. Dangin truly loved—the poor.—*Le Correspondant,* March 10.

The Approaching Celebration at Rome. By Pierre Battifol. During the present year the six-hundredth anniversary of the Edict of Milan will be celebrated in the city of Rome. In the first two centuries of the Christian era, Catholicity was considered an illicit religion, because it was opposed to the state religion—Paganism. The writer narrates the difficulties and persecutions endured from Nero down to the granting of the Edict of Milan. He then describes the various legislative acts which were in a manner forerunners of the famous Edict of Milan. A description is given of the contents of this Edict.—*Le Correspondant,* March 10.

Tolerance and Intolerance. By Rev. P. Coffey. This is an enthusiastic summary of the recent volume entitled *Tolerance,* by Father Vermeersch, S.J., which deals with both facts and principles in the Church's dealings, past and present, with heresy and heretics. Nowadays tolerance is proclaimed as always a blessing; but since tolerance really means the endurance of what, rightly or wrongly, we conceive to be an evil, tolerance can only be justified when it avoids a greater evil. Intolerance is denounced as a crime. Is it a crime in a Church with a divine mission, with a divine doctrine, with divine authority? Besides "the name of intolerance is unjustly applied to the coercive action which the Church allows. The intention of tyrannizing or forcing the conscience is absent. .....Excesses have been committed, and some men, acting in the Church's name, have been carried away, and gone beyond the limits she has prescribed; but then the voice of her faithful children

has been raised in compassion for the victims.....Normally and traditionally, they (Catholics) are the oppressed, and not the oppressors." The volume is praised for its timeliness, the calm and objective temper, and the wealth of information afforded.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* April.

Sanctity According to William James. In this chapter of his book on *Religious Experience,* William James studies "Sanctity." At first he criticizes the method of the Catholic theologians, which he calls *"apriori,"* and declares that he has adopted the empiric method.

In his description of a great Saint he says, "I call 'Saint' the man in whom religious emotion constitutes an habitual focus of personal energy." Therefore saints are found in every religion, true or false, so we are told. In this description we find no purity nor charity which, according to our Lord, are the essence of perfection.

What characterizes a Saint is a profound conviction, not only rational but intuitive of the existence of an immaterial Power, thus James continues, and the sentiment of leading a higher life, in virtue of a bond sweet and strong, which joins the saintly soul to that same Power to which it abandons itself. Thus dilated, and so to say melted in it, the soul is free from selfish cares. Prof. James forgets that God is personal!

His idea of mortification, which he calls asceticism, is very strange. To a derangement of her nervous system, he ascribes the thirst for sufferings which characterized Blessed Margaret Mary's life. This practically means that the Saints, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the Apostles who were glad to suffer for the name of Christ included, were suffering from neurasthenia.

The American philosopher shows his utter ignorance of the virtue of obedience, which, according to him, denotes absence of will, one of the most frequent symptoms of nervous fatigue.

To sum up: James' method is arbitrary and illogical; arbitrary too the religion he professes; arbitrary the sanctity he teaches.—*La Civiltà Cattolica,* February.

The Month (April): In *the Eve of Catholic Emancipation,* Father Pollen pays a tribute of praise to Monsignor Bernard Ward's volumes on the above subject for their just, scholarly, and singularly impartial treatment of a dark and entangled problem.

——E. M. Walker contributes a sympathetic study of the life and character of Hans Christian Andersen.

The Tablet (April 5): *Ministers and Marconi's:* The conduct of the government ministers in profiting in a transaction in stocks of the American Marconi Company, while the government was closing a contract with the English company, is declared strangely indiscrete, although not dishonest.——*Reminiscences of Malta:* John Hobson Mathews describes the isle of this year's Eucharistic Congress—its cites, the country districts, the Catholic spirit, and great devotion and the charity of the people. His residence there was from 1876 to 1883.

Irish Theological Quarterly (January): Rev. D. O'Keeffe discusses at length the philosophy of Bergson.——*In Law Reform,* Rev. J. Killeher maintains that the state cannot dispose of land simply as it wishes, just as if it were its own. It must first decide about the claims of the landowners. The primary land problem is that of ownership.——*The Ethics of Insurance,* by Rev. D. Barry, S.T.L. A discussion of the principles that should guide the conduct of those who may be parties to a contract of insurance. The nature and character of this contract is taken up; and then in detail the duties and obligations of the insured and the insurers respectively.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (April): In *The Footprints of History in Ireland,* Professor R. A. S. Macalister shows that Ireland is to-day the great archæological museum of Northern Europe. The article is to be continued.——E. Boyd Barrett, S.J., discusses the science of character, and P. M. MacSweeney treats of Jörgensen's *St. Francis.*

Le Correspondant (February 10): H. Joly continues his series on the *Provinces of Italy,* dealing here with Rome and the Roman Campagna.——An unsigned article, entitled, *After the Victory, What?* states that now the Balkan War is over, serious trouble threatens the victors. The trouble arises from these questions: (1) what will be the new boundaries of the States, and (2) what amounts of money will be contributed by each of these States to help defray the indemnity incurred by the war.——*Germany vs. The Catholic Church,* by Georges Goyau, reviews the great struggle

for Catholic education in Germany, and the lessons to be derived from it.

(February 25): *Spanish Politics,* by Salvador Canals, deals with the situation in Spain to-day, which is concerned with the Budget of 1913 and Suppression of Church Institutions.—— *An English Novelist,* by M. de Teincey, considers G. K. Chesterton, his life, and a brief résumé of his works.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (March): *History as a Moral Science,* by Maurice Legendre. The great historical works of antiquity show a marked practical and moral character. History is to-day less moral. The practice of M. Seignbos, according to which "history, in order to become a science, has to elaborate brute facts," to condense them in formulas like chemical and biological facts, is false and non-historical. Historical facts cannot be treated like phenomena of nature. History must obey the conditions not of the sciences of nature, but of our moral activity. ——*A Philosophy of Religion,* by Emile Beauregard. A posthumous work with this title by J. J. Gourd, late professor at the University of Geneva, has just been presented to the public. God, according to the author, is "that which is outside of law." As for moral ends, need replaces excellence. In art the "lawless" is the sublime; in social realities it is revolt. To conceive God as the principle of order is the greatest heresy. The reviewer calls it a philosophy of religion without religion, a sterile freak, the fruit of an outworn method answering the need of neither scholar nor believer.

Revue du Clergé Français (April 1): A long article by J. Laurentie on "Saint" Charlemagne is quoted. The author claims that there has been nothing proved against Charlemagne's moral character sufficient to prevent a formal canonization, and that his cultus, dating from 1166 at least, has never ceased to be celebrated in a certain number of churches and dioceses. It has always had the tacit permission of the Holy See. The University of Paris, considering Charlemagne as its founder and heavenly patron, celebrated his feast yearly from 1480 onwards; in the eighteenth century the office was abandoned, but the Mass was continued; since the Revolution his office has not been said in any church in Paris, but until the Law of Separation posters placed on the Church of the Sorbonne announced that the feast of "Saint" Charlemagne

was celebrated on January 28th in that church by a French panegyric.——*The Reform of the Calendar,* by Ad. Bertrand, says it would be desirable to have the date for Easter calculated independently of the mean, and to have Easter and Christmas always celebrated on Sunday. The best method to secure this end would be to repeat for the ordinary year the name of the preceding week day, with the added word "second;" to give February thirty days and March thirty-one, repeating on one day in leap year the name of the preceding week day. The division into twelve months should be retained. An agreement between the Church and civil powers, like the initiative of Gregory XIII., would be necessary.

Études (March 5): *Devotion and Works of Devotion,* by Leonce de Grandmaison. Saint Thomas defines devotion as a certain will to give oneself up promptly to that which concerns the service of God. What is the value of acts of devotion compared with the motives of faith which dictate them? The texts of St. Paul used by Luther and his followers to discredit good works and exalt faith, manifestly refer to the first fundamental grace of man. Works of devotion may be divided into worship, and spiritual and temporal works of mercy. That these possess merit we know from the words of Christ our Lord: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

(March 20): *The Rôle of the Church in Questions of Faith,* by Stephane Harent. Our Faith is founded on the Word of God Himself—on Revelation. The rôle of the Church is to conserve this ancient revelation, the deposit of faith, to interpret it, to apply it to the needs of successive ages. The Church's infallibility is a Divine institution, wise and reasonable. Protestantism rejected infallibility, and now finds itself helpless in the face of the fact that truths, formerly held as revealed, and often even inscribed on the official confessions of faith, are being abandoned and lost.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (March 15): *The Christian Meaning of the Psalms,* by H. Lesétre. It is evident that many ideas expressed in the Psalms are inferior to or even in conflict with those expressed in the Gospel. For instance, the views therein found concerning the future life are very incomplete. The Israelites looked for rewards of goodness and of evil in this life; they heaped fierce invectives on their enemies. In what sense can a Christian recite these prayers? He can thank God for his own

greater light. He can be sure that eternity will justify God's present dealings with men. He can understand that true happiness comes only from a conscience at peace with God, and that not even sinful nations will be allowed long to prosper. He can legitimately interpret what seem to be curses as being really prophecies; yet he may also, with the Church, beg God to deprive the wicked, even at the cost of pain, of the power of doing evil. Many dogmas, hinted at in the Psalms, can be made clear only by their fuller statement in the New Testament.——A. Pons contributes a comment on and excerpts from *A Dramatic Meditation on the Passion,* composed by Gerson for one of his sisters. Gerson's works on the Passion won him while still alive the title of "Doctor of Consolation and Hope."

(April 1): *Was Bernadette Soubirous Insane?* by Dr. de Grandmaison de Bruno. The charge is frequently made that the girl to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes was hysterical, and suffering from an hallucination. Though doctors are not agreed on a definition of hysteria, it is clear from her actions that her case does not exhibit the characteristics of hysteria proposed by P. Janet. The apparition was not with her a "fixed idea," presenting itself in an exaggerated manner during abnormal conscious states. The visions did not appear regularly, nor were her words or actions regularly the same. She was open to impressions not connected with the vision; and afterwards she remembered clearly all that had occurred. There was no stage of preparation for the ecstasy. The lighting up of her face was not a grimace, and did not suggest hypnosis but the supernatural. Her ecstasy was not necessarily produced, being lacking in the ninth apparition. She did not suffer from anæsthesia, from hyper-suggestibility, from exaggerated indifference and abstraction. Doctors during her lifetime declared that she did not suffer from hysteria.

Études Franciscaines (April): *Epitaphs on His Grey Eminence,* by F. Collaey, O.M.C., contains two long, satirical Latin epitaphs on the Capuchin friend of Richelieu. The author says it is clearly proved that Father Joseph, though thrice dispensed, conformed to his Rule as far as possible; that he was an extraordinary spiritual director and a master dialectician, persuasive and peaceable, during the anti-Calvinistic controversies under Louis XIII. His foreign policy aimed at the pacification of Christendom, and the union of Christian nations under the presidency of France

against the infidels. To do this he had to accept alliances with non-Catholic powers, and to declare war on Catholic powers, a policy which he hated, but felt compelled to adopt.

Revue des Deux Mondes (March 13): President Wilson, his career and opinions, are discussed by Mr. Theodore Stanton. One point on which the writer lays great stress is that Wilson's ideas on constitutional government have been much influenced by his admiration for English statesmen; Burke and Bagehot in particular.

La Civiltà Cattolica (February): *The Gospel According to St. Mark:* Second answer of the Biblical Commission to modern writers who pretend that the end of the Gospel of St. Mark has not been composed by St. Peter's disciple. After having studied the reasons given by the opponents, reasons taken from manuscripts, and mistranslated texts of the Fathers, the Commission answers that the conclusion of St. Mark's Gospel is inspired, and has been written by that same disciple.——*A Strange Statement Against Teaching of Religion in the Schools:* To those who launched a protest against the suppression of all religious teaching of the schools on the ground that Italy is, according to the *Statute* "a Catholic State," the Committee answered that this first article of the Constitution was, in fact, abolished by the evolution of the consciences, and that the State, in its rule, was to be led by positivist ideas which are exclusive of all religious dogmas.

Recent Events.

France.

M. Briand's third Ministry remained in office only eight weeks. It staked its existence upon the Senate's accepting the Electoral Reform Bill in the precise form in which it had been passed by the Chamber of Deputies. This the Senate refused to do. It accepted the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement,* but refused to pass the method of proportional representation by means of the electoral quotient, which had for its object the securing to minorities a voice in legislation. This proposal, if carried, would have given to the Right, on the one hand, and to the Collective Socialists, on the other, greater power and influence. The Socialist-Radicals, the strongest of the Republican Parties, look upon both as the enemies of the Republic. Their opinion was shared by M. Clemenceau, and he made himself the special exponent of this view, and both wrote and spoke in opposition to the proposal. He was so successful that M. Briand's Cabinet added one more to the long list which have fallen as victims to his attacks —a success so marked that it has earned for him the name of the "Old Tiger."

The Senate in France has more power than for a very long period the House of Lords has possessed in England. No British ministry has ever been in the least dependent upon the good will of the Upper House. Strange to say, the French Senate is more radical than the Chamber of Deputies, and yet it is not elected directly by the people. The mode of election is remotely analogous to that hitherto existing in this country. The Municipal Councils and the Senators, Deputies, Councillors-General, and District Councillors of each Department choose delegates, and these in their turn elect the Senator of the Department for a nine years' term of office. This is the body that has rejected the bill passed by the more popular House, and supported by the government. The new President, it was known, was an ardent supporter of the bill. He is credited with being a strong man, willing to use all his powers. These include the right, with the Senate's consent, to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies. It was at first thought this course might have been taken. Better counsels prevailed.

Only once has a President exercised this power (on the celebrated *seize Mai*), and then with disastrous results to himself.

After the usual consultations, M. Barthou undertook the formation of a Ministry. Although never before Prime Minister, M. Barthou has for many years filled important offices in various governments. Four members who had served with M. Briand retain office in the new Ministry, which includes only two representatives of the party which was responsible for the defeat of M. Briand.

The programme of M. Barthou coincides with that of the defeated government in demanding three years' service for the army, and in the other measures for defense which M. Briand had proposed. As to Electoral Reform, as both branches of the Legislature have accepted *scrutin de liste,* that will be proceeded with. It is hoped to find a method for the representation of minorities different from that which led to the defeat of the former government. There are said to have been proposed in various countries something like three hundred ways in which representation may be given to the minority of electors. On some one of these the French government will fall back.

A third proposal of the new government is the defense of the secular school *(l'école laïque)*. The Catholics of France have proved themselves so wicked as to defend their own schools with great success. This is treated by the government as an attack upon those established by the State. It accordingly promises the inauguration of vigorous measures in defense of the secular schools. Such is the government's programme. These programmes, however, are often strangely frustrated. In fact, on the first vote of confidence, the support the government received was so equivocal that the expectation was formed of an immediate resignation. Although this was avoided, the general opinion is that it will not be very long-lived, and that France may look forward to a swift succession of ministries.

With regard to the Army Bill, M. Barthou's Ministry pledges itself to take the same practical measures in defense of France against the projected increase of the German army as those upon which M. Briand had decided. Three years' service for all arms is to be revived, with no exemptions of any kind, although for young men preparing for professional careers certain alleviations have been admitted. The first instalment of the cost of the large increase, necessitated by their lengthening of the army service,

was passed by the Budget Committee with very little hesitation. The anti-militarist movement, which was strong enough to bring about the shortening of the term of service in 1905, has yielded to urgent necessity.

It is true that the motive alleged for the German increase of its army, when it was first announced, was the great strength given to the Slavs by the success of the Balkan States—a success which at once greatly weakened Austria, and added to the power of Russia. A leading paper in Germany, the *Cologne Gazette,* was however, so *maladroit* as to reveal, we will not say the true reason, but what will be one of the results of German action. According to this journal, the necessity for the new Army Bill was to be explained by the fact that Germany was menaced by France. "When sacrifices are demanded, as they are demanded to-day, the finger must be pointed plainly to the point whence the most immediate peril threatens us. That is France. Never has the relationship to our Western neighbor been so strained as to-day, never has the idea of revenge been exhibited there so nakedly." So untrue were these statements that they were disavowed by high authority within a few days. But they served well the purpose of the French government in giving support to its demands. Not that it stood in need of much support, for the nation as a whole was ready enough to make any sacrifice in defense of its territory.

The Socialists, however, led by M. Jaurès, criticized the proposal made by the government. Their object is to disband the regular army, and to substitute for it a national militia, formed upon the model of that which exists in Switzerland. Nor do a few of the Radicals see quite eye to eye with the government, even the representatives of the party who have entered the ministry having criticized certain features. There is no doubt that hardship will be entailed by the devotion of so long a period to the military service. For example, the classes devoted to skilled labor, such as the making of watches, in which delicate manipulation is required, will suffer from the heavy-handed toil demanded during army service. Students in the university too are affected: they feel that the measure is likely to exert a profound influence upon the intellectual and economic life of the country, and that it may even cause a setback to French civilization, and also that it is open to serious technical objection. Among these critics are M. Anatole France and M. Ernest Lavisse. It is, therefore, desired that for students the military service may be postponed to the age of twenty-seven.

There are some who see in the proposal an attempt of the Reactionaries to saddle the country with a large military force, to be used as a means for securing their return to power. There seems however, to be no reason to doubt the determination of the nation to make all the sacrifices required, and not to carp at any measures proposed for this object. The opposition, however, to three years' service has proved itself strong enough to prevent the proposal being rushed through so quickly as to deny due consideration and discussion.

It is not merely upon the army that France proposes to spend money for the purpose of securing greater efficiency. To the increase of the navy no less than one hundred millions is asked for by the new government. Three additional battleships are to be constructed, the existing programme is to be accelerated, and the aëronautical service is to be largely extended. To form a just judgment of the sacrifices which these proposals entail upon the French people, it must be remembered that the burden of taxation in France is already far heavier than that which is borne by the German people. Those who are interested in this matter will find it discussed in detail in an article on "La Force Financière des Etats" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May, 1912.

Although a matter of no international interest, M. Lépine, Prefect of the Paris Police since 1893, has been so conspicuous a figure in Paris, and so efficient a public servant, that any account of French affairs which made no mention of his retirement would be very incomplete. He has chosen the present time, when he thinks the era of turbulent manifestations is closed, especially those promoted by the Confédération Génerale du Travail, to seek the rest he has so well deserved. He is, however, willing, in the event of his services being needed, to return to the post of danger at the shortest notice. "I have a telephone in the flat which I have just taken" is his last message to the nation. So important is the Post of Prefect of the Police of Paris that M. Lépine resigned the Governor-Generalship of Algeria in order to take upon himself its duties.

The relations of France with all her neighbors, except Germany, have undergone no change. Considerable discussion has taken place in Great Britain as to the true meaning of the Entente Cordiale with France, whether or no it involved an undisclosed obligation in certain contingencies to dispatch a military force for

operations on the Continent. This question has been settled by the statement of Mr. Asquith, that Great Britain is not under any obligation, which is not public and known to Parliament, to compel it to take part in any war. There are, he said, no unpublished agreements which restrict or hamper Great Britain's freedom. It is at the same time fully recognized that in the event of the existent balance of power being endangered, by the aggressive action of any nation, England would range herself, by force of arms if necessary, in defense of the maintenance of the European equilibrium. It has always been the policy of Great Britain to resist the undue predominance of any one Power. A well-informed French journalist, M. Tardieu, vouches for the statement that England spontaneously offered to place one hundred and fifty thousand men at the disposal of France in 1905, 1908, and 1911.

France is proceeding with her work in Morocco in a way which is said to be satisfactory, although there are tribes which have been offering resistance, and which have been fighting with the French forces. There is no longer, however, any general uprising. A loan is being raised for the various purposes which the advance of civilization requires.

Germany.

The various bills for the increase of the Germany Army, and of the naval and military expenditure, which have been so long talked about, were presented to the Reichstag at the end of March. The increase demanded by the government is even greater than was expected. Four thousand officers are to be added to the existing forces, one hundred and thirty-two thousand non-commissioned officers and men, and twenty-seven thousand horses. About sixty-three thousand new recruits will be required annually. Between now and the end of 1915 the cost of this increase will be something between three hundred and three hundred and twenty-five millions. The government proposes to raise two hundred and fifty millions of this amount by a method which recalls the proceedings of the rulers during the Middle Ages. Capital and large incomes are to be subjected to a levy of one-half per cent on all fortunes above two thousand five hundred dollars. It is said that one of the Krupps expects to be called upon to pay some three millions and a half as his share. New taxes will have to be imposed in addition to this levy. The exact character of these has not yet been disclosed. A fierce contest is expected to take place in the Reichstag,

for no one class will be willing to shoulder the additional burdens. In fact, to judge by recent experience, every class will be most anxious to throw it off upon the rest.

It is looked upon as practically certain that while the desired increase of the army will be voted, a large majority in the Reichstag will insist upon important amendments of the government's financial proposals. It is worthy of notice that it is not proposed to issue a loan to cover any part of the expense. The reason given by the government is that the service of such a loan would have serious consequences in the present state of the money market. The real reason seems to be that the government thinks itself unable to raise a loan of so vast an amount. A short time ago treasury bonds, which were issued for the sum of a hundred millions, were only subscribed for to half that amount, and of the amount taken the private subscriptions were infinitesimal.

The British First Lord of the Admiralty, in a speech in the House of Commons, made an eloquent appeal for what he called a "naval holiday." Having pointed out that further competition would have the effect of increasing the burdens of the people both of Germany and Great Britain, without altering their relative positions, he declared that if Germany would reduce her squadrons, Great Britain would make a frank and loyal response. He added, however, that pending such an arrangement, British development would proceed with all dispatch. Nor would she be content with a small margin, for a margin which was not sufficient to secure victory would be insufficient to maintain peace. Mr. Churchill's "naval holiday" for a year, however, met with somewhat scornful treatment in Germany. Those who looked upon it as sincere, thought it to be Utopian, and many doubted its sincerity. It was taken to mean that England wanted a breathing space during the present activity in ship building, as this involves a shortage of labor, and a consequential increase of expense.

The martial feelings of Germany, as well as her animosity against France, have been fostered by the celebrations of the War of Liberation in 1813, which have been taking place throughout the Empire. One of the chief events was the commemoration of King Frederick William the Third's appeal, "An mein Volk." Religious services were held in many places; in fact the appeal to religious motives was most marked. On one of the wreaths placed by the Emperor on the sarcophagus of King Frederick William was the inscription: "I believe firmly in God, and, there-

fore, in a moral ordering of the world." In the address made to the troops by his Imperial Majesty, the same appeal was emphasized. It was through God's Providence that the King had made his appeal to his people. It was to God's blessing that the victory was due. "Fear of God, loyalty to the King, love of the Fatherland, as perfect as was shown in the great times, must make the army unconquerable. But victory comes from God. Therefore, let the motto of the heroes of the Wars of Liberation be ours now and for ever—'God with us.'"

Austria-Hungary. Almost all the energies of the Dual Monarchy have been engrossed in the preparations for war, of which the struggle in the Balkans has been the occasion. Time, however, has been found in Hungary for the Franchise Reform Bill, which has been promised for so many years. The third reading of the bill was carried in the early part of March, and it was then considered certain that it would be adopted by the House of Magnates, and receive the sanction of the Crown. The Bill is a very complicated measure, and no one can say how it will work.

The one hundred and sixty-eight clauses of which it consists are said to constitute such a maze of definitions, restrictions, and specifications that no clear idea even of its meaning can be obtained, even if no account is taken of the influence of returning officers and electoral commissions. The electors are divided into two categories. Those who have passed the sixth standard of a primary school, or the highest class of a secondary school, and pay something like seven dollars a year in direct taxation, are entitled to vote on the completion of their twenty-fourth year. Others can vote only after the completion of their thirtieth year, but must have at least five years of Hungarian citizenship, and at least one year's residential qualification, unless they be officials, professors, pastors, or priests. The bill is looked upon as a mere caricature of Electoral Reform. Every detail is inspired with the determination to maintain at all costs that supremacy of the Magyar element over the Slav to which that element has no rightful claim.

The Balkan War. At the moment that these lines are being written, no peace has as yet been concluded between the Balkan Allies and Turkey. Adrianople having fallen, as well as Yanina, and every effort of

the Turks to advance beyond the Tchataldja lines having been frustrated, no hopes can be entertained, even by the most zealous Turcophil, that anything can be gained for that Power by a continuance of the war. In fact she put herself some time ago in the hands of the Powers. After a considerable delay the Allies accepted their mediation, although they made important reservations. The boundary proposed by the Powers would be treated as a basis for negotiation, not as a definite settlement. The Allies would insist on an indemnity, but its amount might be settled by a commission appointed for that purpose. The Ægean Islands were to be ceded to the Allies. If, as is reported, an armistice has been concluded between the States and Turkey, in a few days the war may be expected to end upon the lines laid down in these conditions.

The differences between Rumania and Bulgaria, which at one time it was feared would lead to war, have been settled. At a conference held in St. Petersburg of the representatives of the two countries, an agreement was reached, and the questions at issue definitely arranged. The precise terms have not, however, been published.

The outstanding question is the possession of Skutari. Montenegro was the first of the Allies to declare war, and also the first to meet with successes. These successes, however, were of no great value, and in the object to which she attached supreme importance —the taking of Skutari—she has been unsuccessful. The town has resisted every effort, and still remains in the possession of the Turk. The Powers, in settling the boundary of the Albanian State, which, in their inscrutable wisdom, they have determined to form, have decided that Skutari is to be included in the new Albania. Other towns have been given, either to Montenegro or to Servia, as a compensation. Montenegro, however, insists upon her claim.

The population of Skutari is undoubtedly Albanian. Therefore, this claim is without foundation. However, she would not yield, and the people of Russia sympathized with her. The spectacle has, therefore, been seen of the Great Powers of Europe, if such they can any longer be called—Austria-Hungary, Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain—forming a combined fleet to coerce the minute state of Montenegro. It is said that they have seized the Royal Yacht.

The whole course of the present war is, indeed, an instance of the fact that little things of the world are often chosen to confound

the great. Before the war began the Great Powers solemnly warned the Allied States that they would not be allowed, whatever might be the result of the war, to add a foot of ground to their respective territories. From this position, however, they at once receded after the first victories of the Allies. It has been given to these small states, who have a population of two or three hundred thousand more than ten millions, and scarcely any financial means, to drive out of Europe the Turk, who has defied for centuries all the Powers of Europe with their tens of millions of inhabitants and unlimited resources.

It is hard to realize how great are the events of which we are the witnesses. Years before Columbus came to this country the Turk has been in possession of the districts from which he has just been driven out. Adrianople became his capital in 1361. All the power of Europe has for centuries proved itself unable to expel him. For the whole of this long period, he has been a continuous blight and curse to the land and to its inhabitants. Only a short time ago the prospect was but slight that an end would ever be put to his hateful domination. That this, the unexpected destruction of his power, has been effected by the least expected of means, is a reason for being hopeful for the overturn of the other tyrannies under which various parts of the world seem to be hopelessly groaning.

Persia.

The prospect of an improvement of the state of things in Persia is not very bright. The government has proved itself quite incapable of preserving order in the South, while in the North that two roads are being kept open for commerce is due to the presence of sixteen thousand Russian troops.

The downfall of the old *régime* was caused not only by the intolerable tyranny and unbridled rapacity of the rulers, but also by the practice of the same vices by the aristocracy as a whole. The constitutional movement failed to bring to the front any men of talent belonging to the middle class, or anyone capable of taking charge of affairs. The former princes, nobles, and governors succeeded in maintaining their former position, and in imposing themselves and their methods upon the state. According to a well-informed correspondent: "Intrigue was their only art. Their sole inspiring motive was greed, and the embezzlement of public funds from a stricken treasury was their principal pursuit.....

The great men of Teheran combined to form a corn ring, and not all the miseries of the population from the famine price of bread could make them forego a single kran of their ill-gotten gains." This procedure is so habitual, so much the common doctrine and practice, that it excited no surprise, and met with no condemnation. This canker, which came from above, has spread downwards through all classes, the nomad tribes being the only communities in which honesty of any kind is practiced. The bulk of the people are cowardly, and easily become the prey of a few warlike tribes, which the government is unable to control, and who are continually, when not at war one with another, engaged in the pillaging of caravans, or in promiscuous marauding.

It was to this state that the despotism of the Kajar family reduced the country, and it is little to be wondered at that in the midst of such universal corruption and disorganization, the constitutional movement has so far been unable to effect any marked improvement. The fact, however, that the attempt was made, and indeed is still being made, shows that not every spark of energy has been crushed out or suppressed.

The Mejliss was made up of men, who, while they were in need of experience, were generally men of integrity. It recognized, too, its own limitations, that it stood in need of a guidance which no one in the country was willing to give, not even the Cabinet, from whom such guidance was to have been expected. When Mr. Shuster was appointed Treasurer-General, it showed itself willing to do all he required. Had it not been for the interference of Russia, in which Great Britain so culpably concurred, there was a good prospect that a great step towards real reform would have been taken. The fact that foreign nations have, or at least claim to have, the right to interfere in the internal affairs of the country adds, of course, enormously to the difficulty of the situation. This interference proved fatal to Mr. Shuster's plans. Since their abandonment no improvement has been made. The partition of Persia by Russia and Great Britain has, however, not taken place, nor in fact does it seem to be likely. So far at all events as the last-named Power is concerned, a solemn disclaimer of any such desire has recently been made by Sir Edward Grey. The number of those in England who wish to add to the extent of the British Empire, and to its cares and responsibilities, is very small.

It is not so easy to learn the intentions of Russia. Where one man is the ruler, he is subject to so many various influences that

no event is calculable, as his hand may be forced by those who are powerful behind the scenes. But so far as is known, Russia shares with Great Britain the intention to maintain the integrity of Persian territory, at least for the time being. The two countries have, in fact, recently made small loans to the government in order to enable it to suppress disorder, and this has been done without requiring that the external control of the expenditure should be left in their own hands. This was done in order to manifest their desire of not further interfering in internal affairs. While the Russian forces still remain in Northern Persia, the British force, which had until lately been at Shiraz in the South, has been sent back to India. The *Gendarmerie* which is under the command of Swedish officers, will, it is hoped, be able to maintain order in the South—at least a further experiment is to be made.

The Regent is still absent from his post, recuperating in Europe. On the occasion of the Persian New Year, in telegraphing the customary congratulations, he added that he blessed the day which was now approaching when the child Shah would take the reins of government into his own hands, and thereby bring increased strength to the country. The Shah's reply conveyed a gentle rebuke to the absentee regent. After expressing his thanks, his majesty said that, until he was able to assume the reins of government, the interests of the country would be best served by the Regent's return. The Regent, however, still keeps away. The ex-Shah, who is in exile, is, it is said, anxious to become the savior of his country. The Mejliss continues in abeyance, while the government, so far as its *personnel* is concerned, is, in Sir Edward Grey's opinion, the best it is possible to obtain.

Concessions have been granted to Russian firms, which, of course, receive the support of their government, for railways from Julfa to Tabriz, and from the latter place to Kazvin. Negotiations are proceeding for a similar concession to British firms for a railway in the part of Persia which British interests predominate. The project of a railway to connect the Russian system with that of India is still under the consideration of the Council appointed to study the matter.

With Our Readers.

AT the root of the agitation for a change of name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, lies the desire on the part of many members of that Church to be more Catholic. Some seek a closer resemblance merely in externals; some in doctrine and in spirit. Some honestly comfort themselves with the thought that their Church really answers the claims of Scripture and tradition; that a majority are in possession who, because they are Protestants, prevent a true expression of the real Catholic spirit of the Church. It is strange that, knowing the past and present history of their Church as they do, they can so think. But—even if a wide experience were lacking—a work like Father Maturin's *Price of Unity* would suffice to show how many can for years honestly deceive themselves. Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church who are so minded clearly see that their Church, as it is to-day, is not Catholic. The very evident contradictions, both of doctrine and practice, in different churches of that supposedly one Church; the questioning and the denial of fundamental dogmas; inability after repeated discussions and conventions to agree on fundamental and vital points of dogma and morality; the absence of definite authority without which unity and true life cannot be, have aroused the more serious and earnest souls to a keen realization of the situation. Something must be done, ere their Church is swept away by doctrinal indifference and moral laxity. "Change the name," is their cry. "Do away with the word Protestant. Make our Church more like that other Church that stands preëminently in doctrine and practice for the definite teachings of Christ."

Many who have been so aroused, and who have lent their voices to such a cry, have eventually seen that even if the label is changed, the contents remain the same.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has a true name: it is essentially Protestant. In its origin and its continued life, it is a protest against the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church owns the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, as its head. It believes him to be the Vicar of Christ upon earth: the supreme authority in all matters spiritual. The Protestant Episcopal Church does not believe this; has never believed it, and its genesis was owing to a protest against this very belief. The Protestant Episcopal Church believes in no visible power as an ultimate authority, infallibly protected by the power of the Holy Spirit, which we are obliged to accept and believe.

The Protestant Episcopal Church practically teaches the right of every individual to his own private judgment. The Scripture alone as the sole rule of faith is the teaching that makes it essentially

Protestant. For example, the Chicago-Lambeth Articles, adopted by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Chicago in 1886, were an attempt at a summary of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. In 1888 these same articles were adopted by the Lambeth Conference, presided over by the late Archbishop Benson, and attended by one hundred and forty-five Bishops of the Anglican Church. These articles read:

"The Holy Scripture of the Old and New Testaments as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith; the Apostles' Creed as the baptismal symbol, and the Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith; the two sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him; the historic episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church."

The fifteen Protestant Episcopal rectors of New York City who addressed an emphatic protest against a change of name to Bishop Tuttle of Missouri, were, therefore, historically consistent. They are Protestants, and they politely veil their antagonism to the Catholic Church by speaking of it as the Church whose name suggests tyranny. It may of course if one is not a Catholic, for its claims are absolute. And Thomas Nelson Page is also consistent when he writes, in some temper and bias, it must he said, "What we request with great firmness is that they (who desire a change of name) keep their hands off the Protestant principle of this Church." "This Church got its Christianity as Protestant.....at the hands of the great Protestant body of Europe.....The Episcopal portion of its name was descriptive, the Protestant portion was fundamental. It was called Protestant by the bishops and the writers because it was protestant."

It is difficult in the face of these statements, official and unofficial, to understand the position of Dr. Manning, the head of Trinity Church, New York. Dr. Manning calls the word "Protestant" ugly. The Protestant Episcopal Church he says is "a part of the ancient historic Catholic Church." Of course if it is, one must forget the word "Protestant." If one wishes to be Catholic there is but one way, and that there is but one way is attested by nineteen hundred years of history.

RELIGIOUS indifferentism—the open door to secularism is undoubtedly the greatest evil of our day. When a definite and real Christianity goes out, the world comes in. Latitudinarianism, liberalism, modernism, are disintegrating forces that eat away the very foundations of any organization into which they gain entrance. In the non-Catholic religious bodies they have worked so successfully that

it is not an uncommon thing to hear dogmatic Christianity decried from their pulpits; and a creedless religion and a merely humanitarian Christ preached as the essence of Christianity.

The earnest lover of our Blessed Lord and of His Church longs to see the light of His Truth spread through all the world, to enlighten those who sit in darkness. As their darkness becomes more and more intense, so much the more is he exercised and "pressed on by a charity" that hastens fastest where the need is greatest.

It is easier to bring to the true Fold a Christian who conscientiously believes in dogmatic religion than one who has no definite belief. In truth the stronger his convictions, the more ardent his positive belief, the more likely is it that he may be led to accept the whole of Christ's revelation.

But for the indifferentist, the man who answers that one religion is as good as another, that we are all going to heaven by different roads, there is really little hope. He has no convictions, and he has not the strength to see that he should have convictions. Compromise has taken out his backbone, and he cannot see that anyone should be obliged to sit up straight.

Our missionary labor may well be extended, therefore, not only in striving directly to bring into the Church all who may be led by God's grace to come; but also in doing all that we can to fight the spirit of indifferentism and of agnosticism; the spirit of irreligion and secularism. By arousing others to a declaration of a positive religious creed; of their own belief in that creed; by making the leaders of the denominations and their followers realize that they must admit the necessity of dogmatic truth unless the world is to be dechristianized, much good work may be done. If side by side with this there is presented, without animus or antagonism, the positive truth of the Catholic Faith with its harmony and unity, that very presentation will lead many to see what they have never seen before; perhaps lead them to accept that Beauty of Truth which is ever ancient and yet ever new.

"We should make all possible endeavor," wrote Leo XIII., "that the men of every race and clime should be called and moved to embrace the unity of divine faith." We should all be united by the bond of mutual charity, even though perfect charity cannot reign where minds do not agree in faith. Yet to all who differ from us, our hearts may send the appeal, "Let us all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God. Suffer that we should invite you to the unity which has ever existed in the Catholic Church and can never fail; suffer that we should lovingly hold out our hand to you. The Church, as the common Mother of all, has long been calling you back to her; the Catholics of the world await you with brotherly love, that you may render holy worship to God together

with us, united in perfect charity by the profession of one Gospel, one faith, and one hope."

And in this spirit, we extend to a new magazine, entitled *The Constructive Quarterly,* our cordial good wishes. Its object is to strive to have all Christians make common warfare against the common enemy of the day. It seeks to promote a wider mutual knowledge and fellowship. It does not seek through compromise to work out a meaningless unity. It champions dogmatic conviction; and demands that the teaching and doctrine of every denomination discussed shall be stated with absolute integrity. It is therefore constructive; hopeful, and a welcome antagonist of such a destructive and agnostic organ as the *Hibbert Journal.* The venture is necessarily experimental, and the history of *The Constructive Quarterly* can be the only answer to its success or failure. But the spirit that prompts it is one that should receive our good will and our coöperation. For again we recall to mind the words of that prophetical leader, Leo XIII., "In order to bring about this concord," he wrote speaking of the Reunion of Christendom, "and spread abroad the benefits of the Christian revelation, the present is the most seasonable time; for never before have the sentiments of human brotherhood penetrated so deeply into the souls of men, and never in any age has man been seen to seek out his fellowmen more eagerly in order to know them better and to help them."

Perhaps this *Constructive Quarterly* will never do all that we hope it will do. Perhaps, as Leo XIII. said, "There are those who consider that we are far too sanguine, and look for things rather to be wished for than expected." And our answer is, Leo's further words, "If only a portion of the looked-for results should come about, it will be no inconsiderable improvement considering the general decadence, when the intolerable evils of the present day bring with them the dread of further evils in days to come."

The Editor of *The Constructive Quarterly* is Dr. Silas McBee. The first issue has among its contributors the following Catholics of note: The Reverend John J. Wynne, S.J., Wilfrid Ward, and Georges Goyau. Among the associates of the Editorial Board are: Monsignor Thomas Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University; Doctor Edward A. Pace, Andrew Shipman, Father Wynne, Father Thurston, and Father Sydney Smith.

THE coming celebration of the battle of Gettysburg recalls the famous address of President Lincoln at the dedication of the National Gettysburg Cemetery. It may not be well known that the correct reading of this address has been the occasion of considerable controversy. The friendly debate may be said to have started almost imme-

diately after the delivery of the address. Mr. Nicolay, secretary to President Lincoln, and co-author with Mr. Hay of a *Life* of the President, sums up as follows the three versions that have given rise to the dispute:

"(1) The original autograph MS. draft, written by Mr. Lincoln partly at Washington, and partly at Gettysburg.

"(2) The version made by the shorthand reporter on the stand at Gettysburg when the President delivered it, which was telegraphed, and was printed in the leading newspapers of the country on the following morning.

"(3) The revised copy made by the President a few days after his return to Washington, upon a careful comparison of his original draft and the printed newspaper version, with his own recollection of the exact form in which he delivered it."

Mr. Nicolay was of the opinion that the last of these "is the regular outgrowth of the two which preceded it, and is the perfected product of the President's rhetorical and literary mastery."

General Aleshire, who had charge of the National Gettysburg Park, gave the following summary in his official report on the question:

"(1) The final revision published in *Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors,* prepared by President Lincoln five months after the address for the soldiers' and sailors' fair at Baltimore. This is the version desired by both Col. Nicholson and Robert T. Lincoln. The latter regarded it as representing his father's last and best thought as to the address.

"(2) The version stipulated to be used by the act of February 11, 1895, appropriating $5,000 for the bronze tablet containing the address to be erected in the Gettysburg National Park. This differs slightly from the Baltimore version.

"(3) The John Hay version, from a photographic facsimile of the original manuscript, as written and corrected by President Lincoln four days after he had delivered the address, and presented it to John Hay. This differs in several particulars from either of the above versions.

Robert T. Lincoln, the son of the President, in a letter to General Aleshire, gave his views as follows:

"As I wrote you before, the Baltimore fair version represents my father's last and best thought as to the address, and the corrections in it were legitimate for an author, and I think there is no doubt they improve the version as written out for Col. Hay. And, as I said to you before, I earnestly hope that the Baltimore fair version will be used.

"It differs, as you indicate, very slightly from your Exhibit A, which, as you say, is given in the statutes-at-large, making an appropriation for the tablet at Gettysburg National Cemetery. But the statute version was not made, of course, by any responsible person, and I think its incorrections should not be perpetuated when we have, as I have indicated, an exact thing to go by.

"I am quite sure as a lawyer that there is no obligation upon you, in the new tablets you are making, to follow the errors in the text in his old statue, and I trust that you will not do so. I have before me, as I write, the book published by the Baltimore sanitary fair, which contains a full-sized lithographic

reproduction of the address as my father sent it to the fair to be sold for its benefit."

In 1909, as a result of an investigation by the War Department, the Baltimore version was officially adopted by that Department. Very recently the United States Senate authorized the Committee on Library to ascertain the correct version. There is little doubt from the history of the matter that the Committee will adopt the Baltimore version. As the speech is a classic of the English language we reprint that version here:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE anniversary last month of the *Titanic* disaster brought forth a number of memorial poems. One of them stands out prominent for its singular strength and its depth of feeling. It is from the pen of Katharine Tynan, and was published in the *British Review*. The critique by Katherine Brégy of Mrs. Hinkson's work in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, makes its reprinting here particularly appropriate.

THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN.

Lord Jesus stood at Paradise gate
  And saw a myriad worlds and stars.
Oh, what is this so desolate
  Clinging to the gold bars?

The salt spume on its eyes and lips,
  The seaweed tangled in its hair.
Oh, scourged with bitter thorns and whips,
  What seas have stripped thee bare?

Lord Jesus bowed His comely head
With: What art thou, thou thing forlorn?
Oh, I am a rich man's soul, it said,
That died ere I was born.

By Thine own lips was judgment given,
Yea, judgment sharper than a sword.
How shall a rich man enter heaven?
Yea, Thou hast said it, Lord.

It was the dead oped lips to cry
How should I save my soul, alas!
Since easier through the needle's eye
The camel's shape should pass?

Lord Jesus, Who hath ruth for all,
Had pity on the rich man's doom:
I can do all things great and small,
Yea, give the camel room.

But who is it has hurt thee, say,
Made thee one gaping wound and marred
Out of immortal likeness, yea
As I was marred and scarred?

And knowest Thou not, Lord Christ, this hour,
Who knowest all has been, shall be,
That the great ship, new Babel's Tower,
Is sunk beneath the sea?

The iceberg pierced her monstrous side,
As frail as any cockleshell,
With a great sob she plunged and died.
Oh, Lord, what need of hell?

The rich men now that went so brave
Drift 'twixt Cape Race and Labrador.
Not such as these Thou diedst to save,
Thou Saviour of the poor.

Not these, not these, Thou diedst to win:
Thy Passion was not spent for them.
Have I not purged me from my sin
Who heard the women scream?

Son, I was there and saw thee die.
The unstable waters bore me up
Whose hollowed hand can hold the sky,
Sun, stars, as in a cup.

I, Shepherd of the Ocean, passed;
Gathered My lambs, gathered My sheep:
Saw rich men greatly die at last.
Yea, what they lost they keep.

That was the door I opened,
Narrow and high in Paradise wall,
That they should die in another's stead,
For Mine, the meek and small.

That which they cast away they save,
They paid their debt in full. One breath:
Smiled on the innumerable grave,
Leaped, and found Life, not Death.

Not through the needle's eye may fare
The camel: by a straiter gate,
Naked and scourged, made clean and bare,
The rich man enters late.

THE NEWMAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

IT is now eleven years since the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory made their first appeal for funds to build a new church as a memorial of their venerated founder, Cardinal Newman. That undertaking was nowhere more generously furthered than in the United States. The church has been built and partly decorated; it now waits to be made quite free from debt, in order to be consecrated next summer, if possible. The contributions amounted to £41,200; the total outlay is £43,700. A sum of £2,500 ($12,500) is still, therefore, with God's blessing, to be raised.

Well, is this amount very formidable? Are the Fathers too bold in feeling that many of those who gave their subscriptions to Father Eaton in 1905, as well as others to whom the genius and name of John Henry Newman are dear, will rally to their aid, now that the memorial exists, and only its last handicap needs to be removed? May not the finishing of so good a work be entrusted to the loyalty of their kind American friends? With a little leadership, the thing would be done quickly. Or should a few come forward at once with good-will offerings, sufficient to make up the whole $12,500, the Fathers will promise to signalize and perpetuate the memory of the American contribution by a tablet in the church recording the gift. But they will be most grateful for any sums, large or small, sent to the Reverend Father Superior, The Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, or to the Editor of this magazine, if specified as being for the Newman Memorial Church Fund.

THE *Religion of America,* by Dr. William Barry, in the April *Atlantic Monthly,* is an article of exceptional interest, and one that will furnish much in the way of suggestion, and also of debate, for all who are interested in the growth of the Church in America, and in our religious progress as a nation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Manual of Self-Knowledge and Christian Perfection. Compiled by Rev. John Henry, C.SS.R. Paper, 20 cents net; cloth, 40 cents net. *The Book of the Foundations of St. Teresa of Jesus.* Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. New and Revised Edition by Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman. $2.25 net. *The Cult of Mary.* By Rev. T. J. Gerrard. 40 cents net. *The "Praise of Glory."* Translated from the French by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. $1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Bodily Health and Spiritual Vigour. By W. J. Lockington, S.J. 90 cents net. *The Dominican Revival in the Nineteenth Century.* By Father Raymond Devas, O.P. $1.25 net. *Sermon Notes of John Henry Cardinal Newman, 1849–1878.* Edited by Fathers of The Birmingham Oratory. $1.75 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The Right of the Strongest. By F. Green. $1.35 net. *The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones.* By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. Vols. I. and II. $5.00 per set.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Posture of School Children. By H. Bancroft. $1.50 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

A Manual for Nuns. By a Mother Superior. 60 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Epitome Theologiæ Moralis. Excerptum ex Summa Theol. mor. R. P. Hier. Noldin, S.J., a Carolo Telch. 95 cents.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., New York:

Suggestions for the Spiritual Life. By G. L. Raymond. $1.40 net.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

Mediæval University Life. By Brother Azarias. 20 cents.

LOUGHLIN BROTHERS, New York:

St. Rita of Cascia. By Rev. Thomas McGrath. 25 cents.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., New York:

Boy Scouts of America.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:

The Kingdom. By Harold Elsdale Goad. $1.25 net.

SYRACUSE PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., Syracuse, New York:

Irish History. Pamphlet. 15 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia:

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WHO IS ALFRED NOYES?

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY.

THERE has recently come to America a young English poet by the name of Alfred Noyes. He has lectured at Columbia University, at Yale, and at New York University. He has appeared before certain of the New York Clubs. He has been interviewed by the journalists and commented upon editorially. One paper has said that he does not well explain his own work; another that he "has a vision of a new religion of poetry expressive of the harmony of life.....not unlike that toward which Tennyson groped..... in an age when men were wondering whether the new discoveries of science had not sounded the death-knell both of poetry and of religion;" one magazine has attacked him with notoriously bad taste; another has praised him as "an unusual poet."

Who is this Alfred Noyes?

He is a young man, a particularly vigorous, healthy sort of a young man. He was born September 16, 1880—ridiculously recent date!—and in course of time was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He pulled an oar in the College "boat" and wrote poems, aside from his ordinary academic duties as an undergraduate. At the first publication of his verse, in the London *Times*, he was still in residence at Oxford. Leaving college, he came to the conclusion that he wished to write poetry, and that he would devote himself to poetry exclusively. Difficult and daring as the

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course might appear to be for a person without a substantial income, he was convinced that it was the right one.

A little reflection will show the wisdom of his decision. Though certainly not all, yet many of the great poets have had but the one purpose in life. Poetry is not easy to write, it takes practice and experience to deliver a worthy and sustained effort. A person to whom the writing of verse is only incidental will be inclined to give mere glimpses and phases of life, rather than broad conceptions and fundamental meanings: ideals would seem occasionally to be admired, not to be followed. Thus, it would appear wise that poetry should be for the poet a vocation rather than an avocation.

With the intention of showing young men of to-day, who have poetic genius, that they need not waste their energies writing book reviews for London literary columns, Mr. Noyes set about proving that poetry has a certain real place in the world. In the words of Shelley, " Poets not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians are, in one sense, the creators, and, in another, the creations of their age." Theirs is a function which has legitimate standing in the social system. And so Mr. Noyes has made poetry his business. He has contributed to the London *Daily Mail,* the *Pall Mall Magazine, The Spectator, Speaker, Blackwood's Magazine, Outlook, Fortnightly Review, Atlantic Monthly,* the London *Nation, Standard, The Bookman, McClure's Magazine, North American Review,* and the *Forum.* His poems have been collected and published in book form in England, as follows:

The Loom of Years	1902
The Flower of Old Japan	1903
Poems	1904
Forest of Wild Thyme	1905
Drake, An English Epic	1906-8
Forty Singing Seamen	1907
The Enchanted Island	1909
Collected Poems	1910
Robin Hood	1912

American impressions have been as follows:

Poems	1906
The Flower of Old Japan	1907
Golden Hynde	1908
Drake, An English Epic	1909
The Enchanted Island	1910
Sherwood	1911
Tales of the Mermaid Tavern	1913

The seven American editions of Mr. Noyes, as they stand before me on the table—seven of them, a book for each year, save one—the seven represent an enormous amount of work, and they cover a multiplicity of subjects. *Poems* contains the rich and gorgeous painting of the ode on *The Passing of Summer;* a sweet, sad love tale, *Silk o' the Kine;* a strong and powerful Napoleonic study, *A Night at St. Helena;* a romantic glimmering through the depths of "Sherwood in the twilight;" a pure "stunt" piece of varying metres on *The Barrel-Organ* that recalls Kipling's attempts with *The Banjo;* a fine narrative work in *The Highwayman,* and much fantastic humor in *Forty Singing Seamen.* So we could go on and on, characterizing each poem in the book, for each is of a different character. All are done with the same even facility, except that narration, pure description, and the singing of little songs are types in which Mr. Noyes excells. Where the emphasis is shifted from emotion to thought the poems are weak.

The Flower of Old Japan and the *Forest of Wild Thyme,* published under the one title, represent Mr. Noyes at his best. Here he has an opportunity to sing; here is the world of fairyland and the world of dreams; here can be much description of peculiar things; here can be narration; and here—in the child's world—all is emotion rather than thought.

The book *The Golden Hynde,* like the vessel after which it is named, is rich in various kinds of precious freight,

> With the fruit of Aladdin's Garden clustering thick in her hold,
> With rubies awash in her scuppers and her bilge ablaze with gold.

To the present writer it represents very nearly the present "high watermark" of Mr. Noyes' achievement.

The next volume was *Drake,* a long, blank-verse epic, studded with exquisite lyrics. The piece is after the style and tone of Marlowe, both in blank verse grandeur and in pretty lyric outburst. It tells of England and the fight against Spain at the height of her proud glory. It is an interesting patriotic piece, a difficult work to do well; but, as Andrew Lang said, it is "good in parts," and in those parts very good indeed. Read at random, occasionally, it is inspiring: read consistently, at a sitting, it is tiring. Yet who ever tries to read *Paradise Lost* at a sitting? In *Drake* there are many gems among the metals, and they are worth discovering.

The Enchanted Island and *Sherwood* represent nothing very

different from the sort of thing that might have been expected from Mr. Noyes. The first is a collection much like the previous collections, except that Mr. Noyes seems more serious and less interesting; and *Sherwood* is less serious and more interesting. *Sherwood* in execution is very similar to *Drake*. Mr. Noyes has brought all the skill of his art, the sum of his versatility, to bear on the various lights and shadows of English woodland. In some places in the play he has succeeded, in others he has not. The newly-published *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* is the finest single work of any length which Mr. Noyes has produced; and this advance in worth is not a matter of poetic improvement, but rather of skillful adjustment. In a succession of tales heard by

> A leather-jerkined pot-boy to these gods,
> A prentice Ganymede to the Mermaid Inn,

narrative and pure description predominate; there is no moralizing; there is room for gorgeous description and for light-hearted song; there is opportunity for short passages vigorous and rolling, or swift and telling blank verse.

Mr. Noyes has lapsed a few times into prose. On one occasion it was to write for the English Men of Letters Series a biography of William Morris, for whom he professed great admiration; on another it was to prepare a lecture on *The Future of Poetry* for American delivery;* on another it was to make a statement of his faith in the *Fortnightly Review,* in an article entitled *Acceptances;*† on another it was to put together a short prefatory note for the Everyman edition of the early romances of William Morris; on another it was to point out, in a review, that Thomas Hardy, through poetry, had been stirred up to reject his dread fatalistic spirit;‡ on another it was to express his liking for the poems of his friend Edmund Gosse, to whom he has dedicated his latest volume.§ But, in the main, Mr. Noyes has persisted in writing poetry; and, as a poet, he has succeeded both in "making his living by writing poetry" and in gaining the good opinions of the critics.

When Mr. James Douglass referred to Mr. Noyes as an "old-fashioned confectioner,"‖ he was merely taking an unnecessarily abrupt and uncomplimentary way of saying that Mr. Noyes is a

*Printed in New York *Times,* March 30, 1913.
†*Fortnightly Review,* July, 1911, v. 96, p. 86.
‡*North American Review,* v. 194, p. 96.
§*Fortnightly Reveiw,* August, 1912, v. 98, p. 297.
‖*Public Opinion,* quoted in New York *Evening Post,* October 19, 1911.

traditional poet. He has been repeatedly spoken of as such. Just for example, the New York *Nation** has referred to his "eternal nostalgia of the past," and the *Review of Reviews* has said that he is "destined to be of the greatest service in the re-establishment of the great traditions of English song."

We recall that Shelley said: "One great poet is a masterpiece of nature which another not only ought to study, but must study."† So we find Mr. Noyes saying: "There are certain possessions for us, certain inheritances that we must accept from the past or perish." He then cites several things as "only symptoms of a widespread evil, arising almost always from a rejection of the grand labors of bygone centuries."‡ In a review of some poems by Edmund Gosse, he says§ that we "cannot break away from the past." In the preface to one of his volumes‖ Mr. Noyes has mentioned Tennyson. In his own reading of these seven volumes, the present writer was continually reminded of Tennyson. Twice in notices in various magazines which have come to the eye of the present writer, Tennyson's name was used. Three other persons,¶ reviewing the biography of *William Morris,* noted the very obvious fact that Mr. Noyes seemed to prefer Tennyson to Morris. We recently re-read the *William Morris* volume, looking for such tendencies, and the result was striking. Every outburst of enthusiasm, every piece of really inspired criticism, is for Tennyson rather than for Morris; the two are balanced over against one another all through the book—to the continual disadvantage of Morris. Tennyson seems to have been Mr. Noyes' model, almost admittedly so.

The fact that we shall call him a traditional poet, will throw some light on the references by critics to "hackneyed conceptions," and on statements like "importing little when all is said." The whole tone of the article in the *Fortnightly Review,* called *Acceptances,* is an admonition, and a charge to retain the past rather than go questing new sensations. We must accomplish, according to Mr. Noyes, "the reconciliation of an open and eager outlook for the new, with a vital love and real reverence for the old."**

A friend of the present writer offered the suggestion that Mr.

*87 : 34, July 9, 1908. †Preface to *Prometheus.*

‡*Acceptances, Fortnightly Review,* 96 : 86, July, 1911.

§*Fortnightly Review,* 98 : 297, August, 1912.

‖*The Flower of Old Japan,* American edition, New York, 1907.

¶*Saturday Review,* 107 : 629, May 15, 1909; *The Spectator,* 102 : 265, February 13, 1909; *The Dial,* 46 : 141, March 1, 1909.

**From lecture delivered at Columbia University, March 7, 1913.

Noyes has gone away from London, down into Sussex, and is "starting a little Romantic Revival all his own." The closing words of *Acceptances* would seem to bear out this tentative suggestion:

> The lonely idealists, the lonely rebels, at the present day, are not to be found among the crowds of self-styled "rebels" who drift before every wind of fashion and every puff of opinion .....The real rebels, in the great and honorable sense, are to be found accepting—to the astonishment of their "advanced" friends, and, from a lonely point of view, a solitary height—accepting the gifts of their fathers, and sometimes, not without a need for courage, kneeling to their fathers' God.

This idea of "a little Romantic Revival all his own" will bear closer scrutiny. Mr. Noyes writes in a fashion and mood of verse in which few men are writing to-day, in which the *littérateurs* of London at least are not writing. In an interview with an American journalist,* he quoted the phrase "Give us our gods again," and said that, with the present diffusion of interest in the pursuit of scientific facts, we have lost sight of our ideals. From the morbid erotic materialism of Symons and Dowson, he wishes poetry to turn to a fine spiritual faith. His is a spirit of high idealism founded on the greatness of the past.

Subjects for poems drawn out of the past can be vested with the glamor of old romance; they are often narrative subjects; they usually give a certain amount of free play to the imagination; and they are transfigured with lofty ideals. Mr. Noyes is a very enthusiastic patriotic poet. Drake, Robin Hood, and Admiral Nelson have been the subjects of some of his best pieces. There was a poem that appeared in *Blackwood's, The Sailor King,*† worthy of our attention—a fine poem about "The beacon-fire of an Empire's soul," which combines very well hopes for the future with praise for the past. In the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* there stirs an intense patriotism, equalled only in intensity by the hatred against "the pomp and pride of old Castile," and by his love for England's most sentimental hero—Nelson,

> With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve,
> And a soul like a North Sea storm.

A recent paragraph in *The Bookman*‡ referred to

*Mr. M. J. Moses, of the New York *Times*.

†188 : 1, July, 1910. ‡37 : 1, March, 1913.

Mr. Noyes as a possible laureate and said, "Others may do as they please, he will be the poet of England, of her greatness, her history, her destiny." In no other writer does there appear such concern for the past and future glory of Britain, or is there one who writes so consistently of it. The island people are essentially a patriotic people; and Mr. Noyes, somewhat as Tennyson did, seems to express the sentiment of the whole people in vigorous rhythms when occasion demands. As yet he has done nothing comparable to *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* or the wonderful *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.* But, then, he has scarcely had opportunity.

Drake is a great monument to the British nationality; and the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* express very well the spirit of England in a period of great expansion, when seamen were "out to seek a realm of gold, beyond the Spanish Main." In mingled legends of various types, we see the many phases of England's might and England's heroism. We will quote from a song which

> Made the old timbers of the Mermaid Inn
> Shake as a galleon shakes in a gale of wind,
> When she rolls glorying through the Ocean-Sea,

a song which well illustrates how splendidly Mr. Noyes has caught the spirit of the Elizabethan seamen.

> Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the windlass,
> Early in the morning, we slipped from Plymouth Sound,
> All for Adventure in the great New Regions,
> All for Eldorado and to sail the world around!
> Sing! the red of sun-rise ripples round the bows again.
> Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're outward bound,
> All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,
> All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.
>
> *Chorus:* Marchaunt Adventurers!
> Marchaunt Adventurers!
> Marchaunt Adventurers, O whither are ye bound?—
> All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-line,
> All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

And in the chorus to the second stanza we find:

> What shall be your profit in the mighty days to be?—
> Englande!—Englande!—Englande!—Englande!—
> Glory everlasting and the lordship of the sea.

When Mr. Noyes turns from the Renaissance to modern times, his message of conquest is of peace and not of war. A stanza or so from a piece which appeared in 1911* shows rather well how he has combined his nationality with his hopes for international conciliation:

Dare we know that this great hour
  Dawning on thy long renown,
Marks the purpose of thy power,
  Crowns thee with a mightier crown,
Know that to this purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time?
If, indeed, thou *hast* a goal,
Beaconing to thy warrior soul,
  Britain, kneel!
Kneel, imperial Commonweal!

* * * *

Dare we cast our pride away?—
  Dare we tread where Lincoln trod?
All the Future by this day
  Waits to judge us and our God!
Set the struggling peoples free:
Crown with Law their Liberty!
Proud with an immortal pride
Kneel we at our sister's side!
  Britain, kneel!
Kneel, imperial Commonweal!

In his own words: "Patriotism is not dead because it is emancipating itself from the mere trapping of slaughter.....The spirit of patriotism, like the spirit of religion, has moved onward, broadening, developing, passing beyond the old borders of nationality.....Our God is not a lesser God, but a greater than of old"† Mingled with the patriotic spirit, and with the desire for international conciliation, running through many of his later poems, we find what Mr. Brian Hooker called his "didactic religiosity."‡

The mystic religious spirit of Mr. Noyes, a feeling for the deep and important things of life, was a great asset when it presented with the naïve simplicity of *The Flower of Old Japan*—"a certain seriousness behind its fantasy"§—with the strong faith and cer-

**Fortnightly Review*, 95: 724, April, 1911.
†Interview, New York *Times*. ‡*Bookman*, 31: 484, July, 1910.
§Preface to American edition, 1907.

tainty of *Mount Ida,* and with the proper humility before the face of God in *Creation,* the Creator speaking of man remarks:

> And oft forget Me as he plays
> With swords and childish merchandise,
> Or with his elfin balance weighs,
> Or with his foot-rule metes the skies;
> Or builds his castles by the deep,
> Or tunnels through the rocks, and then.....
> Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
> And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

In one or two stanzas of the *Forest of Wild Thyme,* he dwells on the everlasting simplicity and the eternal strength of a faith in a pure soul, the metaphysical truths of themselves immanent in the heart of a child. It is the world of children to be sure; it is the world of dreams, but the children speak truth and the dreams are true.

> Little Boy Blue, you are gallant and brave,
> There was never a doubt in those clear bright eyes;
> Come, challenge the grim dark Gates of the Grave
> As the skylark sings to those infinite skies!
> The world is a dream, say the old and wise,
> And its rainbows arise o'er the false and the true;
> But the mists of the morning are made of our sighs—
> Ah, shatter them, scatter them, Little Boy Blue!
>
> Little Boy Blue, if the child-heart knows,
> Sound but a note as a little one may,
> And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
> And the Healer shall wipe all tears away;
> Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
> The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn—
> Ah, set the world right, as a little one may:
> Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn.

And the child's is the essence of Truth at hand for the earnest seeker:

> What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
> Mother-mine?
> Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
> A Man that died on a lonely hill
> May tell you perhaps, but none other will,
> Little Child.

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother-mine?
The God that died to make it knows.
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell,
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little Child.

We cannot understand why Mr. Noyes should turn aside from so definite and fervent a belief to the vague, shifting, intangible groping toward truth which he has put into most of his later poems. It was this inconclusive attitude which preceded the comment on "didactic religiosity." Truth may be apprehended emotionally as well as reasonably; the sentiment instilled is of more value than the thought conveyed; and so when Mr. Noyes turns from lyrism to didacticism he mars his poetry. He complicates and confuses his beliefs when he tries to make them more intricate and more extensive. The pure beauty of truth has only to be seen to be appreciated and generally appreciated. All the fantastic moral conceits and ethical systems shrink to insignificance before the simplicity of the truth that is all about us in the heart of nature, dominating the thoughts of our lives, inspiring our very souls. *What does it take to make a rose?*

This complicated system is the sober philosophy of "hackneyed conceptions" to which reviewers referred with dislike. The *Saturday Review,* for instance, spoke in favor of the philosophy of the fairy Mustard Seed: "We wish that Mr. Noyes would continue to hunt fairy gleams and not 'run in straiter lines of chiselled speech.'" We would agree with this critic, and turn against our poet a few lines from his own pen (the "grown-ups" may stand for the egotistical, self-sufficient, rational moralists):

Oh, grown-ups cannot understand,
And grown-ups never will,
How short is the way to fairyland
Across the purple hill.
They smile: their smile is very bland,
Their eyes are wise and chill;
And yet—at just a child's command—
The world's an Eden still.

Another reason why the *Saturday Review* might have wished

—though it did not mention it—that Mr. Noyes should continue to write fairy tales, is that Mr. Noyes is at his best at imaginative lyric and at free narrative. This is the secret of the success of the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,* a collection of fine songs, most of them narrative songs—a notable recital of the death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert; a rollicking tale of a pirate and some honey and some bees and a bear; a rhyme of one who danced the morrice-dance across England, and a tale of "A Coiner of Angels." Here is song and here is action, and songs are the things Mr. Noyes does best. His is clearly a lyric genius; and, where his blank verse rises to real worth, it is because there is at that point in the story an emotional impulse which gives to the lines an almost "lyric cry."

The lyrics have an inimitable "singing quality," they have an indefinable charm; they have the proper touch of sentiment; they are developments of emotional impulses. Through his various volumes are scattered many lyrics, but none so good as those the mariners sing in *Drake* to relieve the monotony of the sea voyage. In some of the lyrics, in *Lavender,* for instance, and *The Electric Tram,* fine as they are, we can detect an ulterior motive that detracts—but not in these. These are sung for the pure joy of the singing, and the result is pure beauty. Those beginning "Sweet, what is love?" and "The moon is up, the stars are bright," have scarcely been equalled since the Elizabethan outburst of lyric song of which they remind us. We quote from one of the finest:

Now the purple night is past,
  Now the moon more faintly glows,
Dawn has through thy casement cast
  Roses on thy breast, a rose;
Now the kisses are all done,
  Now the world awakes anew,
Now the charméd hour is gone,
  Let not love go, too.

When old winter, creeping nigh,
  Sprinkles raven hair with white,
Dims the brightly glancing eye,
  Laughs away the dancing light,
Roses may forget their sun,
  Lilies may forget their dew,
Beauties perish, one by one,
  Let not love go, too.

Palaces and towers of pride
  Crumble year by year away;
Creeds like robes are laid aside,
  Even our very tombs decay!
When the all-conquering moth and rust
  Gnaw the goodly garment through,
When the dust returns to dust,
  Let not love go, too.

There are also one or two quite worthy songs in *Sherwood,* but none quite comparable to those in *Drake.*

In pieces too long for the single lyric impulse, Mr. Noyes is at his best when telling a tale. He is a balladist of high rank. Thus it is that *The Admiral's Ghost,* the fairy tales already mentioned, *Orpheus and Eurydice, The Cottage of the Kindly Light, Forty Singing Seamen, Bacchus and the Pirates, The Two Painters,* and *The Highwayman* are to be ranked among his finest poems. In the Mermaid tales, and in the pirate narratives, where opportunity is offered, as in *The Flower of Old Japan,* for fantastic descriptions of incidentals, we swing along with the metre, held by the charm of the verse and the intense interest of the story, curious to learn how the whole thing comes out.

His chief fault is repetition. We find:

His head bowed down, he sank upon his knees,
Down on his knees he sank before her feet,
Before her feet he sank, with one low moan,
One passionate moan of worship and of love.*

but, on the other hand, in *Rank and File,* in *The Barrel Organ,* and in *The Trumpet-Call,* the trick of repetition is used very effectively to legitimate ends. In "Locking the ranks as they form and form"—the very repetition gives the intended ideas of numbers and of hesitancy. Then, too, in many of his narrative pieces the refrain is cleverly used, in some, as in *Black Bill's Honeymoon,* as a mere altered echo.

The descriptions by the way, while he is telling his story, are a very distinctive part of Mr. Noyes' best work. The opening lines of the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* contain a view of London in the sunset, idealized, from which the transition to other years is very easy. He wrote of Edinburgh:

**The Statue, Forum,* 43: 478, May, 1910.

City of mist and rain and blown gray spaces,
Dashed with wild wet color and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood Halls of the passionate faces
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?

This is not from a narrative piece, but it indicates pretty well the manner of Mr. Noyes, his manner of throwing a glamor of romance over things he has to depict. We refer our readers to the narrative parts of *The Flower of Old Japan,* which will serve as a good illustration of this style. A reference to *Black Bill's Honeymoon,* and a reading of half a dozen of the first stanzas, will indicate pretty nearly the fashion of Mr. Noyes' ability in this direction.

He is a very facile writer, with apt felicity of phrase, and as a metrist he is hard to surpass. There is scarcely a rhyme-scheme, or a style of metre he has not tried with success. His Muse seems adaptable to any subject. The number of different metres assembled in the single volume, *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,* is positively astounding. The clever variations in *Drake* from blank verse to Spenserians have often been noted. This sort of variation is of course commendable, both because it obviates possibility of monotony, and because each variant metre suits its own variant subject.

In all these things he has written boldly in the light of high ideals; and yet we dare not try and forecast what he will do. "Young Alfred Noyes," as one writer has familiarly characterized him,* is still young. He has as yet but tried his wings—and they have not been found wanting. That we may not appear alone in this sentiment, we will quote the figurative statement by a certain well-known critic of modern poetry, of thoughts which have often come to our own mind when reading these volumes: "Mr. Noyes has the instrument, the lute, in tune, but has not met the revealing hour which shall give him a message for its strings. He plays as yet but a wandering prelude, through which at times one catches hints of a vaster theme."† There are two things against which he must guard.

"There is the fear that he may diffuse or squander on the present that power which he will surely need one day for greater work yet undreamed of."‡ There would seem to be some reason

**Nation,* 83:439. †Miss Rittenhouse, Putnam's, 3:364, December, 1907.
‡Brian Hooker, in the *Forum,* 39:528, April, 1908.

for this warning to Mr. Noyes, though he has done so well in such a short time. But, then, to be sure, Tennyson at his age had written as much—*written* as much, mind you, not *published* as much. The writing and the practice are very valuable for the improvement of natural powers. But when Tennyson was about the age of Mr. Noyes, he had published but a few fine poems. The danger for Mr. Noyes lies in the fact that he prints much and represses little. He does not criticize, correct, alter, and re-alter, and then perhaps reject entirely. He cannot. He has set about "making his living by writing poetry," and he must produce *and* publish a certain amount each year in order to meet the demands of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. It is unfortunate—for Mr. Noyes' reputation as a poet—that he must be judged by *all* he writes, and not by the best. It is unfortunate—for Mr Noyes' development as an artist—that he must publish most of his work immediately, and not lay it away to be corrected and re-written five years hence.

We have stated that his is essentially a lyric gift. In two ways he is doing grave injustice to this gift. It has been said that he is "full of golden promises, but no single promise becomes a perfect poem." This all-exclusive statement is not admissible, but it bears a certain amount of truth concerning a dangerous tendency. When the initial lyric impulse fails him, he does not seem to wait for another; but rather, in order to satisfy his publishers, writes on without inspiration. The present writer has recently quoted Poe's statement that poetry is a passion—and the passions should be held in reverence. Mr. Noyes should not urge his Muse, but should wait upon her. His haste to turn out a poem and to finish a work, though on scanty inspiration, has resulted too often in a weakening of the poems. All of Mr. Noyes' poems start splendidly; but along about the second or third stanzas most of them begin to lag. He usually does not seem to have laid the piece aside and awaited a new impulse, but rather to have waded right on through several verses, which become poorer and poorer with weak moralizing. Then, for a strong conclusion, in order to end with a flourish, he does not compose a strong closing stanza, but often repeats the sense, many of the phrases, or sometimes even the whole of the splendid first stanza. This is a tendency very noticeable in his work, especially in the later volumes of short poems. We have only to point to a few to indicate what we mean: *Rank and File, Lavender, Actaeon, The Call of the Spring, In Memory of*

Francis Thompson, and *The Island Hawk.* Mr. Noyes need only have taken a bit more time and expended a bit more care, and these splendid promises might have been perfect poems. The many excellent changes made in the text of the *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,* between their appearance in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine,* and their more recent publication in book form in America, gave some small indication of the degree of improvement Mr. Noyes might work upon his other pieces, if they did not have to be rushed so quickly to the press. With the richness of maturity, we might expect this fine spirit to develop self-correction.

The other danger to which the genius of Mr. Noyes has subjected itself is due, not to external circumstances, but to internal conditions within his own mind. He has said:

> To see that we are ruled from the centre and not from the circumference, to find and maintain our hold on that central principle of unity, is the whole salvation of man. All social work and material progress are without foundation if they be not inspired and directed from thence. There was a time when that central position was safely left to the keeping of a great historical religion; but at the present day the historical religions cannot possibly embrace the vast worlds that are opening out before us on every side.*

He has quoted Thomas à Kempis: "The strongest part of our religion to-day is in its unconscious poetry." Then he went further and said, "that all great art brings us into touch, into relation, with that harmony which is the basis of the universe." On the other hand he has declared concerning the present: "Analysis has gone so far that we are in danger of intellectual disintegration. It is time to make some synthesis, or we ourselves shall be wandering through a world without meaning."

The next step was for him to draw these scattered threads together, and to claim for his art, the art of poetry, the position of unifying spiritual agent and to say: "Poetry is the strongest part of what is called religion, because in the very broadest and grandest sense that can be given to the words, Poetry is Religion."

Here is where we disagree with Mr. Noyes. Poetry is not and cannot be Religion. Religion has both an emotional and a reasonable appeal—poetry appeals only to the emotions, and so may supplement only a part of religion; and since human emotions must

*Lecture delivered at Columbia University, March 7, 1913.

be guided by reason to some extent or invariably run wrong, we must retain this other part. Religion may be one of the fine arts—but it is something in addition. It derives from God. Mr. Noyes' poetry is merely an art of expression, and it derives from man. The "didactic religiosity" of Mr. Noyes is a shifting incoherent sort of a thing. It does not obtain the pure beauty which a white flame of sacred song should—because Mr. Noyes does not believe. It has been said that before one can write sacred poetry, one must believe. Mr. Noyes does not seem to believe, except in his own ability to reach the truth through a mildly romantic groping towards vastness, and scarcely in that. His religious verse lacks definiteness and strength, because he obtrudes his own ideas into the context. He merely speaks for an undefinable, and attempts to express concretely an inexpressible and unconcrete yearning. In his lectures, and in his poems in the religious tone, Mr. Noyes has impressed the present writer as being filled with a big enthusiasm which he could not compress. He did better as a mystic in fairyland, as an interpreter of *Ghosts* who "creep in by candle-light"—as Little Boy Blue—than as a theologian in the pulpit. There he was lyric, rather than didactic; there he looked at Truth and learned, rather than constructed a Truth of his own; there he was most truly inspired.

Lyric genius gives forth strange music in didactic measures, and we believe it would be best that Mr. Noyes should abandon his peace propaganda and his "religion of poetry" ideas. He should confine himself in publication, for the present at least, to the wonderful lyrics, the gorgeous descriptions, the splendid narratives, and the patriotic songs of which he is capable. Truth of itself, once seen, will spread without urgings. In the lyric fashion, more effectively than in any other, he can stir the good that lurks within our souls, and can teach us to know beauty and to be made purer by it. Mr. Noyes has wonderful abilities and vast capabilities. An idealist such as he has a work to do in England. We shall be disappointed if he abandons his inspiration and sows his genius in barren fields.

THE EDICT OF MILAN AND THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

THE jubilee published by our Holy Father for the spring and summer of 1913, commemorates an anniversary of interest not only to the Catholic Church, but to every Christian sect as well. It is now just sixteen hundred years since the faith of Christ was publicly recognized by the civil power, and men were allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. This wonderful revolution was accomplished by Constantine the Great, in his so-called Edict of Milan, March, 313, which ordinance restored peace to the Roman Empire, and while it conceded toleration, paved the way for the spread and ascendancy of Christian dogmas.

According as the territories of Rome spread out on all sides and absorbed every other state, the empire became too vast for a single head to govern, too unwieldly for a single arm to defend. Gradually, then, the custom grew for an emperor to associate some colleague with himself on the throne, a younger man preferably on whom he might lean, and to whom he might teach the subtle art of statecraft. As far back as the second century after Christ, Hadrian had adopted the elder Verus. On the latter's death he selected as his successor Antoninus Pius, who in turn adopted Marcus Aurelius. Towards the end of the third century, Diocletian, advancing still further in the way of dismemberment, added to the two elder Emperors, or *Augusti,* two inferior princes or *Cæsars,* and thus divided the empire into four parts; for himself he reserved Thrace, Egypt, and Asia Minor; to his life-long friend Maximian he entrusted Italy, Africa, and perhaps Spain; Galerius was stationed on the Danube, and ruled the Illyrian provinces; while Gaul and Britain were in charge of Constantius.

Already the beginnings of modern nations were leavening the gigantic empire, for when to various peoples with languages, customs, and traditions of their own, with different and often clashing interests, a prince of their own was given to rule over them, the cohesion of the state became slender indeed, and but little was required to sunder it into many warring camps. As a matter of

fact appeals to arms were frequent, nearly all the Roman emperors died violent deaths, and scarcely any held their giddy power for long. In 305 Diocletian, the dean of the imperial college, after a remarkable reign of twenty-one years, resigned the purple, and retired to a luxurious villa at Salona; while on the same day, as previously concerted between them, Maximian also descended from the throne. Constantius and Galerius now became *Augusti,* while Severus and Maximin Daza were promoted to the rank of Cæsars. The latter managed to maintain himself in the East about six years; the former was defeated and slain eighteen months after his elevation by Maxentius, son of Maximian; while Constantine, in spite of the opposition of Galerius, succeeded to the dominions of his father Constantius, and ruled over Gaul, Spain, and Britain. Maximian now resumed power for a short time, and by marrying his daughter Fausta to Constantine (307), he sought to ally his fortunes indissolubly with those of the rising sun. But within a few years he became embroiled with his son-in-law, who ordered him without remorse to execution (310). Within the next two years Maxentius, ruler of Africa and Italy and brother-in-law to Constantine, plotted to overthrow his colleague, and thus be undisputed master of the West. The sorcerers, whom he consulted, promised him certain victory; the demons, conjured up before him, confirmed him in his desires; he read in the entrails of slain lions his coming greatness; and even human sacrifices, women and children, were offered and interpreted to make assurance doubly sure.*

But Maxentius did not trust himself entirely to his clairvoyants and soothsayers; he had sense enough to understand that victory usually inclines towards the heaviest battalions, and so he made great efforts to increase his army. Forty thousand Moors were levied in Africa, enormous military stores were accumulated throughout Italy, and an alliance was negotiated with Maximin Daza. Constantine with his usual impetuosity did not wait for the storm to burst upon him, and the opportune arrival of an embassy from Rome asking him to come and deliver the Romans from Maxentius' tyranny, gave him the excuse he wanted to strike the first blow and carry the war into Italy.†

In the summer, then, of 312, Constantine started from Gaul and descended into Italy by the Great St. Bernard Pass. Marching at the head of his legions along the precipices of the Alps, he realized what a desperate undertaking he was engaged in; that his

*Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.*, 8, 14, 5. †Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xiv.

opponent, Maxentius, had an army four times as great; the hitherto impregnable city of Rome to fall back upon; the immortal prestige of the Roman name, and the furious loyalty of the Pretorian guard to rely upon. Constantine remarked, too, that his officers and soldiers were depressed and uneasy; that they felt in lifting their arms against the sacred city of Rome, they were vowing themselves to certain defeat; that they were terrified and overwrought by the incantations which Maxentius was known to have employed.

Constantine was not yet a Christian, but Christian influences were in the air; he probably believed in one God, and rejected the innumerable company of abominable phantoms with which the pagans peopled their Panthéon; he realized that the powers of evil were leagued in favor of Maxentius, and that unless he could interest some higher power in his own favor, his doom was sealed; and in his uncertainty, in his vague terror and pressing need, like Clovis on the field of Tolbiac, he appealed to that God, whom he scarcely knew, to uphold him in the day of battle.

> The emperor began then [says Eusebius] to implore the help of this God, praying and beseeching Him to reveal Himself to him, and in the present crisis to give him help. Now while he was thus earnestly praying a wonderful sign was vouchsafed him from God. If another told this story the hearers would hardly believe him. But since the victorious Augustus told me himself many years afterwards, when I was admitted to his intimacy, and even confirmed his assertion by oath, who can doubt it? He declares that he saw with his own eyes in the afternoon, when the sun was sinking on the horizon, a luminous cross appear in the heavens above the sun with this inscription: Conquer by this. This apparition astounded both himself and the soldiers of his *entourage,* who also witnessed it. And he began to ask himself, so he told me, what this wonder might mean. He pondered over the matter a long time; then night came on, and as he slept Christ appeared to him with the sign he had just seen in the sky, and commanded him to make a military standard after the pattern of the apparition, and to use this standard as a protection and safeguard in his battles.*

Constantine alone had the dream or vision explaining to him the significance of the celestial sign; but the sign itself had been seen by many, and while it gave the Christians unbounded confidence, it inspired the greatest dread among the pagans, more espe-

*Eusebius, *Vita Constantini,* i., 28.

cially when the augurs present with the army pronounced it a sinister omen *(adversum omen),** and urged the discontinuance of the expedition. But Constantine was not to be terrified by any make-believe prophecies, he felt sure he was now under the protection of heaven, and he caused a standard to be made according to the pattern that had been shown him. This standard was the famous *labarum,*† which he subsequently imposed on all his armies. Eusebius describes it thus:

> It was a long spear overlaid with gold, and provided with a traverse piece in the form of a cross. The top bore a crown of gold and precious stones. In the centre of the crown appeared the sign of the saving name (of Jesus Christ), namely, a monagram signifying this sacred name by its two first (Greek) letters entwined, the P in the middle of the X. From the traverse piece hung a purple veil enriched with precious stones artistically arranged, so that they dazzled the eyes with their splendor, and with golden embroideries of indescribable beauty. The veil attached to the cross-piece was of equal width and length, and had on its upper portion the portraits of the emperor beloved of God and of his children done in gold. Constantine ever afterwards used this saving standard, and had a similar one made for each of his armies.‡

The standard thus fashioned differed very little in form from the cavalry standard previously in use; but no doubt the monagram of our Lord, which appeared on it, was a tremendous innovation; and if on the one hand it alarmed little the religious susceptibilities of the pagans, to the Christians it must have been the harbinger of a new spring. And when they saw the initials of their long-decried Master carried proudly at the head of a victorious army, they must have realized, with feelings beyond the power of words to describe, that at last "the Sun of Justice had arisen for them with healing in His wings," and that the black night of heathen darkness was now vanishing before a purer and holier dawn.

Once in Italy, a few weeks were sufficient for Constantine to conquer all the north of the country. Verona offered some resistance, but the defeat and death of its able leader, Pompeianus,

**Paneg. Vet.*, 6.

†The origin of this word is unknown. Many explanations are given in the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, s. v., p. 909.

‡Eusebius, *Vita Constantini*, i., 31. *Cf.* also Prudentius, *Contra Symmachum*, i., 464-466, 487-489.

left the city at the mercy of the invader. Constantine, flushed with victory, and taking the tide at its flood, swept on to Rome, to overthrow definitely his rival, and obtain the empire of the world at one blow. Maxentius, if he wished to save himself, had only to stand on the defensive. The impregnable fortifications of the imperial city, the devotion of the Pretorian cohorts, the enormous supplies accumulated, formed the surest protection, and Constantine's army was not strong enough to take Rome, fully manned and garrisoned, by assault.

But Providence decreed otherwise, and as on another occasion the stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so on this one they fought against Maxentius. Instead of covering the Tiber, and disputing its passage with his enemy, Maxentius marched his army along the Flaminian Way to meet Constantine; their orders were to cross the river and rest their rear guard on its right bank, with no other line of retreat in case of disaster than the Milvian Bridge, and a narrow causeway of boats hastily fastened together. Constantine came in touch with their outposts about two hours' march below the Tiber, at a place called *Saxa Rubra,* near the old villa of the Empress Livia. He recognized at once, with the eye of a consummate general, that the opposing army had delivered itself into his hands. The next morning, October 28, 312, Constantine marched towards the river and began his attack. He disposed his army with admirable skill, and selected for himself the post of honor and danger at the head of a chosen body of Gallic horse. Meanwhile Maxentius in Rome surveyed calmly the games of the Circus, while his soldiers were pouring out their blood for him. At last the hisses and imprecations of the mob shamed him into some show of manliness. He sent to consult the Sibylline books, and he was assured the enemy of Rome would perish. Encouraged by this noncommittal reply, he set out for the combat surrounded by his bodyguards. At his appearance the battle raged more furiously,* but his soldiers, driven back by the irresistible *elan* of Constantine's troops, were flung into the river. The disorder soon degenerated into panic; hundreds were crushed to death on the Milvian Bridge, or fell through the open spaces of the half-broken bridge of boats. Maxentius himself also fell into the water, and weighted down by his armor, he sank like lead. Eusebius bursts into a pæan of joy over the victory, and uses the ardent strophes of the canticle of Moses to express his thank-

**Eo viso pugna crudescit.* Lactantius, *De Mort. Pers.,* 44.

fulness to Almighty God. Such was the battle of the Milvian Bridge, October 28, 312, a battle, which in its age-long consequences, in the total revolution it accomplished in ideals, morals, customs, and everything that the heart of man most clings to, was no doubt the most decisive ever fought on the face of our globe. Most battles contribute only to elevate one country at the expense of another; to enrich one dynasty and depress another; to remedy some temporary wrongs, or give gratification to some private or national resentment. But this battle caused the public recognition of the Christian religion, and sounded the death-knell of pagan ideals and methods of life. Within a hundred years from that time pagan temples would be closed by imperial edict, and the brutal and debasing games of the Circus forbidden. Within two centuries Justinian dispersed the last embers of a dying paganism by closing the effete schools of Athens.

Constantine remained about three months in Rome to reap the spoils of his victory, and regulate the affairs of the city. His statue was erected in one of the public squares, and by his order the figure held in its hand a lance in the form of a cross, while on the pedestal was engraved the following remarkable inscription, which is found in Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* ix., 9, 10, 11: "By this saving sign, emblem of true courage, I have delivered your city from the yoke of the tyrant. To the Senate and to the People of Rome restored to liberty, I have given back their pristine glory, and the *éclat* due to their nobility."

On January 1, 313, Constantine received at Rome the investiture of his third consulship, and shortly after moved on to Milan, where Licinius, his Eastern colleague, met him, and where their alliance was re-cemented in the usual inefficacious way by a royal marriage—Licinius espoused Constantia, the sister of Constantine. But the new conqueror had more serious work in view than marriage festivities. He was determined to give religious peace to his states, and he also wanted to discharge his obligations to the God Who had helped him so unexpectedly and so marvelously in his hour of need. From Milan, then, sometime during the month of March, 313, acting in concert with Licinius, he published his famous edict of toleration. This state paper, preserved partly by Eusebius and partly by Lactantius, now well on to its second millenium, is most curious, and it fully deserves reproduction, for it was the *Magna Charta* not of one people or of one nation, but of the whole known world.

We have already recognized for a long time past, that religious liberty ought not to be restrained, but everyone should be allowed to follow in divine things his own conscience. Therefore we had allowed all, not excepting even the Christians,* to follow out their own creed and practices of worship. Now whereas, in the edict where such permission was accorded them, very many restrictions were laid down, it may have happened that in course of time some renounced their liberty.† Therefore when I, Constantine Augustus and I, Licinius Augustus, happily met at Milan to promote the different interests, that tend to public peace, we considered that the most important matter, and the one which ought to be first of all regulated, was that of the respect due to the Divinity, and that to the Christians and all others should be granted full liberty to follow the religion of their choice: may this thought please the Divinity‡ Who dwells in the heavens, and render Him favorable to us and to all our subjects. We have therefore judged it advantageous and reasonable to refuse no one the permission of adhering to the religion of the Christians, in order that the supreme Divinity, Whose religion we follow freely, may grant us in everything His accustomed favor and mercy. Your Excellency *(Dicatio tua)* will take notice then, that it has pleased us to suppress all the conditions which existed with regard to the Christians in the orders formerly transmitted to you. At present it is our will that anyone may follow the Christian religion without the slightest fear of annoyance. Such are the orders we confide to your loyalty, so that you may thoroughly understand that we have given to the Christians full liberty to practice their religion. Your Excellency will of course remember that what we grant them, we grant others also, who too are to have the liberty of selecting whatever creed they prefer, as is suitable for the peace of our times, in order that no one may be injured in his honor or in his religion.

Furthermore, as regards the Christians, we have decided that if their meeting-places—concerning which you received instructions before—have been previously seized by the Govern-

*Allusion apparently to some decree anterior to the Edict of Milan. The existence of such a decree is admitted by many writers, but denied by others.

†End of the preamble of the Edict, as given by Eusebius.

‡The vague expression "Divinity" occurs several times in the course of the Edict, and certain writers have attributed it to some pagan secretary of the imperial legislators. May not Constantine himself have purposely chosen this elastic and non-committal term that his Edict might be equally welcomed by all classes and creeds of his huge dominions? Again, it must be remembered that in the early centuries the Christians themselves were accustomed to refer to God in a veiled and indefinite way. An inscription of the cemetery of Callixtus bears the curious words, *Quod Summitas dedit.*

ment or by any private individuals, they are to be restored to the Christians without any repayment, without any delay or lawsuits. Those who received such properties as gifts, and even those who paid for them, will be obliged to restore them as soon as possible. If, however, they think that they have a right to some proof of our clemency, let them put in a claim for compensation. In the meantime, all these properties must be handed over at once to the corporation of the Christians. And as these same Christians owned not only places of meeting, but also other properties, which belonged not to individuals, but to the corporation, you will order by virtue of this present Edict, that without any excuses or discussions these properties be restored at once to their corporations and communities—in which matter you will follow the procedure already laid down, namely, that those who restore promptly may expect some indemnity from our clemency. On all these points you are to lend your assistance to the Christian community that our orders may be quickly executed, because they are favorable to public tranquility. May the divine favor, as was said above, which we have already experienced in such important matters, procure us always success, and at the same time obtain the happiness of all.

In order that this act of our clemency may be known to all, you will take care to publish it officially everywhere.*

Such was the Edict of Milan, which proclaimed with no uncertain sound the emancipation of Christendom. In every sentence of the Edict rings the tone of a master—a master who knows his power, is accustomed to unquestioned submission, and has no intention of brooking disobedience to his orders. But apart from the imperious tone of the document, what gives the highest notion of Constantine's power is the law of expropriation embodied in his decree. Not only must the State disgorge its ill-gotten plunder, but private individuals as well—every vile informer, every unjust judge, every rapacious proconsul or provincial governor, must restore to the Christians, without excuse and without delay, what formerly they filched from their unoffending victims. Even the great Napoleon, who was not a man to stop at a trifle, did not feel strong enough to restore to the re-established Church of France

**Prolata programmate tuo hæc scripta et ubique proponere et omnium scientiam te perferre conveniet.* Lactant. l. c. The prefect of the Pretorium was charged with publishing the emperor's orders, either integrally or in résumé. Such publication received the name of *edict*, because it was addressed to all. *Cf. Post edictum meum quo secundum mandata tua hæterias esse vetueram,* Pliny to Trajan, x., 97.

the properties robbed from her during the Revolution, nor did Pius VII. ask him to do so. Such a wholesale act of restitution gives the highest idea of the autocratic power of the masterful emperor, and also of the sense of justice in a soul that was as yet scarcely Christian.

To the mind that loves to muse, the Edict of Milan opens up interminable trains of thought. Sixteen centuries have passed since Constantine gathered the reins of power into his eager and ambitious hands; sixteen centuries since with a stroke of the pen he removed the sentence of outlawry from millions of loyal subjects. The world has been made over a dozen times in that long period. Constantine has passed away; his dynasty; his empire; the palaces he built; the monuments he reared; the language he spoke, are all things of the past; on the ruins of the empire he founded other kingdoms sprang up; they too have completed their cycle; they weakened and died. One thing alone survives, which flourished when Constantine lived and walked this earth—the Catholic Church. There was a Pope in Rome in 313, he was called Sylvester I.; there is a Pope in Rome to-day, Pius X., and an unbroken succession links Sylvester of the fourth century with Pius of the twentieth. Sylvester was known only in a few places—in Italy, Gaul, Roman Africa, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Mediterranean, perhaps forty million subjects acknowledged his sway; even in his own city thousands did not know him, he was merely the chief of a small and despised sect. Pius X. is the spiritual head of three hundred million devoted children; his name is on every tongue; his portrait is in countless homes. From the farthest ends of the earth innumerable pilgrims journey every year to Rome to honor and reverence the Vicar of Christ on earth. And so the changing kaleidoscope of the world and of history ever passes on; one thing alone remains unchanged amidst the ruins of time, the Catholic Church and its Vicar, against whom the powers of darkness have ever contended and shall ever contend in vain.

THE SPIRITUAL NOTE IN THE RENAISSANCE.

BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

THE Renaissance is accepted as the second great creative period of the world, and from it date the chief origins of modern thought and art and social life. It has been spoken of as the emancipation of the modern world, as the rise of the consciousness of freedom in the reason of mankind, and it is perhaps even more full of things suggested than of things achieved. This awakening is not to be measured by any short space of time, and though the period preceding it is obscure, and the contrast between mediæval darkness and the light of the Revival is one of the most dramatic in history, the effect is not so absolute as at first appears. Yet while the elements can be traced, striving dimly as the human mind emerged out of darkness, there is unmistakably a moment when light is triumphant, and in which all those tendencies which had been gathering intensity concentrate and constitute a vital force. A moment compared to which all the preceding indications were but as the ripening of the wood, which culminates at length in flower and fruit.

This time of fruition was signalized in two ways: by an outburst of intellectual activity, and by an outburst of artistic activity. The second was the inevitable outcome of the first, conceived and dictated by it, and the intellectual awakening was from a very early date formed and fostered consciously and enthusiastically upon lines bequeathed by the classic tradition. For in spite of all the misfortunes which had befallen Italy, and the degeneration and destruction which had been the inevitable result of the long dominion of barbarism, her old classic past was ineradicable. The Latin nature still had within it those attributes and inclinations which had long before drawn the Romans to appreciate and, as far as they were able, to assimilate the spirit of classic Greece. Society had been broken up, reduced to separate and impotent particles; the classic communities had been shattered into fragments; the few signs which emerge from the darkness constitute no more than a blind groping after a tradition which had lost its significance. Nevertheless as isolation and stagnation at

last began to yield to social consciousness, it became apparent that the old mature Latin element still formed the basis of population, and in every aspect of its revival the country went back to classic forms.

The desire for learning was from the first directed by this Latin bias. Already in Dante the ripeness of a race that has never been barbarian is to be recognized, and long before the fall of Constantinople poured a flood of professors into Europe, the study of the classics had reached a kind of maturity. At first, indeed, the Latin authors were read from a feeling of reverence, and as affording illustrations and allegories for mediæval modes of thought, rather than with any idea of assimilating the culture of the past, or of throwing light on present conditions. It is with Petrarch that the idea first takes shape, that within the literature of ancient Rome was to be found the secret which would re-create the Golden Age, which would lead his own world back to the arts, refinements, and graces of life. After having rescued every scrap of Latin literature which still survived, he discovered that behind that influence lay another, still more potent, in the inspiration of the Greeks. A mind afire with a passionate attraction to the Old World, soon divined the forces that lay hid in Greek form and Hellenic literature, and at his suggestion Boccaccio set himself to do for the Greeks what his master had done for the Latins.

Largely by the efforts of these two great men of letters was it established (as Sir R. C. Yelf says) that "there had been a time when men had used all their faculties and minds without fear or reproof.....freely seeking for knowledge in every field of speculation, and for beauty in all the realms of fancy.....The pagan view was once more proclaimed, that man was made not only to toil and suffer, but also to enjoy." It was thus that Humanism first appeared, bringing a claim for the mental freedom of man, and for the full development of his being. Both Italy and Greece were ransacked for classical manuscripts. Hundreds of works were discovered, sometimes in the most obscure hiding places, long forgotten in remote monasteries, and by the middle of the fifteenth century almost the full range of classical literature was open to investigation. Enthusiasm was at first indiscriminate and undiscerning, but to Florence, which from the beginning took control of the movement, and in Florence especially to Cosimo de' Medici, was owing the establishment of professorships, the endowment of academies, and the introduction of eminent Greek *savants,* so that

instruction was insured, and that critical faculty developed which secured form and coherency to the movement. The spirit of free inquiry; the determination to assimilate and incorporate all that was best in the civilization of the past; the creed that all learning is ultimately valuable as it bears upon life, were convictions with which the leaders of Renaissance thought set themselves to build up life afresh.

Looking back across a wide chasm of barren centuries, the men of the Florentine Revival beheld a system of civilization singularly complete, with an art, a philosophy, a form of government, a literature, even an ideal of conduct, all formed by and answering to the intellectual standard. Intellectualists themselves, they set the classic achievement before them as an attainable goal, or bent all their energies, all the newly-aroused forces of the mind, to recapture that particular kind of wisdom, and that particular kind of beauty, which had been the attributes of the Greeks. They exalted the pagan plan of life, and were ready to follow it whithersoever it led. "To the Florentine mind nothing is arduous," was a proverb of the time. Mental effort was welcomed rather than shirked. The happiness which we recognize as belonging to the Renaissance, springs not so much from results achieved as from the sensation of the activity of the mind itself. The cast of Florentine thought was scientific and realistic, yet alone among Italian states Florence had captured not only the old studious spirit, but also the warm, living, human side of paganism. Enjoyment above all was the distinctive note, but it was no ordinary conception of enjoyment. Physical pleasure had its place, but it was leavened by a high ideal of the mind. Delight in learning; in art; in treasures of the ancient and modern world; in the gay and easy society of friends; in intercourse with the learned and cultured; in leisure, combined with a strong and conscious love of nature; a keen and thrilling zest for small as well as great pleasures; go to make up that wonderfully stimulating and intense existence which we recognize in the springtime of the Renaissance. It was in the person of Lorenzo de' Medici that we may almost say this spirit was incarnated. He is the type of his generation; the leading influence in this vital, pulsating city; the centre of a brilliant concourse, alive with discussion and wit and social fascination. "A being endowed with fire and radiance, and the power of drawing all men to him."

Nevertheless an exclusive demand for the rational, combined

with deliberate adherence to the joy of life, must be naturally calculated to undermine the spiritual faculty in man and the religion it had nourished. Though the revival of learning was not at first anti-Christian, or certainly not anti-ecclesiastical (for two of the most famous Humanists of their day became Popes), yet it afforded a powerful incentive to men to break loose from the trammels which Christianity, as expressed in the Middle Ages, had thrown around thought and conduct. The more spiritual forms of religion could hardly go far among a people who refused to read the Bible for fear that its archaic Latin should injure their style.

The Academy of the Renaissance meant a concourse of select and sympathetic souls, who met together to give free play to the intellectual fancy and the critical faculty, and to probe into and play with the problems of life and philosophy suggested by the study of the ancient writers. The leaders of society, in short, were impressed with the belief that thought and intellect were confined to classic sources, and that Christian writings were to be associated with the barbaric centuries.

And in this faith the men of the Renaissance had no uncertain guide. Greek culture is remarkable for the very perfect intellectual ideal it holds up. Beauty, broad and clear, knowledge, joyousness, repose, and constancy had made up the Hellenic plan. The Greek was self-reliant, free with the freedom of understanding, making a deliberate selection from the elements of human life, calmly resigned to the inevitable, and distrusting every thought and assertion which could not give a clear account of itself. "Wealth of thought not wealth of learning" was the thing they coveted; it is the striking saying of Democritus. Handed down by letters to Rome, this became the note of classic culture. When we speak to-day of "the classic," it is not so much a special or particular knowledge we mean, as the capacity for seeing things in their relation to life. We imply that enlargement of the mind, that mental completeness which is capable of a wide survey, and we also imply the manner which corresponds; the moderation, calmness, and lucidity which are characteristic of the classic type. And just as Greek poetry, more than that of any other nation, is the expression of the people's collective life, so Greek learning draws its inspiration not so much from solitary study, as from noble companionship and ideal human intercourse. Learning was not to be enjoyed in seclusion. Greek culture was not estranged from the

life of the community, but became a link with citizenship. We see in the Greek men of genius an extraordinary union of contrasted qualities, so that the scientific discoverer is also a poet, and the merchant is a profound physicist, or, like Pythagoras, a mystical theologian, an astronomer, a musician, an original mathematician. "We see in them the conjunction of a rich, an inexhaustible imagination with a keen critical faculty, a restless, wondering, questioning spirit, fearless of consequences, bringing all things to the test of reason." A people observedly practical, yet sternly idealistic, endowed with such diverse and varied qualities as insured success in every field of human activity.

Such was the perfect scheme, perfect in the intellectual sense, which the men of the Renaissance aspired to make their own, and for a short time, at least in Florence, it seemed as if environment and personalities were combining to lead them to success, and if Florence had been more truly the centre of Italy, that success might have been deeper and more lasting. What then were the detrimental forces at work, and in what forms do we become aware of their presence?

The problems which met mankind on the eve of the Renaissance could not be solved after mere study of ancient art. A whole inner life had risen upon the ruins of classic life, created by Christianity, with its remorse, its humiliations, its sufferings, and had altered and multiplied the faculties, and thrust new sorrows and uncertainties upon the consciousness of the human mind. Under the seeming triumphs of Italian intellectualism, a spirit was at work by which the Greek philosophy had remained untroubled. A half-dead Christendom was awaiting an awakening. The twelfth century was a time when too many, totally enslaved by things temporal, were unduly covetous of honor and wealth, or merely spending their lives in pleasure. Power was in the hands of a few, who used it for little else than to oppress the poor. The infection of the common vices had even spread to those who, by their calling, ought to have given example to all.* But ere the first springs stirred of the intellectual life, they were forestalled by that spiritual Renaissance with which it may be compared.

St. Francis stands for that very thing which classic culture, with all its noble attainment, did not contain; for that which the Renaissance itself disavowed and despised; for the strong spiritual note which had been the dominant aim all through early mediæval

*Encyclical letter of Leo XIII. on centenary of St. Francis.

life. Mediæval life had suffered because the spiritual faculty had not been sufficiently sustained by the light of reason. Classic life had suffered because the intellectual faculty had not been completed by the spiritual faculty. Both lives had, as it were, been lopsided. The Renaissance and the two master faculties of the human mind (which it should be the aim of all thought to reconcile) were pitted against one another.

St. Francis is in perfect sympathy with the great monastics of the Middle Ages. His own realization of spiritual peace and rapture echoes the note of St. Anselm and his contemporaries, so eloquent of the delight of the inward vision; so full of unearthly love for souls; so alive with a very melody of hope. The point of view of the Saint of Assisi is absolutely opposed to all those tendencies which went to make up the Renaissance. To the delight in amassing rare and costly treasures of art, to making life exquisite, he opposed the freedom of utter poverty. To set against the *joie de vivre* of worldly circles, he brought the joy of the spirit, the "perfect blitheness" afforded by the shaking off of every trammel of the senses. Instead of the delight of reason and intellectual culture, he possessed the inward vision of those who live by faith. The joys of companionship belonged to him as much as they did to the circle of Lorenzo, but there were no bounds to that fellowship. The souls of all men were embraced by his affection, and beyond all that had ever yet been attempted, he had the vision of man's union with nature through its Creator. Instead of the scientific investigation of natural laws, the theories of Copernicus and Galileo, he is awake to every detail in the world of nature. His love and joy in it is something apart from learning. It has the sharp, keen note of spiritual affinity. The vision of a poet is his. He "hears the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat." "Our little sisters, the larks;" "our little brothers, the lambs;" "our brother, the wind;" "our sister, the water;" "our noble brother, the sun" were personalities in that life, half-childlike, half-angelic, and his extraordinary sympathy for all created things had a magnetic effect on all natures with which he came in contact.

The attitude and character of St. Francis of Assisi, the stretching forth of his whole being in self-forgetfulness, is the secret of his vast influence. Welded with a magnetic personality, it was a power which never failed him. It accounts for the entire grasp which he had on the minds and hearts of his associates. He reflected and evoked what was in the heart of the people, and they

learned from him to live in the hope of immortality. The great men of the Renaissance loved success and genius and prosperity, but St. Francis was the idol of the poor and weak and wretched, whose lot he shared and understood, as with unfeigned joy he welcomed as his spouse the Poverty of the Lord Christ.

So with astonishing rapidity the Franciscan movement made its way, and in the course of a very few years a network of religious houses was established in the name and spirit of St. Francis all over central Italy. The foundation of the Tertiary Order, unlike anything that had ever been attempted before, drawing laymen within the magic circle, had an effect which cannot be over-estimated in securing a hereditary adherence to his principles. For two hundred years St. Francis was the greatest power at work in the growing civilization of Europe, and though by the end of the fourteenth century the force and spring of the movement seemed to have spent its strength, the visible effects had given way to those influences less salient, but as tenacious, which in their subtle, silent fashion asserted the survival of demands which are never far away from the heart of man.

Such, in brief outline, seem to have been the two currents of thought, the one intellectual, the other spiritual, which acted upon the Renaissance. Of these the former is most on the surface and most in evidence, and has, therefore, monopolized the larger share of attention. Nevertheless, felt rather than seen, and often to be detected in its effects where not directly apparent, the spiritual influence constantly operates. Attracted by the militant exploits of the intellectual faculty, historians of that epoch are prone to concentrate upon it their attention and eloquence. But there is a kind of record more trustworthy than historical research, which suffers from no such exclusiveness. Art is an expression of life, which overlooks no factor that has contributed essential elements to that life which it records, and the art of the Renaissance throughout its course faithfully registers the action of the spiritual influences which were at work in the heart of society. Such a testimony, however, is not of a kind that can be summarized in a sentence or two, and to that part of the subject I hope to return on a future occasion.

THE SPELL OF ROME.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

IN Rome a man might wish to live a lifetime, and wisely, I think, would he choose if he elected this city as his home. But the traveler, whose time is limited by the brief span of weeks or months, will all too soon behold the shadow of departure hanging over him; will all too early hear the voice calling the hours and bidding him go. So it will come to pass that in the late hours of some golden afternoon you will find yourself enjoying your last drive through the Pincio, those beautiful gardens of dream by the Villa Medici. You are not alone, for all Rome is here, gentle and simple, throngs of the humbler on bench or walk, a splendid procession of the city's proud in crested coach. And perhaps the band is playing music ever so sweet, melody that sweeps your soul's memories and searches out the tender corners of your heart, so that you cannot escape the gentle challenge and cannot forget. Indeed you came not to the Pincio to forget Rome and the sadness of your departing, for the exquisite pain at the leaving is, too, of the city's gifting and of the subtle fragrance of her charm. And there is no forgetting Rome, any more than there is the forgetting your first view of the sea, or the crimson glow of sunrise over snowy hills, or the last dear smile on a loved one's face. But the music, perhaps, is in the proper modulation for your sorrow, and its tender melancholy chimes full wonderfully with your farewell emotions, and there is never a cadence or a phrase that blends not with some passion within you, and that does not touch a responsive motive in the depths of your throbbing heart. So it is that as you drive about the beautiful garden you begin to think of all you are losing when you lose Rome.

It seems very long ago since you came up from gay Naples to this old city; some of Rome's eternity seems to have detached itself and become allied in fragment to your stay. For Rome is so old, so full of history, so like a pyramid in her layer upon layer of chronicle, that your sojourn has made you feel that all the school-learned pages are with you again, with all the years of their sometimes weary pondering. But there is no weariness engendered

in reading history in the stones of Rome's monuments, no eloquence lost upon unwilling hearts in the unceasing sermon of the yellow Tiber. And it is a joy to think about it all as you drive along the flower-bordered lanes, and look over toward the sunset.

You remember the morning you saw the Forum for the first time, and called to life the dead days of the republic and the empire, and the thoughts that were yours as you rested your hand against remnant marble that once felt the burning veins of Cicero. You think of the stately ruins on every side, where so many pleading tears have been wasted and so much red blood has flown, all the desolate relics of palaces and temples that once told the story of Roman greatness. Then you think of the Colosseum, the boding name that you learned in childhood and knew so well, that your heart scarcely lost a pulsation when you looked upon it. Perhaps it was when you stood on the bare arena one lovely night, with a summer moon streaming over all those lonely tiers, that you caught the romance of the huge pile, the tragic romance that broke off when the monk Telemachus rushed in and protested and was stoned to death. The Mamertine prison, where Saint Peter waited for his death day; the Arch of Titus and the Arch of Constantine; the Palatine Hill, where Romulus lived, if he lived at all, and the great Augustus, too, and many another old Roman emperor; and the Baths of Caracalla and Hadrian's Mausoleum, and the Theatre of Marcellus and the Circus Maximus: all these and twice as many more have given you fitful glimpses of Rome's early days, the old, old days that only the Tiber knows. But the Tiber flows on, and he mocks you in your frail and slender gleanings from his youth day, and pities you that you have not seen what he has seen, and congratulates you that much of it has never fallen before your eyes.

Day has succeeded day, and often you have thought that you have solved the mystery of the centuries, the elusive mystery that has always fallen about Rome. But every solution has been met with a newer problem, and ever a fresh voyage of discovery has been yours. Finally you have found out, and have been glad that at last you knew the truth, that Rome has no facile way of giving herself up, but charms you and fascinates you, and throws her witchery and mysterious spell around you, and woos you, and captivates you, in a hundred varied ways, before you have won the tenth of her heart. She is a fair creature of infinite variety, but no coquette is Rome. For when you have caught the all-coy

spirit of the ever-changing years that reckon themselves by twenty-seven centuries, or when you have attained only a part, then so much is yours, to have and to hold, even until the very end.

Republican and imperial ruins have satisfied your hunger for classic lore. You have also visited the famous churches, and the others, as beautiful, if not quite so famous. Saint Peter's claimed you first, grand Saint Peter's, that you see even now through the foliage, with Michelangelo's dome holding reception with every ray of the western sun dancing and sparkling on its convex face, all-gleaming in royal splendor. The next day took you to the church of Santa Maria Maggiori. There are fourscore churches in Rome dedicated to the Mother of God, and this is the largest. The legend tells you that on a certain August night in the year 358, the Blessed Virgin appeared in a dream to the Roman patrician, John, and to Pope Liberius, and asked them to build a church to her on that part of the Esquiline Hill where on the morrow they should find snow. Going out the following day, they found the plan of the church outlined in the glistening white snow. The church was built, and was named Santa Maria ad Nives. It was rebuilt a century later by Sixtus the Third, and was added to from time to time, until to-day it is large, and takes precedence among all the churches dedicated to Mary in Rome. It is a very beautiful edifice, with mosaics and other adornments from the fifth century to the nineteenth in point of age, even the first gold from America gilding the rich ceiling. Every year on August fifth, the feast of our Lady of the Snow, a mass of white rose petals are showered from the dome of the magnificent Borghese chapel in commemoration of the wonderful occurrence far back in the Christian dawning. The legend may be true, or it may lack foundation, but at any rate none lovelier can be found in Roman annals.

Perhaps an hour later you found yourself within the vestibule of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, another of Constantine's gifts, built over the tomb of the martyred Saint Lawrence. Here it is that Pius the Ninth is laid away. From this church you did not journey far to visit the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, founded by Constantine's mother, Saint Helena, to receive the relic of the true Cross, which she found in Jerusalem. This edifice, like others, was consecrated by Pope Sylvester. Here it used to be the custom to bless the golden rose which was to be sent as a mark of esteem to a Catholic prince or princess, a ceremony which now takes place in the Sistine Chapel.

You passed then to the calm, peaceful atmosphere of San Giovanni in Laterano, the mother and head of all the churches, in *urbe et orbe,* as the inscription on the façade proclaims. The Lateran, and not Saint Peter's, is distinctively and peculiarly the church of the Pope, in his office as Bishop of Rome, but since the year 1870 no Pope has pontificated at the high altar. This church is also due to the generous spirit of Constantine, and was the first church in Rome consecrated in public, the consecration taking place at the hands of Pope Sylvester on November ninth, in the year 324. Many times this great cathedral has suffered from fire or earthquake or plunder, and it has seen many restorations. Interesting as the church itself is, one still has desire to see the spiral columns of the thirteenth century cloisters, a part of the monastery founded by the Benedictines from Monte Cassino toward the end of the sixth century. The cloisters of the Lateran are the finest in Rome, excelling even the beautiful courts at Saint Paul's.

After a visit to the church of San Sebastiano, the old church of pilgrimage out on the Via Appia, you drove over to the basilica of San Páolo fuori le Mura, to marvel at the wondrous nave that led you through the gigantic forest of beautiful monolithic columns to the high altar above the tomb of Saint Paul. Constantine built this church, too, and it outlived his cathedral to Saint Peter by three centuries. In the year 1823, on the night before Pius the Seventh died, lightning ruined it almost completely, so to-day's splendid edifice, more impressive in some ways than Saint Peter's itself, is almost entirely modern. There are still mosaics of the fifth century, and arches and columns and the western façade that come down from Constantine's time; and the tomb of Saint Paul is ever here, resting not far from where he suffered martyrdom.

You then had been within all seven of the greater churches of Rome, the five patriarchal basilicas, and the other two, all of which have seen pilgrimages from every land of the western world. But you remember many another splendid edifice beside the seven you have just called to mind. There is the Church of Santa Maria del Populo, founded in the year 1099, and the two-towered church of Santissima Trinità dei Monti, neither of which is far away from you; Santa Pudenziana, erected on the place where Saint Peter's host, Saint Pudens, lived; San Pietro in Vincoli, where Michelangelo's gigantic "Moses" rests; Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the one mediæval Gothic church of Rome, erected, as its name suggests, over the ruins of Minerva's temple, and containing Michel-

angelo's "Risen Christ;" San Luigi de Francesi and Santa Maria dell' Anima, the one the national church of the French, the other the church of the Germans; Santa Maria della Pace, where Raphael's "Sibyls" are worth a visit; Santi Cosma e Damiano, where exquisite mosaics of the sixth century will hold one's attention; Santa Maria in Trastevere built, the legend runs, where a spring of oil gushed forth upon the birth of Christ; and the beauteous Gesu, the central church of the Jesuit Society, the resting-place of the order's founder, Saint Ignatius Loyola, and one of the most splendid churches in the world.

Lest you forget it, before you in the distance is the level dome of the Panthéon, the old building of the imperial age, intact as nothing of the olden age is. Beautiful, indeed, is the effect when the sun's rays pour through the mid-dome aperture and light the tomb of him who did so much to give Rome beauty, the youthful Raphael. And now your eyes take the direction of the capitol, and dimly you discern the walls of the old church of Aracoeli enclosing the altar that legend would have you believe Augustus built, at the bidding of the Sibyl of Tivoli, to the Son of God.

But there are too many visions to evoke anew, too many happy days to remember; and there is so much of beauty here on the Pincian Hill, so much life, and so much suggestion of wonders in the view over the lower levels, that your dreams are broken at times, and for the moment you forget that you are not to stay in Rome. But soon again you will fall into reverie, when some lovely fountain murmurs too sadly, or some cool palm seems to wave you goodbye in the gently falling afternoon. Perhaps your thoughts journey far down the Via Appia, where the tombs of once-proud Roman patricians lie in ruins, and where the cold vaults of the catacombs are eloquent as gospel-word or psalm of David; and then they travel over toward the pyramid and tomb of Caestius to where the shadow-laden Protestant cemetery shelters the relics of many a foreign lover of Rome. Here the poet Keats lies at rest, and over his grave are blossoming pretty pansies that some Ophelia, perhaps, once planted to make our thoughts linger more lovingly when we come. More than one sigh of tribute is due to the poet of beauty's soul, who wrote in the deep and soft and silvery music that is like a breath blown over the mortal world from across the courts of Apollo. The name of him who could breathe into an Attic urn the spirit of immortality will ever be written in colors glowing and lasting, not in the flowing water, as the chiseled in-

scription would have it. Not far away rests the heart of Shelley, loving even in the cool vale of death beneath the cypress trees the friend, the gentle Adonais. Together under the shadowed vesper twilight they are dreaming the poet's dream, and silently waiting, in tranquil sleep, the peaceful coming of the dawn.

You have been on the Via Sacra, where the thoughts of Horace haunted you, and the unwelcome companion that once accompanied him on his walk. Here, too, you remembered Roman triumphs that filled the street with tumultuous salvo-cheers, and you thought of the victorious legions, and the smiling face of the elated general, and the drooping, shamed countenances of shackled captive slaves.

You have seen the famous fountains of the city, the graceful Fontana della Tartarughe, the bronze group of youths and dolphins and tortoises; and Bernini's Fontana del Tritone; and the Fontana di Trevi, the finest of all, telling a charming story to whoever will listen to the voice of the cold-flowing water. For the genius that lives in the Trevi fountain bids you come some lovely Roman night, when the moon is smiling down and making the little ripples playful and gay. Then the water god wishes you to toss a coin out into the midst of those tiny pirouetting waves, far out, and if you do, promises that one day you will surely come back to Rome. You remember how you came here on a song-swept moonlit night, and, with someone you liked very much, made the offering; how you stood a moment while the coins were finding their liquid paths to the blithe genius of the fountain, and then laughingly went away.

You have visited the great palaces. The Villa Borghese has given you to look upon its excellent old paintings; the Rospigliosi palace has been your seeking to admire Guido Reni's best work, the noted ceiling-painting of "Aurora." You have seen the Lateran, which stands where once was the house of the rich Roman Lateranus. When this dwelling became imperial possession of Constantine, he gave it to the Popes for perpetual domicile. It is still church property, and it now contains a great museum founded in 1843 by Gregory the Sixteenth, which is noted among other things for the "Dancing Satyr," the excellent statue of Sophocles, and the remarkable collection of early Christian sarcophagi. You have seen also the Quirinal palace, built by Sixtus the Fifth because the Lateran was becoming malarial.

There are still men and women in Rome, old now, but with memories young and fresh, who remember the figure of Pius the Ninth standing on the great balcony on that day in the year 1846,

and looking down upon the thick-crowding multitude. For upon his election he had granted a general pardon to those imprisoned for political offences, and this day all Rome, full wild with delight, was come to the Quirinal cheering and singing in praise of his generosity. When Pius appeared, a loud shout of welcome greeted him from the thousands that filled the piazza and the lanes that led to it. Then he raised his hand, and in a hush of silence they received the benediction of the new Pontiff. And they went away, happily chanting their love for the good Pia Nono. But the kings of the Italy that was born in 1870 now dwell in the Quirinal, and the Popes have since lived in the Vatican, never leaving its enclosures, but remaining prisoners in mute protest of the usurpation. The incomparable Vatican palace you have studied, too, and the lovely gardens in which the gentle Pius the Tenth walks in recreation and dreams of less fettered days, and from which he can see the fair-gleaming dome of Saint Peter's.

Still other palaces are there in Rome which you can remember. There is the Palazzo Barberini, which Urban the Eighth built, and which is now the seat of the Spanish embassy. Near the Piazza Navona stands the Palazzo Doria, always reminding one of Genoa's great family. The Palazzo Colonna rises near the spot where the old Colonna fortress once stood. You do not forget the Palazzo Venezia, the castellated structure which Pius the Fourth gave to the Venetian republic, and where the Austrian ambassador now resides; nor again the Palazzo Farnese, which was begun in the early sixteenth century by Paul the Third when he was Cardinal Farnese, and where to-day you may find the French ambassador. Many more palaces of the early days you have likewise seen, so many that it were impossible even to name them all.

Many an hour you have passed in the Roman museums. The Vatican Museum, of course, is the most important in the city. After it ranks the Capitoline Museum, which Sixtus the Fourth founded in 1471. It is here you saw the famous "Dying Gaul," and the "Faun" that the New England novelist has given little less than immortality. Nearby is the museum of the Palazzo Conservatori, which has the noted "Bronze Wolf of the Capitol," and the familiar "Cumaean Sibyl" of Domenichino. A visit to the Museo delle Terme, built on the site of the Baths of Diocletian, disclosed sculptures recently found in the vicinity of Rome; among other treasures Myron's "Discus-thrower," the "Ares Resting," and the "Juno Ludovisi" head, the most famous in existence.

You recall the Greek antiques in the Museo Barrocco; and the "Cista" and the collection of early Christian relics in the Museo Kircheriano, which was founded by the learned German Jesuit.

From your musings on the treasures of palace and museum you turn to the contemplation of Roman vicissitudes, all the burnings and sackings Rome has counted since the shepherds from Alba Longa built on the sloping hills. First came the Gauls in the year 390 before Christ, and reduced the city to ashes; and then for eight hundred years no foreign foe, not even the great Hannibal, could force the Roman walls until the Goths swept in with Alaric in the year 410. Truly Nero had burned the city, but if not a noble Roman, he was at least of Rome, and no stranger foe. After the Goths came the Vandals, and following them the Huns. But it would be difficult to count the many distressful days Rome suffered before the terrible year of 1527, when the atrocious ruffians of the Constable de Bourbon ran mad through the city, while their leader, in his white cloak, lay on his back outside the wall with Bernardino Passeri's bullet in his heart. It is indeed a long battle-story that Rome has written on her pavements and palaces and tall, majestic statues. An Arch of Titus tells the victory of the Roman over the Jew; an Arch of Constantine is eloquent of the victory of the Roman Christian over the pagan Roman; and the high figure of Victor Emanuel speaks the victory of a new house of kings over the best rulers the Romans have ever had.

But the day is waning now. The music has ceased its melody; the scarlet ranks of the German seminary students have long returned homeward; the people for an hour have been streaming through the pathways toward the gate; the procession of carriages has dwindled into the sparse files of the belated few; and it is time to depart, with a multitude of memories still crowding for recognition. Before you go you look once more on the dome of Saint Peter's, no longer glowing in the sun, but looming dark and beautiful and serene in the gathering twilight; you see the dark shadowed masses of the pines on the crest of the ancient Janiculum; and on Monte Maria the tall cypresses in sad reverie of the day that is gone, and of all the Roman days that have silently ebbed away. You see the grim, brooding, battle-worn Castel Sant' Angelo, the old tomb-fortress that has felt the missiles of catapult and cannon, and has scorned the siege of many a baffled foe. Over the way you can see a dozen church towers

and the tops of high-soaring monuments, and the broad outlines of a hundred palace-homes. The Palatine and the Quirinal are still visible to your watching; night has not yet enwrapped the colonnade of the Victor Emanuel monument on the Capitol; and the column of Marcus Aurelius, crowned with the figure of Saint Paul, can still be seen looking down upon the ever-coursing throngs in the Piazza Colonna. The Tiber is out of sight of your searching vision, but you know it is there, slowly rolling on, the thoughtful, chronicle-laden Tiber, full of the joy and the woe of the twenty-seven centuries, carrying it all, even the breath of the approaching night, to Ostia and the welcoming clasp of the sea.

So it was once on the evening before our departure from Rome. Leaving the Pincio, we came down to our hotel close by, on the Via Veneto. Not long after we were up in our balcony windows looking out across the beauteous gardens of Margherita, the queen-mother, just beneath us, while we thought the thoughts of farewell. The stars were creeping along the edge of the distant hills, and were advancing through the myriad pathways of the sky; the moon was in lovely crescent, paling at intervals behind a scarflet of fleecy cloud, and then smiling free and happy, as it touched the green foliage below with the mystic white of its radiance; and from some distant piazza the melody of sweet sounds was wooing the coming night. For a long time I sat still, thinking of all the good and evil, all the love and hate, all the life and death, that the days and nights agone had known; thinking that on a night like this had love vows been pledged by many an Octavius and Cornelia; beneath a moon like this had been born the fond plightings of many a Lorenzo and Maddalena, with ever the cool breezes from the Sabines blowing over the eternal Rome; thinking of the Roman matrons of old, in the shade of the trees of the villa gardens along the Tiber, watching the proud ships of their lords sail up the deep river; thinking of all the little poppies in the fields beside the Via Appia now tossing their crimson heads in mindful reverence of the golden processions of long ago; thinking of the blue sky that had watched the sainted files of men and maidens on the same fair road in those pitiful days of the Christian dawn; thinking of the countless pilgrims who had prayerfully ascended the Scala Santa through the centuries and centuries of an undimmed faith; thinking of the nights when Rome had wept as the rallying cries of "Orsini" or "Colonna" echoed tempestuously along street and wide-spreading piazza; thinking of the nights when Rome had laughed as

the carnival gayety ran high, and every wind that swept over the city was melody-laden and glad; thinking of all the art and the poetry and the music that had been born of Rome's magic during the years and years of her romantic life; thinking of the hearts unnumbered that had loved Rome, and had felt the gentle thralling beneath the moons of the gladsome past; thinking of the thousand, thousand nights to come that other hearts like ours would sorrow for their parting and lament in welling grief for the dawning of the day. For long you can sit here, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, and sure that the dream is not vanity, but the wistful, child-like proof that the love of Rome is in your heart, and the passion for her never-cloying affection woven firmly in the fibres of your soul.

Rome is all that you have wished her and believed her and visioned her. All this she is—and more. What singers have chanted in metred music, and artists have wakened on breathing canvas and in the meshes of now-mellow tapestry, and tellers of tales have written in well-read tomes, all this she is—and more. For the spell of Rome is a most enduring one, and her charm the most illimitable of fascinations this side of eternity.

But now no footsteps ever sounded beneath the windows; only occasionally did a carriage glide along between the rows of shadowing trees; even the gentle strains from the players down the street had died away. Rome was closing her life for the night. I looked once more upon the silent avenue and the moon-white grasses and the palace of the queen—and refused to say good-bye. But from the face of Rome I turned away, a faithful lover, true and leal to the lady of my choosing, with the love in my heart, alone. And in my dreams I heard her calling me, and I saw myself again tossing a coin into the Trevi fountain, and wondering how long life would endure before the laughing waters kept their promise.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ANGLICAN BENEDICTINES.

BY W. H. WATTS.

A GREAT deal of sensation has been caused in Anglican circles by the conversion of the Anglican Benedictine communities of Caldey Island and St. Bride's Abbey, Milford Haven, to the Catholic Church, and it has been thought well that this remarkable event should be brought before the notice of Catholics in America.

The two communities that have been received into the Catholic Church consist of a community of men, under the rule of Abbot Aelred Carlyle, living at Caldey Island near to the town of Tenby, and a community of women following the same observance, formerly living at Malling Abbey in Kent, and now installed at St. Bride's Abbey, on the borders of Pill Creek, Milford Haven. Of these two communities, all, save a very few, have made their submission to the Holy See.

Of the attempts in the Anglican Church made to revive the Religious Life under the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, Caldey alone may be said to have attained to any measure of success; and its claim that it sought and obtained the highest ecclesiastical authority in the Church of England, is in a marked contrast to the majority of Anglican Religious Orders, which appear to have been founded and conducted in the face of opposition from ecclesiastical superiors. In 1898, the founder of the Caldey community obtained the license of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, for his profession as a monk under the Rule of St. Benedict, and later, after being elected to the office of Abbot by the community, the election was confirmed by the same prelate, and with the permission of the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, Abbot Aelred Carlyle was blessed and installed in his office by the late Dr. Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac. Gradually the little community grew in numbers, and in 1906 the purchase of Caldey Island as a permanent home was made possible. On St. Luke's Day of that year, the monks moved to their new home, and from that time onwards there has been a steady increase in numbers, while the work of erecting a permanent monastery has also to a certain degree been made possible. As the community increased and the number of novices

grew, it was felt that a more clearly defined official sanction by the ecclesiastical authorities was necessary if the work was to become a real and vital part of the spiritual economy of the Anglican Church. Accordingly the Anglican authorities were approached, with a view of clearly defining the position of the Abbot as a priest of the Church of England.

It was about this time, Lent, 1912, that the members of the community felt themselves bound to face the question of their position with regard to the Catholic Church. The sacred season of Lent was spent in much prayer, and a study of the difficulties that divided them from the supreme Pastor and Teacher of all Christians. The monks went deeply into the matter, and the result was that their belief in the Church of England as the true and historic Church of Christ and the Gospel received what was destined to be its deathblow. But, whether rightly or wrongly, they felt that there were not sufficient indications that it was their duty to sever their allegiance to the Church of England and to submit to the Holy See. If the community was to continue, it must be brought more clearly under the definite guidance and authority of the See of Canterbury. The Archbishop of Canterbury was approached: first, because Caldey is in no Anglican diocese or parish, and, secondly, because the Archbishop represented to the monks the supreme spiritual authority of the Anglican Church. At the suggestion of the Archbishop, Bishop Gore of Oxford was selected as prospective Episcopal Visitor, an office which his lordship expressed himself quite willing to accept. The Bishop, quite naturally and rightly, made inquiries as to the faith, practices, and devotions of the community, and appointed two commissioners who were to receive a full statement of all such matters, after which they were to report to the Bishop. The result of the negotiations was that Bishop Gore, acting upon the report made to him by the commissioners, made certain demands upon the community as "preliminaries that seem to be obvious and to lie outside all possibilities of bargaining and concession." These preliminary demands were:

> (1) That all property, buildings, etc., should legally be secured to the Church of England.
>
> (2) That the Communion Office of the Book of Common Prayer alone should be used in place of the Latin Benedictine Rite, and that all priests in the community should be bound to recite Morning and Evening Prayer.

(3) That the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, together with the doctrine *(sic)* of the Corporal Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, should be eliminated from the Breviary and Missal.

(4) That Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with the Exposition and Veneration of Sacred Relics, should be abandoned.

The monks of Caldey had appealed to the authority of the Church of England, and that authority acting in the person of Bishop Gore as the representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had, as it had every right to do from the Anglican point of view, made a sweeping condemnation of those things which the monks of Caldey had always held to be vital to their conception of the Catholic Faith. The demands of the Bishop were clear and definite; the reply of the monks also had to be clear and definite. A letter was dispatched to the Bishop of Oxford signed by twenty professed brothers, four novices, and three oblates, declining to receive official sanction at such a price. Thus the allegiance of Caldey to the Church of England came to an end, and the eyes of the brethren were turned to the seat of that Authority to whose care our Blessed Lord has committed the sheep and the lambs of His flock.

On February 22d, the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, Abbot Aelred Carlyle sent an urgent letter to Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., to come and advise. Knowing nothing of what was required of him, the good Father immediately laid aside all his most pressing engagements, and set out on his unknown mission. On arriving at Caldey he was soon shown how matters stood, and as a Benedictine and a convert he was asked to advise. At Caldey Holy Mass was offered by Dom Bede Camm. By the singular providence of God, this first Mass was offered by a Benedictine and the champion of the English martyrs, and on the Feast of the Five Holy Wounds; under whose banner our English fathers fought and died "for God, our Lady, and the Catholic Faith." The last time Mass was said on the island of Caldey, it was offered by a Benedictine monk some three hundred or more years ago.

Under the guidance of Dom Bede Camm, the monks of Caldey were prepared for their reception into the Catholic Church, and on Wednesday, March 5th, the Feast of St. Aelred, the patron Saint of the Abbot, his lordship the Bishop of Menevia, Dr. Mostyn,

received the submission of the community, and then administered conditional baptism. The ceremony of reception into the Church was performed in the presence of the Benedictine Abbots of Downside, Maredsous, and Cærmaria. After Terce had been sung, the Bishop vested, and with his assistants entered the sanctuary. Abbot Carlyle knelt at a prie-dieu at the entrance of the choir, and before him was laid an open book of the Gospels. After the singing of the *Veni Creator,* the whole community kneeling round their Abbot made simultaneously their profession of faith, and received from the Bishop absolution from censure. During the Mass which followed this solemn ceremony, the newly-made Catholics received Holy Communion. In the afternoon, by permission of the Bishop, the Abbot of Maredsous sang Pontifical Vespers, and before Compline, which was sung by the Abbot of Downside, the Bishop of the diocese gave Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the Monday following this most solemn and eventful day, the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the community of Caldey; while three days later his lordship and the Abbot of Downside went to St. Bride's Abbey to gather into the Church the rich harvest of souls that waited for the reaper. The number of souls received into the Church both at Caldey and St. Bride's Abbey is fifty-six, but there are more members of the Caldey community who from stress of circumstances did not make their submission at the same time. By the time these lines are read all the Caldey brethren, with the exception of two or perhaps three, will have been received into the Catholic Church.

At the time of writing, Abbot Carlyle is on his way to Rome, in company with the Abbot of Maredsous. It is hoped to lay the plans and aspirations of these two communities before the Holy Father, and to seek his guidance for the future. whatever it may be. Meanwhile the brethren have been admitted oblates regular of St. Benedict by the Abbot of Maredsous, at whose abbey Abbot Aelred will make his novitiate. During the absence of their superior, the Caldey brethren will be under the rule of Dom John Chapman and Dom Bede Camm, both of Maredsous.

The conversion of the Caldey monks to the Catholic Church has involved them in serious financial loss, for they have lost the sum of not less than £20,000, which had been promised them by various benefactors a short time ago, principally for the completion of their monastery buildings, on condition of their remaining in the Anglican Church. The Caldey Sustentation Fund has been

opened, and Catholics are asked to show their practical sympathy for these good monks who have sacrificed so much. The students of Maynooth College have offered to raise a subscription among themselves, and have expressed their resolution that the Caldey monks shall not want. A priest has most generously offered £500 as a nucleus of the Caldey Sustentation Fund.

The brethren of Caldey Abbey, together with their Sisters of St. Bride's, earnestly request the prayers of all Catholics for perseverance in their Holy Faith and Vocation.

ENCOMPASSED.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

"In Whom we live and move and are."

THE least, most instant thoughts I think
Win to Thy mind;
Thou art most kind.

My feet with weariness may sink—
Ere I can cry
Lo, Thou art by.

Yea, when upon the awful brink
Of death I stand
I hold Thy hand.

Only for this aghast I shrink
At deeps of hell,
"God lost," they spell.

And when of utter bliss I drink,
What shall it be
But Thee, but Thee.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

Chapter VII.

RICHARD had expected that the Colonel would take some interest in the papers that he had found in the attic. He brought them downstairs next evening, and spread them on the mahogany table that stood under the library lamp.

The Colonel picked up one or two of the letters, carelessly adjusted his eyeglasses, and after glancing at the faded pages, he put them down and thumped upon the table to show his emphatic disapproval.

"What rot! I didn't know my father could be such a fool."

"My grandmother must have been very beautiful," said Richard reflectively.

"Beautiful," sputtered the Colonel, "of course she was beautiful. In those days men weren't looking for some sour-faced, intellectual, spectacled woman to put at the head of their table. By heaven, sir, it's a woman's business to be beautiful."

"See, here are some verses," said Richard, "that seem to prove it:

Such beauty I have ne'er beheld,
Your violet eyes, your raven hair,
If I could die to prove my love
I'd welcome death, my lady fair.

They do sound—rather feverish. I wonder if men really feel that way."

"Feel," repeated the Colonel, staring at his son in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that you have never been in love?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Then for the Lord's sake go and try it. Why you must have the make-up of a fish, sir. When I was your age I had courted half the girls in the county."

The old look of weariness came into Richard's eyes. "I suppose it was the fashion, then," he said. He put the letters into the box and carried them back to his room. The Colonel was

willing to keep on swearing that the Fielding title was a forged one, but he considered Richard's efforts to prove it practically useless. He frankly said that he was not willing to strain his eyes going through all that "mooning slush" to convince himself of a fact he knew already.

"But we might convince the court," Richard had said.

"The courts are corrupt," reiterated the Colonel with a conviction that precluded argument. "What justice can you expect from a Yankee judge that had his eye shot out at Manassas?"

"I believe that justice is supposed to be blind," Richard suggested dryly.

"But not squint-eyed," said the Colonel, who always enjoyed the last word in an argument.

Richard went to bed that night with the feeling that the Fielding case was hopeless. There was no escape for him from the grime of the fields, the uncongenial labor that began with every dawn. Of what use was his college course, his university training? He was a farm hand, ignorant of his work, deprived even of meager wages. Where could he get money for the simple everyday necessities? He thought of writing, teaching, translating, but the ceaseless duties of the day seemed to preclude all further effort—his mind was hindered, his body heavy with sleep. He must trust to the fruition of the fall. If he had had any confidence in his achievements as a farmer, he would have gone to Jefferson Wilcox for help, but he was too proud to borrow when payment seemed so remote.

It was worry over his increasing indebtedness at the village store that drove him again to the inspection of his grandfather's love letters, and having once begun to wade through the "slush," his original intention was almost forgotten in the interest he began to take in these human documents. He had not had time or inclination for love affairs of his own, but the psychology of this ancient romance fascinated him.

He had never known his grandfather, but he had heard him spoken of with vast respect as a brave soldier, a scholar, a statesman. He had been sent to the United States Senate, and had served with distinction; he had even been considered as a presidential possibility. These old letters showed another side of his life, as real as and more vital than his public career.

With a systematizing spirit that comes from long training, Richard sorted out the letters according to date. From the first

formal note asking a pretty girl to accept "a floral offering," "to walk home from church," "to dance at the governor's ball," came the gradual unfolding of a strong man's passion. His first proposal of marriage, a strange mixture of humility and faith in his opportunities, followed later by desperate incoherent pages when he feared the lady of his choice was in love with another. Then came other vehement letters breathing such happiness and confessions of unworthiness, full of ambitious day dreams, plans for the wedding, plans for home building, plans for a long alluring future.

Richard sat one night on the edge of his high four-poster musing over these letters. What a tremendous power love had always been in the world. Why had he never given it any thought? Since his mother's death, and his memory of her was made up of trifling occurrences that a child's mind accentuates, he had never demanded love from anyone. The Colonel had always been indifferent to him, Betty regarded him almost as a stranger; until the last few months he had never entered into her life, now she accepted his services as a matter of course. As long as she was provided with food and shelter, she was oblivious to the tragedy of his efforts. Poring over these old letters he began to speculate about himself, and to wonder idly if he were capable of great love for an individual. If he gave nothing how could he expect a return? Was the fault his? If women roused men, wise, judicial men like his grandfather, to such desperate states of mind, to such foolish poems and prattle, why was he immune?

His thoughts were brought to an abrupt conclusion by Betty knocking on his door. "Why aren't you ready, Dick?"

"Ready?" he repeated looking up bewildered.

Betty stood in the hallway dressed in her grandmother's wedding gown, hoop skirt, lace veil, orange blossoms, white satin slippers, her face flushed into beauty, her nervous fingers struggling with the old-time silken mitts.

"Betty, child, I didn't know you."

"Isn't it great?" said Betty. "Don't I look—look pretty? I can't get in your door, these hoops won't let me. I'm going down in the parlor and practice moving around in them while you get ready, Dick."

"Ready for what?" he asked.

"Oh, Dick, don't say you're not going. It would just break my heart to miss the Fielding's party to-night."

"Is it to-night?" he asked helplessly.

"Why, Dick, you can't have forgotten so soon."

"But I had, Betty. I had—my mind seems so small that I can't squeeze in more than one idea at a time. Here I am sitting up nights trying to take the Fielding's money away from them, and they invite me to a party."

"Pooh!" said Betty, "of course they invite us. Jess Fielding would rather have us than anybody in the county."

"I don't see why."

"There are times, Dick," she began smoothing her mitts over her thin arms, "when I believe you are stupid in spite of all your education."

"No doubt about it," he agreed good-naturedly.

"And this is one of the times," she continued. "Jess Fielding wants us to come because—well it gives her a boost socially—we are the bluest-blooded people in this county."

Richard smiled. "I don't believe she is such a fool," he said.

"But she is," repeated Betty knowingly. "Women are all like that. We want the best people at our parties or none at all."

"And your definition of 'best,' Betty?"

"Grandfathers," she answered unhesitatingly, "great-grandfathers, great-great-grandfathers."

"Every man except Adam had those."

"Stupid!" said Betty, "stupid again. You know the traditions of this county as well as I do. Get on that beautiful uniform and come on. We'll make a stunning couple. See here are two little curtain masks. I cut up one pincushion and one sachet bag to make them; black for you, white for me."

"But, Betty dear, upon my soul it hardly seems fair to accept the Fielding's hospitality when I'm trying to get up a law case against them."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Betty. "What have you found out?"

"Nothing."

"Have you any kind of proof?"

"None."

"Have you the shadow of a chance of winning your case?"

"Not yet."

"Everybody is dead," said Betty with cheerful resignation, "so you'll never find out anything."

"But I'm trying."

"That makes no difference."

"Do you think she expects us?"

"Of course she does. I sent my acceptance two weeks ago. She'll be dreadfully disappointed if we don't come."

He was very tired. He longed for some loophole of escape. "But why should she be disappointed?" he persisted.

"I just told you," she said beginning to lose patience. "She will think we want to snub her, and no girl enjoys being snubbed. If you don't want to go I suppose I—can—stay—at—home."

Her eager little face looked so pathetic beneath the meshes of the veil that he resolved to martyr himself at once. "Cheer up, I'll get ready. It won't take me fifteen minutes to hitch old Pedro to the buggy. I haven't had any plowing these last few days, so he may travel along with a little spirit."

"But, Dick, you will have to dress—ruffled shirt—uniform."

"I'd forgotten that, too," he said, "but I'll go the whole gait I promise you, even if I do feel like a second-class hero in a melodrama."

Betty went singing blithely down the stairs, and passed into the blackness of the parlor. Once there she felt her way cautiously to the mantel, and, having successfully located the match box, she lighted all the candles that stood in the twisted silver sconces. Two mirrors that hung between the windows at either end of the long room reflected the flickering lights over and over again. Betty seemed to walk in a labyrinth of rooms with twenty other hoop-skirted brides pirouetting for their grooms.

At last Richard came. Betty gave a little scream of delight. "Colonel, Colonel," she called, "come and see us! Come and see! Oh! Dick, look at yourself in the mirror. I believe you are the handsomest man I ever saw. Your shoulders are so broad and you are so tall—so perfectly proportioned, and those gorgeous buttons. Oh, I don't wonder that girls go crazy over brass buttons."

"Betty," he said laughing, putting his hand over her mouth, "you're trying to make amends for dragging me out to-night. I feel like an idiot, don't make me look like one."

The Colonel came limping across the hall: "What's all this?" he said. "What's all this commotion about?"

Betty dropped him a curtsey, her wide skirt spread out like an inflated balloon. "We are going to the Fielding's masquerade ball."

"Taking up with that trash, eh?"

"She invited us," said Betty defensively, the laughter dying out of her eyes. "I'm sure she is an educated girl, and she's been everywhere, seen everything, knows all kinds of nice people."

"Hm," said the Colonel, pulling at his gray goatee, "the country's money mad. The Fieldings are as common as dirt."

"I feel quite at home in dirt," said Richard.

The Colonel turned, there was no mistaking the look of startled wonder on his face. "Where—where did you get those clothes?"

Richard stood at attention and gave the military salute. "I am the ghost of my grandfather," he said smiling.

The Colonel's deep set eyes filled with a suspicious moisture; he fumbled for his handkerchief and blew his nose with excited energy. "You have on the uniform of an officer," he said at last. "You should have a sword—my sword. The only decent thing the Yankees ever did was sending that sword back to me."

"Because 'of the brave fight you made and your valiant courage in defeat when you were outnumbered.' I remember the words of the message. Mother taught them to me before I was eight years old."

"Did she?" said the Colonel, and there was something youthful in his eagerness. "I didn't know she cared so much as that. You must wear the sword to-night, Dick. By heaven, sir, I would have been proud to have had you in my regiment."

He reached for the sword that hung above the mantel, and unsheathing it he stood for a moment forgetful of the years. The cold impact of the steel seemed to revivify his youth, the only part of his life that had seemed worth while to him, the life that had called for endurance, decisiveness, self-denial, virtues that he had not felt the necessity of practicing before or since. The best that was in him had surrendered when a military victory was lost.

Richard was keen enough to realize this. The sword was holy in his eyes. "I don't believe I am fit to wear it," he said humbly.

The Colonel returned to the present, irritated with himself for his useless dreaming. "And why not?" he demanded.

"It means so much."

"How can it to you?"

"I am your son."

"You were born long after the war was over. What do you know about it?"

"But the sword! It typifies so much. Somehow it seems a sort of sacrilege to wear it to a masquerade."

"We are all maskers," said the Colonel cynically. "All the world is masquerading. Your costume must be complete, my son, I'm only arming you for the battle."

As Richard took the sword he stooped and kissed the smooth surrendering hand that held it out to him; this touch of reverence displeased the Colonel. He had no taste for anything that seemed to border on mediæval ritualism.

"My Lord, boy," he said wiping his hand on his rusty coat. "I'm no potentate, and you're no knight, hysterical after an all night vigil."

The atmosphere of idealism which had seemed to surround the Colonel was pierced by the words. Richard turned away.

"Perhaps I am hysterical," he said.

Chapter VIII.

The ancient Hedrick's mansion, which the Fieldings had bought and remodelled, stood on a high hill far removed from the black shaft of the coal mines. The grimy workers toiling in the low-roofed chambers underground had built up this palace with their products, but now, that the house was complete, the rich inmates must not be offended by the sight of the dirty, sweating mass of men who had supplied them with these luxuries. Close-branched cedars had been planted to screen off this view of the valley, trellises of roses walled in a sunken Italian-garden, which in the old days had boasted only a few sombre box bushes; but now it was riotously abloom. And to-night even the trees along the driveway seemed to blossom forth miraculously, strung with tiny electric bulbs of different colors.

Betty gasped with delight as the buggy wheels, scraping the new iron gateway, passed into this wonderland.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful in all your life?" she said clasping her brother's arm in an ecstasy. "Look at the house, Dick. Why, it's twice as big as it used to be. What can one girl want with so many rooms?"

"Why she doesn't live alone," he said quietly.

"Only a governess or chaperon, a little old lady by the name of Miss White."

"Miss Fielding didn't call her that."

"Oh, I know Jess Fielding calls her Prunesy, or some such pet name. I wish we had started earlier. I believe we are the last to arrive."

As they neared the brilliantly-lighted house, a man in livery

came forward to take charge of old Pedro, who was wheezing from his leisurely walk up the hill. Betty threw off the old linen duster which she had worn over her voluminous dress, and, adjusting her little curtain mask, she told Richard to do the same.

"We haven't any wraps," she said, "so there is no use going into the dressing room. Look at all the people on the porch. If you don't put on your mask now everybody will know you."

"Since nobody knows me anyhow," began Richard.

"Oh, Dick, please, please act a little partified."

"My dear Betty, what's that?"

"Act like you were at a party. Be gay; don't—don't act like a monk in a monastery."

He laughed. "Did you ever see a monk in a monastery?"

But his question went unheeded. She ran lightly up the steps; a satin-coated courtier in a curly wig stood in the doorway.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"A bride without a groom," answered Betty saucily.

"Then I'm the man you're looking for. Come dance with me. You can't speak to your hostess because she's masked like the rest of us. I'll propose to you if you'll tell me your name."

Betty whirled away into the maelstrom of dancers; Richard followed her as far as the hall, uncertain of himself now that he was no longer needed. This life was not foreign to Betty; these young men and girls were her friends, her neighbors. She slipped back into gayety, after the long tiresome winter, with an ease and energy that showed Richard what the privation of it meant to her.

For fully half an hour Richard stood half-hidden behind some tall palms, forgetful of his awkwardness as he viewed the unusual scene in front of him. All sorts and conditions of people seemed gathered together in the big flower-decked room. Characters from Mother Goose; characters from his favorite fairy tales; characters from history and romance. Puritans wearing their pointed hats, austere looking goddesses, cowboys, Indians, sailors, soldiers, devils, mingled before him with the fascinating incongruity of a dream.

Mr. Pickwick balanced himself upon a window sill, while Red Riding Hood regaled him with some cookies that she carried in a splint bottomed basket. Robinson Crusoe was dancing blissfully with Queen Elizabeth; George Washington was pulling Bo-Peep's long wiggy curls, and Oliver Cromwell was laughing heartily at something that Cinderella had just whispered in his ear.

When the music stopped for a brief interlude, Richard heard

a hissing, crackling sound at his side. He looked down, a girl in a strange red and yellow costume stood beside him. Her hair fell about her shoulders, and seemed a part of the diaphanous gauze of which her dress was made. Suddenly she threw up her arms, and by some trick he could not understand, her long flowing sleeves flew upward until she looked as if she were enveloped in a spiral flame.

"I'm Fire—Fire—Fire," she said. "Come out on the porch. I'll blaze the way."

He was a trifle resentful that his retreat had been discovered.

"You're too dangerous," he smiled, hoping to escape her.

"I am, I am. I want to be."

"But I am prudence," he said standing still.

"You're a soldier," she retorted. "The first duty of a soldier is to obey, the next is to court danger."

He laughed and followed her, not knowing how to refuse. "I am only the wraith of a soldier," he said.

The wide brick portico was crowded now with the merry company who had been dancing but a moment before. The spectral moonlight seemed the one thing needed to make the phantasy complete. Richard looked around him wonderingly; he was surrounded by familiar friends. The heroes and heroines of his boyhood had conspired to meet him in this unexpected way. His strenuosity, his weariness, his disappointment fell from him. He was young again, care free; he was part of this delightful unreal world of "make believe."

The unseen orchestra began another waltz; there was a quick interchange of partners, and the porch was deserted. Richard stood alone with the flaming girl beside him.

"I can't ask you to dance because I don't know how," he began half apologetically.

"I'm glad you don't," she answered.

"Why I thought you liked dancing."

"I think it's silly for a man."

"Then why do you do it?"

"Why, because everybody does."

"Is that a reason?"

"I thought it was. Come sit down on this bench and tell me who I am."

"I don't know."

"Don't you care?"

"How can I?"

"Dear me," she sighed, "I thought you were scientific."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Doesn't science necessitate curiosity?"

"We call it the spirit of investigation," he said.

"Have you always been indifferent to women?"

"I haven't known any."

"You are not telling the truth, now," she said.

"I thought I was."

"Don't you care to know any?"

"I thought I didn't."

Again her arms shot upward, the soft gauze waved above her head, she spun around until she seemed a pillar of flame. "I'm Fire—Fire—Fire," she said in a low rhymthic voice, "and you are a man of ice. Suppose—suppose that I should try and melt you."

The spirit of harlequin caught him at last. "I'm armed against all dangers," he cried, and drawing his sword he pinned her trailing dress to the floor. "Now you cannot get away until you tell me who you are."

"I like my mask," she said.

He threw his from him. "Mine is infernally hot," he said.

She caught the bit of silk before it landed in the tangled jasamine vine. "It was no disguise," she said crumpling it in her hand.

"Why I have been away so long I thought I had passed beyond all remembrance."

"But not beyond mine," she whispered softly.

Her tone bewildered him. "If this is flirting," he said blunderingly, "I know nothing of the game. You will find me as awkward as a Hottentot."

The girl laughed. "But don't you find me interesting?" she asked.

"Take off your mask, and I'll tell you."

"I prefer to keep it on."

"Then you don't want your question answered?"

"I have intuitions."

"And what do they amount to?"

"They tell me that you will go home and think about me; it is a good beginning."

"The beginning of what?"

"Of your learning the game."

"But I don't want to learn it. I haven't the time."

"You think that now."

"I'll think it always."

"Your manners are not good," she admitted. "Try to forget me and see if you can."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because you never had a woman talk to you this way before."

"Is that why you did it?"

"Perhaps—because—maybe," she said provokingly. "Don't you like it?"

"Take off your mask."

"Never." There was a sound of tearing gauze, and she had fled from him, leaving a portion of her train impaled on the point of his sword. He watched her passing through the moonlight waving her arms. "I'm Fire—Fire—Fire," she intoned. He saw her cutting her way through the crowd that had again poured out upon the porch. Red Riding Hood gave a little scream of mock terror; Boy Blue huddled in a corner and begged her to go away; Queen Elizabeth caught her in her arms, and cried, "Fire and bloodshed, you are part of my reign. Yours is the most beautiful costume in the room." Then Oliver Cromwell came forward and claimed her for a dance.

Richard stood in front of the low window, still watching her as she danced lightly in the arms of the smiling Roundhead. He had to confess that she had piqued his curiosity, roused his interest. For the first time in his life he was experiencing that world-old charm that lies in the subtlety of womanhood. He had heard someone say that there would be a general unmasking after the next dance, and, as he waited, he was surprised at his own impatience. But before the next dance began, Fire had disappeared, Cromwell had sought another partner, and when the masks were taken off, amid shouts of laughter and surprise, Fire was nowhere to be seen.

Miss Fielding, dressed like several others in the room in the trailing gown of a Greek goddess, greeted her guests. A little lady with bobbing curls and spectacles followed her around, adding her welcome to that of the young hostess.

Richard, remembering the conversation by the swimming pool, recognized Miss Prunesy Prisms at once, but the whole scene had suddenly lost interest for him. He did not want to acknowledge his disappointment even to himself. He had wanted to identify Fire, and she had eluded him. Now that the young people had unmasked, he felt himself to be more than ever an alien. In such

a throng his hostess would not miss him; he would steal away somewhere into the garden, and lie down on one of the many benches and watch the stars, then, when it was time for leave taking, he would call for Betty, and they would go home.

As he moved from the shadow of the window shutter, he did not see that little Miss White was standing in the doorway, looking for scattered guests that she might invite them in to supper. As the moonlight fell full upon his face, the old lady's eyes were riveted upon him in a stare that seemed almost sightless, then, with a half-hushed scream, she fell fainting to the floor.

He was beside her in a moment. Most of the merry makers had passed through the hallway into the hospitable dining room in the western wing of the house, but as Richard stooped over the frail little lady he heard Miss Fielding say with a calm that proved she was undismayed by the emergency:

"Can you lift her? Will you bring her up stairs?"

The old lady's frame was as spare as a sparrow's; her nerves and her energy had burned up any surplus flesh that she might have acquired in her late years of luxurious living. Richard lifted her in his arms with that rare reverence that youth sometimes offers old age, and carrying her easily up the broad stairs, he placed her in her high four-poster.

"Now go ask the butler for the brandy and bring it here yourself," commanded Miss Fielding, loosening the old lady's dress. "Don't tell anyone. We don't want to cast a pall over the party. Prunesy has fainted once or twice before."

Richard retraced his steps, and finding the grizzly-headed butler gathering chairs from the hall, he ordered him to bring the decanter at once. The butler was too well trained to exhibit either surprise or hesitation. He had been brought up in a region where a "gentleman's thirst" was to be regarded, not deplored.

Richard carried the heavy decanter back to the bedroom, and helped Miss Fielding force some of the liquor between her old friend's pale lips. Miss Prunesy gasped and opened her faded eyes.

"Jessica, Jessica, dear," she said feebly, clinging to the girl's strong hand, "I—I saw a ghost upon the porch."

"Nonsense," said the girl, kneeling beside the bed and gathering the little lady in her arms until the bobbing curls were hidden in her warm embrace. "Prunesy, you are dreaming."

"I saw him distinctly," said the old lady trembling now, "I saw him in the moonlight."

"Who?" asked the girl stooping to kiss the wrinkled cheek.

"He—he was once a soldier," said the old lady dreamily.

Jessica looked up at Richard as if she had suddenly remembered his presence. "Of course he was," she said soothingly. "Prunesy, I've always suspected that your lover was killed in the war."

"But he was not killed."

"Then how can you see his ghost?"

"He died. He died many years afterwards."

"Prunesy! Prunesy! Your ghost was quite alive. I'll show him to you some day. Here take another sip of brandy—you're better now. All these years you've been longing to see a ghost, and when you come across a real substantial one, you haven't strength to question him. Come. I'm going to send Martha to undress you and put you to bed. You will be all right in the morning. Sure you feel better now? Then I'll go downstairs, back to my guests."

Richard had retreated as soon as he realized that he was the direct cause of the old lady's fright; he stood in the hall outside the bedroom door waiting to see if he could be of any further service. As soon as Miss Fielding had summoned a neat negro maid from one of the nearby dressing rooms, she joined him upon the stairs.

"I believe Prunesy was in love with your grandfather," she said. "I think I remember her hinting at it one day; and you have borrowed his clothes, I know, for you look so different from when I saw you last, or, perhaps, we are all dreaming dreams to-night."

"I believe we are," he admitted slowly.

"What! You?"

"The whole thing has seemed very unreal," he said.

"And you care only for realities?"

The old look of weariness came into his eyes. "I'm tired of realities."

She leaned slightly on his arm as they descended the wide steps together. "Some realities are not to be despised. Food for instance. Let us go and hunt for some ice cream together."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN R. G. HASSARD.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

ON the 18th of April, 1888, just about twenty-five years ago, John R. G. Hassard, who had been for nearly twenty-five years before that very prominent in the literary and newspaper life of New York, passed away. For something over twenty years Hassard had been attached to the *Tribune* successively in the diverse posts of special writer, reviewer, managing editor, musical and literary critic, as well as in furnishing various special contributions of other kinds to the *Tribune* of those days. This year I was asked to lecture on him in the Summer School Extension Course, and was rather surprised to find that it was by no means easy to secure materials with regard to the details of his literary career, as well as the influence of his personality.

He was entirely too important in the Catholic life of New York, during the quarter of a century when this was becoming the greatest Catholic city in the world, for us to allow him to find a place so soon as this among forgotten worthies. He wrote a life of Archbishop Hughes, that has all the qualities of a fine literary biography composed on the strictest of modern lines, using as far as possible the documents of the man himself to illustrate and set forth his career. He was the author of a popular life of Pius IX., in which his training as a newspaper man was particularly valuable. Two of his series of letters to the *Tribune,* those in which he followed the scenes of Dickens' novels, and those written from Bayreuth on the occasion of the first performance of the Nibelungen Ring there in 1876, were republished in book form. He was one of the editors of THE CATHOLIC WORLD at its foundation, and as Father Hecker wisely placed the greatest confidence in his judgment, Hassard had undoubtedly much to do with making THE CATHOLIC WORLD at once a distinctly literary periodical, in the permanent value of its contributions very different from what the religious magazine is sometimes supposed to be.

No better time than the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death could well be found for gathering the materials that sum up his career. A number of those who knew Hassard well, have written

me very charming letters with regard to the personality of the man. Many a man in newspaper work in New York, and many a prominent writer of the literary world of the time, had imbibed the bitterest prejudices against Catholics. Most of them in the early sixties could scarcely understand how any man with reasonable common sense, and above all any man with a broad education, could possibly remain a Catholic.

To such men Hassard was a revelation. He was thoroughly well educated, a scholar, in the best sense of the word, who knew and kept up his classics, and who also knew French and German very well, and the literatures of both these languages. He had a fine literary taste, and a rare musical culture. To come in contact with him was to love him. To know him was to be made aware that there was a depth to Catholicity, and above all to Catholic thinking, of which the American world had very little idea at that time. It must not be forgotten that when Hassard graduated at Fordham in the middle of the fifties, and began his career as a newspaper man, the Know Nothing movement was just at its climax. Well-known publishers in New York were quite willing to take up the publication of vile books in which a wild series of stories as to the abuses in convents were told, and utterly groundless accusations made. *Maria Monk* was the most popular book of that time—the best seller—which appealed at once to the pruriency and the religious prejudice of the time. To this generation the life and influence of such a Catholic scholar as Hassard was quite literally a godsend. We can only think of it now as providential.

John Rose Greene Hassard was born September 24, 1836, in Houston Street, New York City, almost opposite the old Convent of Mercy. His name Hassard was French, and the family was probably of Huguenot origin. His mother was a granddaughter of Commodore Nicholson of Revolutionary fame. His parents were Episcopalians, and belonged to the Rev. Thomas Preston's Church before he became a convert to Catholicity. At the age of fifteen Hassard became a convert, and all his life retained a most fervent affection for Monsignor Preston, who received him into the Church. He was a boy of singular purity of heart and life and thought, and this charming quality remained with him all his life, and is emphasized by all his biographers.

He early gave signs of intellectual vigor and promise. After his conversion he became persuaded that it was his vocation to be a

priest, and it was in pursuance of this idea that he went to Fordham apparently just after his conversion. In 1850-51 he appears in the Fordham catalogue as John Hassard, so that there would seem to be some question as to whether he had not been there before his conversion, which is set down as 1851.

As a consequence of his brilliant Freshman year apparently, he was allowed to make his Sophomore and Junior years together. His name does not occur in the prize lists in 1853 and 1854, though it is in the catalogue, but he graduated in 1854-55 at the head of his class. At the Commencement for the year 1856-57, he received his degree of M. A.

After his graduation Hassard entered the Diocesan Seminary, which was then also situated at Fordham, to study for the priesthood. His delicate health, however, soon made it clear that this was not his place in life, and he gave it up, and gradually drifted into journalistic work, at which he had dabbled as a student at Fordham. He and James McMahon, who afterwards as Colonel McMahon of the Sixty-ninth regiment of New York City, the famous Irish regiment, served with such distinction in the Civil War, and General Martin T. McMahon, afterwards the beloved Judge McMahon, and Arthur Francis, a clever classmate at college, founded and managed the first college paper published at Fordham. It was known as the *Goose Quill,* doubtless because of the mode of its publication. The first issue came out under the presidency of Father Larkin, who was very much opposed to newspapers in general, and refused to allow this one to be printed. It was circulated in written copies, of which I think only one set remains. It was published by being posted in the reading room, though even the permission to do this was long withheld by Father Larkin, and only grudgingly given.

After his withdrawal from the Seminary, young Hassard was for sometime the secretary of Archbishop Hughes. He continued to occupy the post until the Archbishop's death in January, 1864. After the Archbishop's death, the task of writing the prelate's life, for which his years of secretaryship had so well prepared him, naturally fell to Hassard, and this was published in the following year by D. Appleton and Company.

In the meantime Hassard had been writing a series of articles for the first edition of the *American Encyclopedia,* and had been helping in the editing of it. He impressed Dr. George Ripley, one of the editors of the work, so much that when Ripley went to

Europe, he engaged young Hassard to fill his post of Literary Editor of the *Tribune*. This seems to have occurred in 1864 after Archbishop Hughes' death. In 1865 Father Hecker, of the recently-established Paulists, founded THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and Hassard became the Editor. His experience on the *American Encyclopedia*, and the many friendships that he had already made because of his connection with the *Tribune*, were of great help to him in this position. He was able to secure articles and interest literary folk generally in the magazine, and as a consequence it began almost at once to attract attention from those outside the Church.

In 1866 he left the editorship of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to go to Chicago with Charles A. Dana, who had selected him as one of his assistants for the editorship of the Chicago *Republican*, which Dana was about to found. When that venture failed the following year, Hassard returned to the *Tribune*, and continued to be connected with that paper practically until his death more than twenty years later.

After the death of Horace Greeley in 1872, for sometime he held the post of managing editor, and then became well-known as the musical critic of the *Tribune*. Monsignor Preston once said of him, and few men knew him better: "Although he never learned music from a master, he could play almost any piece on the organ, and follow with the score the most difficult symphonies. I have heard Theodore Thomas express the greatest admiration for his musical abilities, and say that he considered him the best critic in that particular branch whom he had ever seen or known." His musical library, one of the best private libraries in that department in the country, went to the Cathedral library on his death.

He was the original Wagnerian among Americans who influenced others to appreciate properly the work that Wagner had done for music, and the genius with which he had combined the two great arts of music and the drama. When, in 1876, on the completion of the great theatre and opera house at Bayreuth, the Nibelungen Tetralogy was for the first time given in what the master considered a worthy manner in a worthy setting, Hassard made the pilgrimage to what was to be for Wagnerians thereafter the musical Mecca, and wrote a series of letters to the *Tribune* describing his experience. These are sometimes said to have done more to make "the music of the future," as Wagner loved to call it, better known, and above all to secure a serious hearing for it in America, than anything that had been done up to that time. The letters

have the definite detail, the human sympathy, the picturesque quality that came so naturally to Hassard from his newspaper experience, but above all they show rare insight into the music and the drama, and are full of the spirit of the wonderful presentation and the magnificent stage setting so worthily given to the Wagnerian music dramas. Even at the present time there are few books more likely to set one directly in sympathy with Wagner, and the music movement originated by him, than Hassard's *Ring of The Nibelungs*—a description of its performance in August, 1876, at Bayreuth.

Besides his musical criticisms, he wrote also many book reviews, and not all in the conventional way. His reviews were often looked for appreciatively by those who had no hint of the man himself. In his sketch of Hassard's life, published just after his death in the *Evening Post,* Joseph Bucklin Bishop said: "He could put the atmosphere of a book into his review of it, and the work always bore the stamp of his personal character. His censure never carried a sting with it, and though he could smite hard and strike home on occasions, he always dealt his blows like a true man and a Christian gentleman."

In the meantime Hassard had published other books besides the Bayreuth letters, though it happened that this year, 1877, was a crowded year of publications by him. A life of Pope Pius IX. written just after the pontiff's death; a history of the United States for Catholic schools, besides the work on Wagner's performance, were all issued in 1877. Some ten years before he had completed a life of Archbishop Hughes, which has remained the standard life of that great prelate.

For lovers of Dickens, Hassard's *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage* will be very interesting. He followed faithfully through the scenes described by Dickens. As the slums of London have since changed very much, this record has now become a precious historical document for the understanding of Dickens, and one of abiding value.

A very interesting incident in Hassard's life as a newspaper man, was the translation of the cipher telegrams which had been sent during the Tilden-Hayes post-election uncertainty, when a single electoral vote stood between Mr. Tilden and the Presidency. Unfortunately the incident was to have serious consequences for Hassard, for all of his friends attribute the beginning of the serious development of his consumption to the uninterrupted work for days which he gave to this problem.

Unfortunately Hassard's absorption night and day in this problem deprived him of sleep, and seriously impaired his health. Great things were hoped for from him, however, but they were not to be. It is interesting to know that in the early eighties, when the circulation of the New York *World,* which was then conducted very much on the lines of the *Evening Post* of the present time, was rapidly decreasing. Monsignor Preston and Father Dealy, S.J., made a definite effort to secure sufficient money to purchase and finance it, so as to make it a representative Catholic daily. They were quite sure that the need was so great that it would not be hard to make wealthy Catholics feel the necessity of having not only a religious organ, but a great representative daily paper, all of the writers for which would be men of Catholic principles. Hassard was to have been the managing editor; his long and varied experience in newspaper work eminently fitted him for the position, but it is doubtful whether his health, so seriously undermined, would have permitted him to take it up. There proved to be no need for him to make the decision, however, because in spite of the evident necessity for such a paper, which has continued all during the thirty years since, no Catholic daily has yet been founded, though almost every phase of opinion and nationality has a daily paper in New York.

For some years after this a good deal of Hassard's time was spent in an unavailing search after health. During the time when he was so much absorbed in the solution of the cipher telegrams, a cold developed that hung on. Hassard spent a winter in Nassau, a winter in the south of France, and spent his summer in a camp in the Adirondacks Only one year did he venture to winter at Saranac. The disease made progress in spite of every effort, and Hassard faced the inevitable with calmness, working as well as he could, and utterly uncomplaining. Sketches of him are full of this unselfish trait. It was not realized until a few days before the end that he was very seriously ill, and his passing was so quiet that Monsignor Preston, who stayed over night at the house, said that no one could tell the moment of his death. He had faced eternity with the quiet calmness that he had displayed towards an ever-advancing disease, and fortified by the sacraments of the Church, which had been such a source of consolation to him during his long and trying illness, he retained his consciousness almost to the end, dying surrounded by his wife and some near relatives.

Hassard's personal character was very charming, and produced

a deep impression on all those who came closely in contact with him. Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, now Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, said in a personal letter: "Hassard was my warm personal friend for many years, and I have found no one since his death to take his place. His was the most unselfish, gentle, pure spirit I have ever known, and his love for me fell upon my life as a benediction."

Men who are now old, and for whom the world has had many experiences and disillusions, who knew him well years ago, speak in this hearty, feeling, reverential way about him. At the time of his death, William Winter expressed it very strikingly in his obituary in the New York *Tribune:* "Mr. Hassard was always thoughtful of others, always doing little acts of courtesy and kindness." He had begun his obituary proper with the words: "The duty of recording his death falls naturally upon one who in life, and for many years, stood nearest his side, and was honored with his affection and confidence. It is inexpressibly pathetic and solemn to the friend who writes these words, for not alone is it fitting that love should utter the sense of bereavement, but that thought should express its conviction of public no less than personal loss."

Mr. Winter said of Mr. Hassard's career:

> Mr. Hassard was a journalist, but he was also a man of letters, and in both capacities exerted eminent talents in a profoundly conscientious spirit, and with a passionate loyalty to the highest standard of principle, learning, and taste.
>
> *As a journalist he knew that the first and most essential function of a newspaper is the presentation of news; but as a man of letters he was aware that the pictorial facts, and the facts of thought and feeling, are not less actual or less important than the superficial aspects of the passing hour.* [Italics are ours; the expression seems so significant for our time, when such journalism is more sadly needed than in the seventies.]
>
> He treated many subjects, ranging over a period of many years, during which he was in the continuous service of the press, and writing in the different veins of narrative, description, criticism, satire, and desultory comment. But whatever the subject might be, he never failed either to satisfy his readers that every material fact of the matter had been stated, or to impress their minds with his absolute sincerity, his breadth of view, his wisdom, his pure moral principle, his fine and true

> taste, and his noble ideals of social order and personal comment. It was this double power, this power of presenting the picture of actual life, and at the same time of indicating its motive, its interior spirit, its accessories, and its meaning that made him an exceptional force in the profession which he dignified and adorned, and which suffers in his death an irreparable loss.

No more touching tribute to an American newspaper man has perhaps ever been written; none that one could well wish to deserve more than the paragraph of Mr. Winter's obituary, in which he sums up Hassard's character:

> The great public of miscellaneous readers cannot, perhaps, rationally be supposed to cherish any very deep interest in such a personality for any great length of time after its career has ended. But it was a personality that blessed many who never heard of it, while those whose privilege it was to know Mr. Hassard well, and to know his labors and their value, will eagerly and tenderly meditate now upon the rare qualities and beautiful traits of his mind, and will be very slow to forget the charm of his companionship, and the lesson of his pure, blameless, devoted, and beneficent life.

The estimation in which he was held by his close friends can be judged very well from the concluding paragraph of Bucklin Bishop's obituary in the *Evening Post:*

> All his work was in brief like himself, full of gentleness, dignity, and sweetness. He put his personality into all that he did, and he was a very keen observer; had a delightful sense of humor, and a quick insight into the motives and conduct of his fellowman, yet he never said a word or wrote a line which carried pain or left a wound. He was as full of charity and helpfulness to others as he was absolutely lacking in the quality of selfishness. It was a lifelong habit with him never to speak of his own work or his own feelings. From the beginning to the end of his long illness, not one word of impatience or of complaint escaped him. A more unselfish, generous, noble soul never lived. No man ever knew him but to become his friend, and in all the world he had no enemies. He was a true man, a faithful friend, a good workman, a devout Christian, and the world which is better because he lived in it is poorer to-day, as it always is, when such a spirit departs from it.

Father Campbell, S.J., in his sermon at the funeral, described that charm of Hassard's personal character of which we find echo in the letters from those who knew him best:

> What a beautiful life his was, what wonder is it Jesus loved him! From the early days at school, where his memory still lingers as a benediction, and where the mention of his name calls up enthusiasm in the old professors who first guided his eager footsteps in the ways of virtue—afterwards through all his eventful and full, but tranquil and alas! too brief career, which seems as we look at it in retrospect as if bathed in the soft radiance of the uninterrupted light of God's love—onward until it led to those nine weary years of suffering, which were borne with a sweet resignation that disguised its keenness and extent, and were made to perfect the exquisite powers of the mind while the weak frame was wasting away, down to that supreme moment when again like his beloved namesake he fell asleep on the bosom of Christ, who can say that there was anything in his singularly beautiful life to repel the tenderness which the Redeemer of the world has for souls that live in Him in purity and faith. He whose lips never uttered words not tender and loving to the humblest that came within the sphere of his gentle influence, whose heart never harbored rancor or ill will, who, as one of his devoted friends has written of him, has never lost a friend nor made an enemy, could not be repellent or harsh or cold when the heart of Christ was pleading.

That these tender expressions were not the result of the immediate sense of loss alone, but the utterance of deep feelings never to be forgotten, can be judged from Mr. Bucklin Bishop's letter to me, already quoted, written twenty-five years after Hassard's death. In his little volume, *Old Shrines and Ivy,* published years afterwards, Mr. William Winter renews his appreciation of Hassard in terms that are not less hearty nor less affectionate.

> Among the old-fashioned phrases of eulogy, there is one that long usage has rendered conventional; but it is very expressive: He was a gentleman and a scholar. It is much to deserve those names. John Hassard entirely deserved them, and he bore them with the sweet modesty, unconscious humility, and native and winning gentleness of an unselfish nature. He was always thoughtful for others; always doing acts of courtesy

> and kindness. He was ever to be found on the side of chivalry toward women, and his active consideration for young people, especially for working boys, and his sweet manner toward children, much endeared him wherever he went.

While Hassard was an extremely quiet and peaceful man yet, when aroused, he was well capable of fighting a question out very thoroughly, especially when the question involved was one that touched him deeply. This was particularly true of religious bigotry and prejudice, and in his time there was, if possible, more opportunity either to bear grimly with ignorance and foolishness, or to strike back, than there is in our own. On a number of occasions Hassard's temper was aroused, and men learned that there was a limit to his patience. A rather bigoted Protestant had insisted in the public press on the abuse of State moneys in giving them to Catholic charities, and had hinted that no proper accounting for such moneys was ever rendered. Hassard set a board of accountants at work, and after weeks of investigation the report that he published showed every dollar of money spent at Catholic institutions properly accounted for; that charity was accomplished without waste, and above all without the big administrative expenses that characterized Protestant institutions. This publication created a sensation, and silenced carping critics for this generation.

It would be idle to claim for Mr. Hassard merit and greatness, that he would have been himself the first to repudiate. He was eminently sane and properly modest, and his estimate of his own qualities was always humble. He did fine work, however, in his influence on his own generation, and especially on the educated people of New York in his day. His intense Catholicity made that influence all the more precious for the Church. The admiration for his beautiful character, together with the affection it evoked, his wide erudition, his really deep scholarship in subjects with which he was acquainted, and his unerring taste in matters literary and musical, all attracted attention to him, while his unobtrusive but fervent Catholicity made those who knew him well feel very differently towards the Church of which he thought so much. Example above all, when it is close up, counts for ever so much more than precept, and the life of a man of this kind has a far more potent influence than any amount of controversy.

John R. G. Hassard was one of Fordham's contributions to the

better part of the life of New York City. There were many others during the latter half of the nineteenth century, but perhaps none that accomplished so well what beloved old St. John's would most care to have her sons do. Hassard himself had the tenderest memories of his years there, and of the precious associations there formed, and felt all his life the deep influence of her teaching. This was one of the most charming recollections of the little communications that, as an editor of the Fordham *Monthly,* I had with him in Father Dealy's time. It was a renewal of affection for what was really Alma Mater to him, the fond mother of his young manhood, to come back to Fordham. To the student for whom as yet distance had not lent the enchantment of college days, it came as a surprise to note the depth of that affection. It was an incentive to higher things to see how the old life lived for him, and how much he felt its influence a quarter of a century after his immersion in the busy life of the metropolis. Fordham men at least will not willingly let the memory of Hassard pass into oblivion, and it is the memory of the old place and the old days that almost more than anything else has led to the writing of this sketch, which I fondly hope will renew for a third generation of New York Catholics the memory of one of our dearest and venerated alumni.

THE RAINBOW CRYSTAL.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

WHEN Dr. Marbury excited the passing wonder of his colleagues by inviting the young and, as yet, obscure Dr. Norman Joyce to be his assistant, he explained as much as he ever explained anything save some novel, scientific theory.

"The young fellow shows promise. He need not hamper me; can take considerable drudgery off my hands, and so afford me more leisure for experiment."

Dr. Joyce himself was full of amazement when the proposition, briefly but with flattering directness, was laid before him. He was not aware that the distinguished surgeon had, for months, been quietly but keenly observant of him at lecture, convention, clinic, and all such occasions as assemble equally the great and small of their profession.

"You overwhelm me, Dr. Marbury," he declared. "There are many of twice my age and reputation who would feel honored, as I do, by such a compliment; but—"

"Yes."

"I should burden you. I have so little experience with the wealthy and fanciful invalid class."

"That," with easy cynicism, "is quickly learned."

Then Norman Joyce found courage to confront the keen gaze which watched him. "Perhaps. But you know Flint Street?"

"I have heard of it. Somewhere in the slums, isn't it? One of the dirty, disease-breeding purlieus which disgrace the city."

The young man's face was very red; but he continued stoutly: "My office is there. I have practiced among those poor creatures ever since graduation. I should find it hard, I might even say they would, if I should abandon them entirely."

"Surely you would not let that sort of thing stand in the way of such advancement as I offer? Besides"—impressively—"the chance of studying such problems as interest the expert physician."

"Are these greater among the rich than among the poor?"

"No, but the renown and reward are greater. What," with some impatience, "are you asking, Dr. Joyce?"

"This," said the young man, with deference, but firmly, "that in accepting this great honor, I may have certain free hours daily."

"Do these," he had nearly said "vermin," but substituted "people, pay you at all?"

"A little," flushing again, as a picture rose in his mind of his one bare room over the office in Flint Street.

The great specialist's electric brougham was waiting for him, and his moments were precious. "Have your way, then," he said. "We will arrange as to hours and salary later."

As he rolled swiftly away from the hospital, Dr. Joyce boarded a crowded trolley car. Hanging to a strap, he suddenly realized, for the first time, this wonderful thing which had happened to him. Dr. Marbury, whose lectures and clinics had been to him, in student days, awe-inspiring, momentous events; whose printed words in medical journals he had devoured; whose surgical work he had watched in breathless admiration of the clear, comprehending gaze; the deft and certain movements of the wrist; the amazingly few and precise turns of the keen steel on its swift mission. He had always regarded him as a bright, particular star, from whom half a universe divided his own unknown and struggling self. That he should be selected, among the juniors, to be such a man's partner, even though salaried, it was stupendous! "What will Mrs. Rafferty say to this?" he wondered, with a tremendous twist of his rather plain features.

He was soon to know, for the trolley had wormed its way, from the stately region where the great hospital stood, down into streets where swarmed struggling and suffering thousands. At one of the dingiest and noisiest corners, he swung himself off, and presently ran up the broken steps of a shabby house.

"You're behind your time," complained the stalwart, florid woman who met him in a narrow hallway, full of the odors of cookery. And little Johnny fair wailin' for ye."

He knew this for a touch of the Celtic imagination, so he only smiled as he went in to pat the wistful, little cripple on the head. He attended to the pitiful claims of those awaiting him with his usual care and patience. And the beef and cabbage had been warmed over twice before he tasted and left it.

"Sure," said the landlady, who mothered him, according to warm heart and small means, "yer appetite's clean gone waitin' till this hour! Anyhow, 'tis small good it'd do ye eatin' on the jump."

"I do give you a lot of trouble, Mrs. Rafferty. Now, how would you like to be rid of me?"

"Rid of ye, is it? Now, what's that mane?"

He jumped, apprehensively, into an account of the impending change; nor was he mistaken in its effect. For already was her apron over her head, and her stout body rocking to and fro.

"Oh, wirra, wirra, him that's been like a child to me! Him that brung me from death's dure last year with the pneumony, an' was that long sufferin' with a cranky old woman, an' wouldn't take a cent from Tim—"

"Now, see here, Mrs. Rafferty, if you go on that way, I'll send you a bill that will make you sit up. Am I going to the North Pole or to Africa? And—and listen, Mrs. Rafferty"—desperately—"I'm keeping my office here, and will be back every day and straight to you if you get pneumonia again, which you'd better not do. You ought," with reproach, "to be rejoicing in my good fortune."

"Then, that's true for ye," wiping her eyes, and straightening her combs. "I'll—I'll just be packing your things."

"Not much of a job," he laughed, and went out to make some neighborhood calls. "Frenchy, of coorse," muttered Mrs. Rafferty, putting his slender belongings together.

"It's an ordeal," sighed Dr. Joyce, mounting the rickety stairs of the swarming tenement, where existed the last of his many poor patients. For each of these had shown feeling at the prospect of his removal as deep, if not as boisterous, as Mrs. Rafferty's. "Now, then, Aristide, how goes it?" he asked, reaching the young Frenchman's squalid garret.

"Ill enough, my doctor," answered Aristide Rémy. "It was an evil day when I tempted the rigors of this climate—for what? For more money, if you please, which I shall never have. I should have been content with a competence in my own land, for I was not strong. There was health there, and wants were simple in my Limoges, my own dear native France, which I shall see no more!" The doctor's conscience forbade a contradiction; but he said, with gentle steadiness:

"There is a better land, my friend, native to us all, I hope. Now you shall have this tonic, and I have brought a *Petit Journal* to read you a page or two." Certainly it would have excited a smile in Dr. Marbury to see the able young physician, selected by him as of brilliant promise, so wasting valuable time.

The remove once made, the partners fell into their daily rou-

tine easily enough. For both men were gifted for their noble profession. Both with mind alert to test with care, and use with skill, each new discovery for suffering humanity's healing, both, though widely differing, with manner and bearing which inspired confidence.

"Rooms at the Sutherland would be convenient," suggested the elder; and Dr. Joyce, in fairy-like transformation, found himself in an environment so artistic and luxurious as almost to oppress so hard a student and worker. "A quiet, little electric will, of course, be necessary to save time," was Dr. Marbury's next hint, and the junior recognized the necessity for this, too, in his altered position.

"It's just as well I'm a bachelor, though," he reflected, "for my salary hardly covers all this." But he was caught up by the larger range of opportunity he now had in his beloved profession, practiced under every advantage of association with the learned and most skillful.

"I am by way of being proud of my partner," complimented Dr. Marbury, too sure of his own high place to grudge encouragement to a junior. "The great Caswell spoke highly of your handling of that infantile paralysis case."

"Praise from Sir Hubert," murmured Joyce.

"He thinks your change of treatment at the critical moment saved the child's life."

"Under God," said Joyce in lower murmur.

"Rather a pity," with something of mockery, "that this was in one point true; otherwise a coal baron's daughter! Nothing special in it for you. Whereas, if you properly utilized your free hours—"

Strangely enough this swelled that undertone of incompleteness mortals so often feel in moments of apparent success. "Nothing possible," his soul said to him, "without God's blessing," and he went down to see Aristide Rémy, now failing fast.

On his return from Flint Street, he found Dr. Marbury in their offices. It could never be said that the great specialist was seen to be perturbed. But his handsome and regular features wore now a slight frown.

"That man, our assistant, whom I dismissed last week, as you know, seemed a treasure, quick and intelligent. I had reason to suspect him of using his intelligence badly, and find now he has stolen some valuable notes of an experiment quite incomplete. I will take steps to prevent its being let loose upon humanity for

some quack's benefit. Meanwhile, the janitor proving insufficient, I have engaged a girl, which seems safer on the whole. Out of a mob of applicants, this one struck me as of quiet and sensible appearance. Is the daughter of a college professor, who not being pushing in these pushing days, left nothing to wife and child when he died. The girl supports her mother by decorating china—or some such thing—and pay for her two hours daily here will, it seems, be helpful. One recommendation—she dresses quietly, and looks capable and unobtrusive."

From this business-like account, Dr. Joyce was hardly prepared for the girl who presented herself next day, so unmistakable was the atmosphere of refinement which marked her. Yet Dr. Marbury's "capable and unobtrusive" were adjectives which fitted her, and she was certainly quiet in dress. So quiet, indeed, that one might see her many times before recognizing how becoming a frame her simple draperies and white at neck and wrists were to her wavy chestnut hair and dark-blue eyes.

"Yes, I see. Thank you, I understand," said her clear, low voice to such hints as Dr. Joyce thought necessary. And presently he forgot her existence, until such moment as required service found a woman instead of a man at his elbow.

"Wouldn't a trained nurse have fitted the place?" he asked Dr. Marbury.

"In view of George's exploit, I wanted someone with no knowledge of medicine. The laboratory is not always locked. But if this Miss Wilmer annoys you with any fine lady airs of faintness or such nonsense, send her off. There are plenty more. But of nurses we get enough in the hospitals. This young woman would, doubtless, under favorable circumstances, have been a society butterfly, one of those who simply cumber the earth."

It came to Dr. Joyce vaguely that he had heard of inclination towards the handsome, wealthy surgeon from such extremes as a head nurse here or a society belle there, which, in the frost of his contemptuous indifference, had not even budded.

"If this girl seems equal to the work, why let her be of use," the surgeon finished, indifferently.

But the hint which the more imaginative and sensitive junior had dropped may have made him curious. Accustomed to all sorts of experiment, he made a point of being oftener at the office, and of constantly requiring Miss Wilmer's services. The more especially if such minor emergency cases as could be tended here were of gory or revolting appearance.

She stood the test, bringing bandage or antiseptic as required with quiet serviceableness. And when the ordeal was over, if he gained sardonic pleasure from quickened breathing or paler cheek which his practiced eye discerned, she was quite unconscious of it.

"She will do well enough," he told Dr. Joyce, carelessly. "I would rather have them sensitive. It is the more intelligent temperament, when they can control themselves."

Dr. Joyce was silent. His senior's tone about women generally had jarred upon him before now. Personally, he would have preferred the office assistant to be of less fine clay. One whom he could have forgotten in her absence, while valuing her during the two hours' employ. But so swiftly and easily had Miss Wilmer fallen into the necessary routine, that he recognized, with a touch of gratitude, that her presence was not only indispensable, but pleasant as well. A slender, girlish figure which moved gracefully as noiselessly; a low voice which gave gentle courteous greeting upon entrance, had certainly their soothing value for a conscientious, sometimes overwrought, worker. He began, unconsciously, to associate her in his mind with the flowers always profuse in the waiting-room.

And once, Dr. Marbury making one of his unexpected visits, when a tiny glass of violets had somehow crept into the inner room, it was with a little shock of sympathy that he saw him catch it up and throw it out on the lawn.

"What confounded nonsense is this?" said the surgeon curtly, and glanced severely at Constance Wilmer.

The girl, lowering her head over the work which engaged all three, was unlucky enough to have a strand of hair catch on his cuff-button. It was quickly disengaged, but when the patient, duly bandaged, was sent away he remarked icily: "Flowers are well enough in the waiting-room. Quite out of place here. Remember this, please, Miss Wilmer."

"Very well, sir."

"And if you could arrange your hair more closely, it might not be in the way."

"Certainly, Dr. Marbury."

Dr. Joyce discerned no change in her expression, but, on his senior's departure, he felt impelled to say: "Dr. Marbury is sometimes a little abrupt; but you need not mind that."

"I do not."

"You look tired, however."

She hesitated; but touched by his tone of friendly interest,

she said with a new confidence: "It is only that I have been up for several nights with my mother. She is not strong, and she is all I have. Then I cannot rest much, for in the daytime my kiln keeps me busy when I am not here."

"You are devoted to your art?"

"Art! Oh, that is a great word. But, after all, ceramics have been interwoven in every stage of civilization. I try my hand at my own designing, and most days are too short."

"A kiln calls for night watching, too. You must not burn the candle at both ends."

"Why not?" with a little note of gayety evoked by unwonted kindliness. When the light burns for someone precious, it cannot be better consumed. And then—good-night!"

The gaze wistful, but perfectly brave, gave him a sudden pang. She was pinning her hat on the profusion of hair which had won her a rebuke. He called her back: "One moment. You are, as I may say, of our professional household here, and therefore entitled to such wisdom as I dare claim. You will, I hope, call on me freely at any time for your mother."

"How good you are! I am rather ashamed of my lack of confidence in her present adviser. If it should deepen—"

She was gone, leaving him to ponder some of her words as he sped down town. His dark-green electric was now a familiar object in Flint Street, and such was the denizens' pride in it and him, that woe would have betided any mischievous arab of them all who should have injured it when left standing. He ended his round, as usual, with Aristide Rémy, always weaker and more suffering, but ever with the faint smile in witness of comfort and pleasure this true friend's presence bestowed.

"I have seen the priest you sent," he began, with a whimsical glance. "Little Sandy brought him, according to your orders. Does that mean the end is near?"

"The end—for me, for you—for us all is in God's hands. But, yes, it is likely He may call you soon; and you told me you were once a practical Catholic."

"That was many years ago. I was so angry when ill-health struck me down, just as I meant to make my fortune, that I prayed no more. At Limoges, where I learned my art, and found the secret, I was once an altar boy, and used to say the rosary every day with the pious mother. Ah, well, I am very tired, now. And that Father Reilly is a good little man; and works among the sick souls, they say, as you do among the bodies. And he is trying to

send me back to the Lord, a little nearer to what I was when I came from Him. To you, my good doctor, I am leaving what I had no health or capital for—the secret which I discovered by accident, pottering away in the Limoges furnace. It is a formula for such crystal as only old Egypt knew—a knowledge long buried. But you, my friend, my good, good friend, shall profit by it if I could not. It holds all the rainbow's colors, and is tough, tough, so that one can hardly break it." He pressed into the physician's hand some sheets of paper taken from under his pillow. "You will reap fortune from this, and use it well I know, and think sometimes of your poor Aristide."

"I will value it," said the doctor gravely, "but now you must take this and rest. I have engaged Sandy to wait on you."

Some days later Father Reilly meeting him, mentioned the potter's death. "Quite peaceful," he said. "I was with him by means of Sandy. I hear, through my French colony here, that he was accounted quite an artist in his native Limoges. Original in his designs, and always experimenting, with every qualification for success, but health, poor fellow! May God be good to him!"

Thinking of the young potter's early death while, with Dr. Marbury, he was returning from the bedside of a little child also passed away at the hospital, the lines: "Out, out, brief candle," were murmured unconsciously.

"Just so," said the other, dryly. "A puff of wind, and out we go into dark nothingness. So, it behooves us to conserve and exploit our time, talent, energy, that worldly success, which is all there is, may be ours."

"I hold a different faith," said Dr. Joyce, steadily. "The light extinguished here may be rekindled elsewhere, to burn more purely, brightly, and eternally."

"My dear Joyce!" in satiric amazement; then raising his eyebrows: "But we need not discuss fatalities. I have been wishing to remonstrate with you on the way you squander yourself in obscure corners during hours when you might be acquiring fame and, incidentally, money. Also," deliberately, "when you might be of service to me."

"You will remember when I was honored by your invitation, that I stipulated for certain free hours."

"Yes, yes. I simply point out that in this pauper practice, easily delegated to inferior practitioners, there is, what I abhor, a waste of good material."

The two men's voices reached through the open door to where

Constance stood, and as Dr. Marbury passed her, she felt the intent, masterful gaze, lately more frequent, from which she shrank interiorly. It was a relief to have Dr. Joyce's somewhat abstracted greeting, and inquiry for her mother.

"Not so much improved as I had hoped. If she does not seem better to-morrow, I had thought—"

"Send for me at any hour available."

But when a telephone message came next morning to him, it was Dr. Marbury who received it, and, to the girl's bewilderment, carefully concealed, responded by several calls during the next few days.

When she reappeared at her post, calm and self-possessed, Dr. Joyce said to her, with some reproach: "Your mother is better? I am so glad, but I had hoped that my offer—perhaps you hesitated to hurt your former attendant."

"It was Dr. Marbury who came on my telephoning. I couldn't understand. But must admit he has helped her wonderfully."

"Oh, he is, of course, at the head."

"Yet, I should rather not feel under an obligation to him."

His heart bounded at what was implied. Then he remembered an intention put aside for a time. "By the way, Miss Wilmer," taking some papers from his cabinet, "I have been wanting to show you this. It might be of use to a worker in porcelain. It was bequeathed me by a patient, a potter of artistic skill they say, but, of course, I know nothing of such matters. If it has any value, please keep it and use it."

She came to him later, full of eager interest. "Your potter's formula promises largely—something which has long been extinct in ceramics, claiming to be the wonderful Rainbow Crystal of the ancient Egyptians; of most beautiful tints, and so strong it can hardly be broken."

"Try it then, by all means," he smiled.

It was difficult to secure a word with her these days, for Dr. Marbury now appeared regularly at the office, and occasionally at her mother's apartments as well. As masterful as ever in manner towards all women, he was, perhaps, a little less regardless than formerly of her well-being, and it was he who remarked one day: "You are looking pale and hollow-eyed, Miss Wilmer. A woman's bright eyes and clear skin are among her assets; she should guard them. Are you not well?"

"Quite well, thank you," and slipped away from his scrutiny to encounter one solicitous from his partner.

That afternoon, as the two physicians came from a consultation in the older physician's motor, her name was introduced by Dr. Marbury. "Having made further inquiry concerning our assistant during the months she has been with us; having also enlightened myself by several calls upon the mother and daughter, I find that we were wonderfully fortunate in securing a lady of her birth, breeding, and accomplishment. Everything in their modest surroundings shows traditional culture and refinement. The mother is an older edition of the daughter; and—the daughter is a very pretty and charming girl." He looked from the window of the car for a few moments, not seeming to observe his junior's silence. Then he resumed, deliberately: "I have never thought much about marriage, neither society women nor our professional helpers appealing to my taste. But when one grows middle-aged, the four walls of a house, even though hung with art treasures, seem a bit empty. This," he ended with his ironic smile, "should enlist the interest of a man of your great poetic sentiment, who cannot himself afford to marry."

The next hour held need for entire concentration on critical illness with both; but when Dr. Joyce was once more alone, he felt again the shock he had experienced in the motor. Why had a man of Dr. Marbury's cold and inflexible reserve, as to his personal feelings, more than suggested his present inclinations? Was it to warn off one in whom he suspected dawning of a like feeling? A like feeling! No, never would Norman Joyce admit that the reverent admiration, the respectful tenderness, which only now he recognized for entire devotion, could resemble in kind that which a hard and avowed materialist might entertain for any woman. He recalled the girl's refined loveliness, her grace, her sweet voice, her admirable reticences, and felt that anything short of the highest recognition was profanation. But from a man "who could not afford to marry"—for this barbed phrase was true enough—with more brilliant place and opportunity had come constantly increasing expenses in every way, and the greater income hardly sufficed. And there were always Dr. Marbury's name and wealth to tempt a lonely girl of no means, and a delicate mother to care for. Dr. Marbury himself gained a certain admiration from many women, with his fine face and bearing, but, somehow, Norman could not associate Constance's spiritual expression with these. And so went the sleepless night.

But joy came with the morning, which brought him a request

that he would call later at the Wilmer apartment. Entering here, for the first time, he was presented to the little mother, and greeted by Constance herself with a scarcely restrained buoyancy.

"May I venture to say," he asked, "that you are looking radiant after an eclipse of some duration?"

"I—I had been working and watching too much; but it was the fault of my own carelessness. I mislaid in some way the formula for the Rainbow Crystal, and had to trust to my memory, which was treacherous, and kept me experimenting and experimenting. But, at last, I succeeded, and found the paper the same day."

"I must tell on her," said the mother, with affected severity. "While she was so anxiously experimenting, she took but four hours sleep in the twenty-four."

"Then," said the doctor, with real severity, "she was very wrong, and must never do so again."

But the girl, unheeding both, came back from an inner room, her cheeks rosy and eyes sparkling, and in her hand a tiny vase of exquisite form and lovely hues. He exclaimed aloud when she dropped it on the bare floor.

"It is not even cracked!" she showed him, triumphantly. "The Rainbow Crystal is an assured thing. I choose to find it symbolical. It gathers in the beauty and color of life about it, yet is transparently pure and clear, and can withstand the blows of fate."

"And what next?" he asked smilingly.

"Next—I know you, too, are a Catholic—next, a Mass of thanksgiving. Then"—with a pretty pose of the stern business woman—"to market our wares."

"*Our* wares?"

"Certainly," opening wide the blue eyes. "How else?"

"I shall end by fancying myself a potential Benvenuto Cellini!"

"Let us hope"—radiantly—"that we shall not be driven to his expedient of melting everything fusible in the house to keep the furnace going."

This was a Constance Wilmer he had not before seen. The youth in her, long repressed by harsh circumstances, had given place to the flow and sparkle of hopefulness; and he almost lost the sense of her words in his admiration.

"Well," he said, rising, "as physician I prohibit any more nights of watching. As—friend, since I have drawn you into this matter, you will permit me to advance—"

"No, no," said the mother, in quick protest, "that will be

arranged between Constance and the jewellers and others. She has not told you that already she is negotiating—"

"Wait, wait, mother! That will come later," gaily, "as a surprise."

"Well, but I will thank Dr. Joyce now," with quiet dignity, "for the courtesy and great consideration which have softened for you a position which might easily become trying."

"Such women must," he reflected afterwards, "have been in severe straits to have urged Constance to the application for a place in the office." Apart from its daily painful and unpleasant tasks, there was always Dr. Marbury. His exacting attitude at first must have been more bearable than his later cynic interest, and final approving masterfulness. Could so sweet and fine a nature be so won; or had she yet failed to understand? Women were sometimes unaccountable.

He had not much longer to torment himself, for soon the essential, long-slumbering difference between the partners came to a decisive issue.

"I find," said Dr. Marbury, coldly, "that one of your pauper patients, just dead, presented in his case features of rare and uncommon interest. He should have been of value, living, for clinic and operation."

"He should," returned Dr. Joyce, "but for the fact that he clung to the privacy of his humble room, which efforts of his family and friends preserved for him. The end was inevitable."

"Yes, yes, certainly, with that trouble. But when science chooses to interest itself, I have small patience with the prejudice which blocks it. Such people have no right to whims."

"The spirit," said Dr. Joyce, slowly, "is surely master of the house of clay which it tenants."

Dr. Marbury resumed his cool impassiveness. "With due appreciation of your talent and skill, Dr. Joyce, there seems to me a strain of sentimental weakness in your make-up which—"

"I owe you thanks for your appreciation, Dr. Marbury. But, as you say, we differ so widely on certain subjects—" An interruption came here; but afterwards their parting was arranged, amicably enough, but always with the sense of hidden discord. The younger man was naturally unsettled. "Here is a promising chapter closed," he thought, and wondered how Constance might regard it. Finally his restlessness drove him that afternoon to the Wilmer apartment. He found the girl making tea for her

mother; and the little table and shining utensils, the fire glow, the cosiness, appealed to his latent domesticity. Most of all, her frank and friendly welcome relieved a certain discouragement.

"You must take this chair, it is the most comfortable. And this cup, it is the prettiest."

"Here is royal reception for one lord of his name, and not much besides."

She looked at him questioningly; and having decided to make his position quite clear to these, he explained, and ended jestingly: "I think of returning to Flint Street and Mrs. Rafferty. For I am, materially, about where I was when I joined Dr. Marbury; and I have a horror of debt."

"Yes," said Constance, abstractedly, who had grown very quiet and thoughtful during the recital.

He sighed when he left them, reflecting that many such calls must be unwise and forbidden. Perhaps Dr. Marbury was already Constance's permitted suitor, for the surgeon's opportunity was now daily. Yet when he entered the inner office for a farewell word, the two were alone together, but not in bearing friends. There was rather a scornful light in the girl's eyes and an indignant flush on her cheek, "thanking you, always, for the compliment," she was ending.

"Since you have heard so much," said Dr. Marbury, when he would have retreated, "I will ask you to remain. Miss Wilmer has just tendered her resignation, and I should like to inquire if it is in consequence of the compliment of which she speaks."

"Not entirely. I have, for some time, had it in view."

"I am glad," ironically, "that your altered circumstances—this is a presumption—permit it. But being of the analytic habit, in favor of carrying every experiment to its logical conclusion, would you mind telling me if your refusal to preside over my establishment in such affluence as my poor skill permits me to offer a wife, had its origin in a leaning towards anyone of lesser place—"

The girl's cheeks flamed again, but he proceeded: "If so, I warn you both that your present existence of struggle and hardship would be made worse, and even dragged down to conditions not short of squalor. For the support of my name and good word being withdrawn," he paused, significantly, "I can unmake as easily as make, and a little dispraise sown here and there—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Take time to think this over. I will not consider your answer final."

"The threat is most unworthy of you, Dr. Marbury," said Norman Joyce. "Let me open that door, Miss Wilmer. And, do," he jested to remove her consciousness, "let me take you home in the electric, this once, before I pawn it."

"How worthless are brilliant achievements and impressive personality," she said, presently, "when joined to a hard materialism! His one god is success. When I have seen you two together those lines have come to me about being unequally yoked with unbelievers." At her door, she said to him, sweetly: "You will come in, please." Any embarrassment born of the late interview was swallowed up in a more engrossing thought: "I have been waiting to tell you of the great, good luck—the grand success of our Rainbow Crystal! The art stores and jewellers in all the great cities are enthusiastic. They tell me there is a fortune in it. Orders are pouring in. And the prices they are willing to pay! You are a prospective millionaire.

"I?"

"Certainly. The secret is yours. I am simply your artist and a part. You shall assign me what you think fair."

"My dearest—friend! When I give anything, I give it. What sort of unscrupulous donor do you think me?"

"Then I return the gift, and will have nothing to do with it."

"And your engagements with the merchants? You cannot," with pretended seriousness, "forfeit your business honor."

She faced him with a resolution he felt to be unalterable. "Nothing on earth shall tempt me to retain the whole profit of what should be yours."

"It was a free gift to you."

"Which I now restore."

"My dear child," he began; then his playfulness fell from him, and he grew a little pale. "There is one condition," he said, slowly, "on which I will, in a sense, resume possession of my art secret. That the artist gives me herself as well!"

Their eyes met. "Then take us both," she whispered.

After a while he said: "My wildest hope was to be permitted to work for your beloved companionship later. But what a wonderful thing if it should come soon; and all through the Rainbow Crystal of Aristide Rémy!"

Her mother, entering, caught only this name: "God rest his soul," she said.

BERGSON AND FINALISM.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

ONE of the characteristics of the time-spirit is that its consciousness is centred on means without reference to their end.

M. Bergson's doctrine of finalism panders to this abuse. We do not say it was designed for this purpose. But we do say that it is the natural outcome of his anti-intellectualism, which is but the formulation of the time-spirit's disinclination to reflect.

The evolutionary progress, such as we have previously described, is taken for granted by M. Bergson. But both mechanism and finalism have failed to interpret the history of evolution to his satisfaction, because neither has taken into account the fact that the process is a flux incapable of intellectual representation. In the finalist explanation M. Bergson finds just a grain of truth:

> We try on the evolutionary progress [he says] two ready-made garments that our understanding puts at our disposal, mechanism and finality; we show that they do not fit, neither the one nor the other, but that one of them might be re-cut and re-sewn, and in this new form fit less badly than the other.* .....The mechanistic philosophy is to be taken or left: it must be left if the least grain of dust, by straying from the path foreseen by mechanics, should show the slightest trace of spontaneity.†

But spontaneity is observable everywhere. The comparison of the human eye with that of the pecten (commonly known as the scallop) is a most marvelous and conclusive proof that these organs have not been formed by the mechanical exigencies of environment.

In a totally different environment the coördination of the extremely complex structure of the eye has been as perfectly accomplished in the mollusc as in man. Mechanism might account for the construction of one of its infinitestimal parts, but it throws no light whatever on their wondrous coördination.

**Creative Evolution*, pp. xiv. and xv. †*Ibid.*, p. 42.

The rejection of mechanism, however, involves the acceptation of some sort of finalism. So M. Bergson admits the necessity of some kind of direction over and above that of individual effort in order to account for variation.

> If the accidental variations that bring about evolution are insensible variations, some good genius must be appealed to—the genius of the future species—in order to preserve and accumulate these variations, for selection will not look after this. If, on the other hand, the accidental variations are sudden, then, for the previous function to go on, or for a new function to take its place, all the changes that have happened together must be complementary. So we have to fall back on the good genius again, this time to obtain the *convergence* of *simultaneous* changes, as before to be assured of the continuity of *direction* of *successive* variations.*

Naturally we ask who this good genius may be, and we are referred to our old friend—the vital effort.

> An effort common to most representatives of the same species, inherent in the germs they bear rather than in their substance alone, an effort thereby assured of being passed on to their descendants. So we come back, by a somewhat roundabout way, to the idea we started from, that of an *original impetus* of life, passing from one generation of germs to the following generation of germs through the developed organisms which bridge the interval between the generations.†

This vital impulse gnaws into the future, sometimes creating more and more complex forms, and rising to higher and higher destinies, sometimes resting not merely for years or centuries, but for whole geological periods.

M. Bergson may call his vital impulse a good genius or anything else he likes. If it is able to create the various species ranging from the amœba up to man, and if it is able to abstain from creating and to rest, as in the Lingulæ, for æons of time, then it must know something about the making of plans.

Why then does he object to finalism? He is obsessed by his singular views on the nature and function of time. If there be such a thing as a plan according to which the universe moves, then there is no use for time. There are no new forms for it to create, for

**Creative Evolution*, p. 72. †*Ibid.*, p. 92.

practically everything has been created. If the plan is given to begin with, then teleology is but mechanism inverted. The only difference being that finalism puts our supposed guiding light in front of us, whilst mechanism puts it behind us. One acts as an attraction, whilst the other acts as an impulsion. If, however, we must accept some sort of finalism, and yet not that which supposes a general plan conceived and willed beforehand, what sort of finalism does M. Bergson propose?

His thesis may be stated as follows: The vital impulse which carries on the evolutionary process starts off without any preliminary plan. In the effort of ascending life to overcome descending matter, certain problems present themselves. The vital impulse freely resolves each problem in turn by creating absolutely new forms, forms so absolutely new that they could not have been foreseen even by an infinite intellect.

This thesis has a certain vagueness. We are not told whether the problems present themselves in intelligible terms or in unintelligible mist. The supposed clash between life and matter might conceivably produce smoke.

M. Bergson's first reason for the rejection of a preliminary general plan is that it is too anthropomorphic, too much at variance with the observed operations of nature. The labor of nature is not like that of a workman who chooses first a piece from here and then a piece from there, and eventually puts all together according to a preconceived idea, plan or model. "*Life does not proceed by the association and addition of elements, but by dissociation and division.*"* The process referred to is, of course, the well-known method of cell division.

In reply to M. Bergson's argument, we would point out that the organism of a cell is an organism. It has been organized. It contains definite potentialities. The potentialities must first have been put into it before they can actualize out, and when they begin to actualize out they do so on a plan which can be foreseen with infallible certitude. The embryonic cell of a horse will not sub-divide into a cow. Nor will bantam eggs plan out into ducklings. All this is conclusive proof of a prearranged and foreseeable plan.

Moreover, even in the matter of choice of material, M. Bergson's comparison of nature with a workman tells in favor of finalism in its complete sense. Before life can proceed by dissociation and division, it must first proceed by association and addition of

**Creative Evolution*, p. 94. Italics are M. Bergson's.

elements. Before the mother cell can make even one single division, it must assimilate its distinctive food and nutrition.

Such power of assimilation implies a prearranged plan. The results too are foreseeable. I know with infallible certitude that if men breathe nothing but carbonic acid gas, and that if plants breathe nothing but pure oxygen, all will surely die. The plan conceived in advance must be followed if life is to have a fruitful issue.

Again, argues M. Bergson, if the course of nature is nothing more than a plan in course of realization, then the future is closed. But in the evolution of life the portals must remain wide open, else there will be no opportunity for the creation of new forms. The unity of life is found solely in the impetus that pushes it along the road of time.

> This movement constitutes the unity of the organized world —a prolific unity, of an infinite richness, superior to any that the intellect could dream of, for the intellect is only one of its aspects or products.*

Let us freely admit that the future is closed whilst the plan is being realized. But what about the future before the plan began its realization? And what about the future after the plan is realized? Surely the portals have been and will be wide open. It is only the immediate future that is closed so that the world may be carried on intelligently.

When a carpenter begins to make a chair, he usually intends to finish it. If he decided to leave the future open so that he might be always creating new forms, he would never get any further.

Nor could nature keep the future open. Suppose the future were not closed to a bantam egg. Suppose the embryo began by evolving towards a bantam, then changed its future to a duckling, then after two weeks incubation thought of becoming a kitten, and finally decided to be a puppy, what a funny thing it would look when it was born!

No. Both nature and art require a definite plan foreseeable and foreseen. And what is true of the transformation of parts of the universe is true also of the whole. Certainly a human intellect cannot see the correlation of all the parts, but the intellect of the Creator can. The God Who transcends nature lives in eternity. With Him there is one eternal present. It is not strictly correct

**Creative Evolution*, p. 110.

to speak of God *forseeing* things. By one single intuition He sees directly that which to us is past, present, and future. He sees at once both the proximate end and the final end of every creature.

There can be no system of evolution at all intelligible which does not involve finalism right from the beginning to the end. When the initial impulse, postulated by M. Bergson, first started off, either it did so in a definite direction or it did not. If it had a definite direction it had a goal. If it had no direction, it never started. Whichever way you take it, you must either go somewhere or stay where you are. To start off for *nowhere,* as Bergsonian philosophy teaches, is a contradiction in terms.

Further, a theory of proximate ends implies a theory of an ultimate end. Let us grant for a moment that the semi-finalism proposed by M. Bergson is coherent. Let us suppose that the vital impulse can create both ideas and forms for its immediate needs without reference to any exemplar. Even so there is required an ultimate and complete finalism in order to give meaning to the proximate semi-finalism which we have supposed.

The doctrine of semi-finalism declares that the vital impulse solves particular problems according to the measure in which they present themselves. But if they are to be rightly solved, they must be solved in view of the final problem of which they are a part or to which they are related. Each individual problem which presents itself directly to the vital impulse leads sooner or later to the ultimate problem. A semi-finalism is meaningless without a complete finalism.

M. Bergson stumbles into this incoherence again and again. He thrusts out the general plan with his right hand, only to drag it back with his left. Nor does his right hand know what his left hand does.

English admirers of M. Bergson, men who have been attracted by his theories of change and intuition, have been invariably brought to a check by his doctrine of finalism. Our philosopher-statesman, Mr. A. J. Balfour, boggles at it. Sir Oliver Lodge tries to explain it away. But in doing so he gives away the whole case to finalism:

> Yet there is clearly an aim in all this, and life is always subject to its own laws. There is a controlling entity in a seed whereby the same product results, no matter amid what surroundings. If an acorn can grow at all, an oak results.*
>
> **Hibbert Journal,* January, 1912, p. 306.

But this principle is just what is denied in the process of creative evolution by M. Bergson. The controlling entity does not exist beforehand, but is created to meet a particular problem at a particular crisis. The concept of flowing time excludes the concept of controlling laws. These belong to the artificial sphere of intellect, not to the vital sphere of intuitive vision. Sir Oliver may be true to the facts of his own science, but he is not true to the theories of M. Bergson.

Mr. Balfour would seem to have read the new philosopher with more care. He sums up and disposes of the new theory of finalism thus:

> But why should he banish teleology? In his philosophy superconsciousness is so indeterminate that it is not permitted to hamper itself with any purpose more definite than that of self-augmentation. It is ignorant not only of its course, but of its goal; and for the sufficient reason that, in M. Bergson's view, these things are not only unknown but unknowable. But is there not a certain incongruity between the substance of such a philosophy and the sentiments associated with it by its author? Creation, freedom, will—these doubtless are great things; but we cannot lastingly admire them unless we know their drift. We cannot, I submit, rest satisfied with what differs so little from the haphazard; joy is no fitting consequent of efforts which are so nearly aimless. If values are to be taken into account, it is surely better to invoke God with a purpose than supra-consciousness with none.*

When St. Thomas treats of this question of finalism he proposes thus the identical difficulty of M. Bergson:

> It would seem that God is not the final cause of all things, for to act on account of an end would seem to imply that the agent was in need of something. But God is in need of nothing. Therefore He does not act for the sake of an end.†

And in answer he quotes the inspired word: "The Lord hath made all things for Himself."‡ This he takes on faith, and then sets his faith to seek to understand.

> Every agent acts for the sake of an end. Otherwise from any given action neither this particular thing nor that would

**Hibbert Journal*, October, 1911, p. 23.
†*Summa*, pars. 1a., qu. xliv., a. iv., diff. 1.
‡Prov. xvi. 4.

> happen, except by chance. But there are some agents which both act and are acted upon. These are imperfect agents, and whenever they act they must intend to acquire some new perfection. But the first agent, who acts only and is not acted upon, does not act for the sake of attaining to some end, but intends only to communicate His own perfection, which is His own goodness. Thus, therefore, the divine goodness is the end of all things. Wherefore to act on account of a need is but the action of an imperfect agent, which is made to act and to be acted upon. But this is not so with God's action. So it is that He alone is supremely generous, for He does not act for His own benefit, but merely on account of His goodness.

In the divine goodness then we must seek for the root of the divine finalism. He Who is the beginning of creatures is also their end. "I am the Alpha and the Omega." God being perfectly happy in Himself could not desire an additional perfection. He could only desire to communicate His goodness to others. Such communication would be an outward imitation of His own intrinsic perfections. God Himself, therefore, is the plan or ideal upon which the universe was formed.

All created things may be traced to their first principle, the Divine Wisdom which thought out the order of the universe. In the Divine Wisdom are to be sought the reasons of all things. The ideas which are their exemplar are found in the divine Mind. But as there can only be one infinite, the outward representation of the divine ideal must be finite and inadequate. Hence each separate creature is a finite likeness of the infinite divine essence.

A prudent man is one who has a good memory of past events, who is able to grasp a large present situation, and from his knowledge of past and present is able to make plans against future contingencies. The man who knows the first principles of things, who is able to coördinate his principles into general knowledge, and who can apply his general knowledge for the attainment of some desirable end is said to be eminently wise.

But God can do all these things with one thought and one volition. He, therefore, is supereminently wise and prudent. He, therefore, can and does exercise a providence over the created world, adapting right means to right ends, coördinating and subordinating all proximate and intermediate ends to the one final end. What we understand by "prudence" or "wisdom" or "providence" in man is realized in God infinitely. Hence we have the classic defin-

ition of divine providence—*ipsa divina ratio in summo omnium principe constituta, quæ cuncta disponit*—the all-regulating and stable plan of God, the supreme Ruler of the universe.

Moreover, the God Who is infinitely perfect is unchangeable. Change would imply the acquisition of a new perfection. Since, therefore, God is unchangeable, He must have settled from all eternity the final goal to which all His creatures should be directed.

Again, since His wisdom existed from eternity, He must from eternity have fixed the various ways by which these creatures should come to their ultimate end. He not only has set Himself a plan, but He also has applied His intelligence and will to the working out of the plan in such a way that nothing shall happen to prevent His desire from being realized.

At this point we must distinguish carefully between that which God approves and that which for good reasons He merely tolerates. He approves of good acts, whilst He only tolerates or permits bad acts. When we speak of God tolerating or permitting sin, we do not mean that He gives permission to sin, but only that He does not hinder the creature from exercising his free will in sinning. God could hinder it, but does not, and so we speak of Him as tolerating it. With this distinction before our minds, we are able to lay down the principle that whatever happens in the world, happens according to the will of God, positively or permissively.

The external representation of divine perfections is called the external glory of God. His internal glory can be known to none but Himself. In so far as creatures, by their existence and activity, are apt to manifest some divine perfection, they are said to render a material glory to God. "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." And when intelligent beings, seeing the reflections of the divine perfections in creation, acknowledge them in thought, word, and deed, then they are said to render formal glory to God. Thus all parts of creation, rational and irrational, have this for their final end: to make one harmonious hymn of praise to their Creator.

Hence the finalism which we adopt is the very antithesis of mechanism, direct or inverted. The very nature of the ideal and of the means of realizing it expressly includes the operation of free will.

In the first place, the final end is not some benefit accruing to the Creator of which He stands in need. God is the object of external praise and glory. He chooses to receive it, however,

because it implies His bounteousness, His spontaneity in giving of His treasure.

Whatever of mechanism there is in the universe, it is intended to be at the service of the rational creation; and the right use of it is one of the ways in which man renders formal praise to the Creator. Thus the plan supposes that some intermediate ends should be brought about by contingent causes and some by necessary causes.

There has ever been a tendency in certain schools to look upon this action of God moving the will as something mechanical, and savoring of determinism. This comes about through an abuse of analogy. The divine strength does not come from ourselves. It comes from God Who is transcendent. But the transcendent God is also immanent. The power and particular movement which He gives to our wills, therefore, is not mechanical and superimposed from without, but vital and communicated from within. The God Who is the Life of life is the energizing principle of the action.

Thus Christian finalism is the very antithesis of the doctrine of man's self-perfectibility. The whole meaning of Alpha and Omega is that man realizes himself most by depending absolutely on God. Man is dependent on God for his beginning, for his continuation, and for his end. If he chooses his own method of perfecting himself, following only such goodness as attracts his sensual appetites, he will most assuredly not attain to independence. If he does not depend on God willingly as a vessel of mercy, he will have to depend upon Him unwillingly as a victim of justice. "I call heaven and earth to witness this day, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Choose therefore life."*

Christian finalism may be summed up in the beautiful words of Lactantius: "The world was made that we might be born. We were born that we might know God. We know Him that we may worship Him. We worship Him that we may earn immortality. We are rewarded with immortality that, being made like unto the angels, we may serve our Father and Lord forever, and be the eternal kingdom of God."†

*Deut. xxx. 19. †*Instit.*, vii., 6.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

VIII.

MORE was now fairly launched upon his political and diplomatic career, but without a general idea of English foreign policy, it is a little difficult to be interested in such scanty records as we possess of his share in it.

Three young monarchs of unusual ambition and ability were contesting for the palm of European supremacy. Charles V. had just been elected Emperor; Francis I. had been four years King of France; while Henry VIII., the oldest of the three, had reigned since 1509. In 1518, as before mentioned, More had been a signatory to a treaty of Universal Peace with France, and two days later to a treaty of marriage between the Dauphin and Princess Mary. This arrangement was very suitable both to Henry and Wolsey, for the time being, as it brought a subsidy to the one and a pension to the other from the French exchequer. But there were deeper reasons which, in the event of war, would compel England to take the imperialist side against France.

Charles V. was inclined to an English alliance, for England was rich, and he had little money and was largely in debt; he depended on the free use of the Channel for his voyages from Flanders to Spain; his dominions, though extensive, were very loosely united by ties of sentiment, of race, and of position; Flemings, Germans, Spaniards, and Neopolitans had little in common; in each country there were problems which promoted instability and called for grave consideration, while his authority was as yet unestablished and his mind as yet uninformed. He needed, in fact, all the support he could get against a prosperous and united France; an alliance with England was, therefore, a matter of necessity.

England, for her part, was just as necessarily favorable to an alliance with Charles V. His claims were strongly urged by his aunt, Queen Katherine, and by all the Council, with the exception of Wolsey. Not only was this the case, but the whole country was strongly imperialist in sympathy, and that for the best of English reasons that friendship with Charles meant prosperity to

English trade. War with him would bring ruin to her export trade, since he controlled the wool market of the Netherlands. Eight years later, Henry did declare war against Charles V.; but this course of action made him so unpopular with his subjects, that he was in some danger of losing his throne, and was obliged to conclude a peace three months after the commencement of hostilities. At any rate, in 1521, such a war was out of the question, and for the next two years the chief end of English foreign policy was to squeeze money out of France without the slightest ultimate intention of assisting her against her powerful rival.

On November 10, 1518, Queen Katherine gave birth to a daughter, a great disappointment to everyone from the King downwards. It was feared, too, that in consequence of the betrothal of Princess Mary to the Dauphin, the English crown might eventually pass into the power of France, a possibility very distasteful to English sentiment. Francis I. was therefore very anxious to meet Henry, with a view to allaying suspicion and cementing the alliance. Henry, on his side, was willing to temporize, but was more anxious to come to a definite understanding with Charles before such meeting took place. In January, 1520, Wolsey was commissioned to arrange a meeting with Francis; but not until the King himself had written to Charles a pressing invitation to visit England, which the latter accepted. In the meanwhile, the Bishop of Durham, Tunstal, Pace, and More had been appointed to negotiate a Treaty of Intercourse* with the Emperor's emissary at Greenwich, and also to arrange the details of the royal meeting. Charles V. was delayed in starting from Spain, and again delayed on his voyage by contrary winds, so that he did not reach Dover till May 26th, the eve of Pentecost. More writing to Erasmus from Canterbury on the same day, says that the Emperor is expected; that the King will set out to meet him either the same night or on the following morning, and that it is impossible to describe the delight of all, even the country people, when they heard that the Emperor was on his way.† On his arrival, Charles was met by Wolsey, and joined by the King on the following morning, Whit Sunday. The two monarchs set out in company to Canterbury, where they found the Queen with her court, this being the first opportunity afforded to Katherine of seeing her imperial nephew. On May 31st the Emperor sailed from Sandwich for Flanders, and

**Letters and Papers,* vol. iii., nos. 731-2, 740-1, 798. The treaty was ratified on May 8th. †*Ibid.*, no. 838.

on the same day the King crossed to Calais, arriving at Guisnes, a town on English territory fixed for the meeting between himself and Francis, and henceforward to be known as "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

This last great ceremonial of the age of chivalry must have stirred up many thoughts and memories in the mind of More, who occupied a prominent place among the retinue of Henry VIII.

We who live in times still tinged with the sadness and parsimony of Puritanism, feel an almost involuntary protest against such extravagant display, more especially as we remember the mutual insincerity of the high contracting parties. But, after all, this magnificence was something more than a cloak for royal insincerities. England was, for the first time since the days of Henry V., proclaiming her place and power among the great European nations. France, she would have it understood, with her long tradition of superiority in every art of life and war, had now an equal, if not a superior. "For the time being," writes Brewer, "Wolsey had by his genius raised his master to the first rank and foremost place among the potentates of Christendom. It was the purpose of this interview to show him to the world, surrounded by all the accessories to which the imagination of nine-tenths of mankind at that time lent itself a willing prisoner." And he concluded rather cynically, "Railway scrip, or a supposed balance at a man's bankers, effects that now." More himself must have indulged in an equally cynical mood as he gazed at this flat and practical contradiction of his own Utopian ideals. The age of chivalry had declined to an age of childishness; it had lost its heroic and unselfish touch, had become, in fact, nothing more than a splendid make-believe, a ritual signifying nothing but inordinate vanity and calculated intrigue. More was too full of humanity to despise the sincere and appropriate ritual to a great occasion; but such was not "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

On June 24th the Kings of England and France bade each other farewell, Henry returning to Calais. On July 10th he met the Emperor at Gravelines, and returned with him to Calais, where in a three days' interview the negotiations commenced at Canterbury were completed. For reasons already given, an alliance with the Emperor was much more sincerely desirable than an alliance with France; but while Henry was anxious to complete the understanding without delay, Charles had weighty reasons for a slower procedure. The case stood thus from his point of view. The

English alliance with Francis must first be broken off, and with it the marriage contract between Princess Mary and the Dauphin. This could only be done by substituting a marriage contract between the Princess Mary and himself. On the other hand, he was personally inclined to marry the Princess Isabella of Portugal, who would bring with her a far richer dowry than her English rival. His policy, then, was to promise much and do little, hoping at last to secure not only a firm English friendship, but also the hand of the Portuguese princess and her money as well.

During his stay at Calais with the English Court, More had the pleasure of meeting many literary friends, his beloved Erasmus among them. He was also introduced to Francis Cranefield, a Councillor of the Empire, and to Budæus, a celebrated Greek scholar and secretary to the French King, with whom he appears to have corresponded for some time. In September he was at Bruges, one of an expensive and dilatory embassy to the Hanse Merchants. In January, 1521, he is already acting as Under-Treasurer, and Erasmus mentions the fact, though not quite accurately, when writing to Pace and Budæus a few months later.

Meanwhile, the Emperor and Francis I. were again at war, and Wolsey crossed to Calais with the ostensible purpose of acting as a peacemaker between the two monarchs, but in reality to throw his influence on the side of the Emperor. More was ordered to join him as soon as his work at Bruges was finished, and on July 25th Pace writes to Wolsey on behalf of the King, "that whereas old men do now decay greatly within this his realm, his mind is to acquaint other young men with his great affairs, and, therefore, he desireth your Grace to make Sir William Sandys and Sir Thomas More privy to all such matters as your Grace shall treat at Calais."

An event took place at this time which showed the true nature and trend of Tudor rule. The Duke of Buckingham, "with manors, castles, parks, stewardships scattered over eleven of the best counties of England," one of the last survivors of the old great landed nobility who held aloof from the Court, and would not bow the knee to Wolsey, being suspected on the slenderest grounds of designs on the throne, was prejudged by the King in Council, summoned before his peers, by them condemned of high treason, and led to execution—all within a few days. Such deeds as this were to become commonplace within a very few years, but now they were regarded with horror not only in England, but

throughout the continent. More, in his *De Quatuor Novissimis,* published in the following year, evidently refers to it in the meditation on Death.

Under the date of May 8, 1522, we find a grant to Sir Thomas More of the manor of South Kent, a property formerly in the Duke's possession.*

One of Erasmus' characteristic letters to Budæus written at this time, gives us a further vivid glimpse into More's life. "He is delighted," he tells his correspondent, "to have met so many of his friends at Bruges where the Emperor and the Cardinal were in conference. Tunstal, More, Mountjoy, and many others were there. More expected that Budæus would have been at Calais with the French embassy. He himself had hopes that Wolsey by his wisdom and authority would have settled the differences between the Empire and France, but he is now in doubt as to the issue. He speaks of More's promotion in a passage quoted above. Unmarried men, he says, have more chance at Court than married ones, but More is so wedded to wedlock that nothing can emancipate him. He has three daughters, the eldest, whose name is Margaret, is just married to a young man (Roper) of good fortune and unspotted morals, and with an inclination to learning. More had all his daughters educated from their infancy: first paying great attention to their morals, and then to their learning. He brings up another girl as a companion to his daughters. He has also a stepdaughter of great beauty and genius, now married some years to a young man, *non indocto, sed cujus moribus nihil sit magis aureum.* He has a son by a former wife, aged thirteen, the youngest of his children. He ordered them a year ago to write an essay to Erasmus on any subject they liked to choose. When they showed their father their exercises, all he did was to have them fairly copied, without changing a syllable, and seal and send them to Erasmus, who greatly admired them. They read Livy and similar authors.....Budæus complains that he himself has brought a scandal upon learning, because it has entailed upon him two evils—ill-health and ill-husbandry. More, on the other hand, produces the opposite impression. He says that his health is better for study, and that he has more influence with the King, more popularity at home and abroad, is more pleasant and useful to his friends and his relatives, abler for business and politics and life generally, and more thankful *(gratior)* to heaven. It has been said that

Letters and Papers, vol. iii., no. 2,239.

learning is unfavorable to common sense. There is no greater reader than More, yet you will not find a man who is a more complete master of his faculties, on all occasions and with all persons, more accessible, more ready to oblige, more quick-witted in conversation, or combining so much true prudence with such agreeable manners. *His influence has been such that there is scarcely a nobleman in the land who considers his children fit for their rank except they have been well-educated, and learning has become fashionable at Court.*"

Then follows a few remarks on the education of women, which show More in a very modern light. I venture to recommend it to the attention of all those who think learning and true womanhood to be incompatible. "Erasmus confesses that he once thought with others that learning was useless to the female sex; More has quite changed that opinion. He now thinks that nothing so completely preserves modesty or so sensibly employs the thoughts of young girls as learning. By such employments they are kept from pernicious idleness, imbibe noble precepts, and their minds are trained to virtue.....Nor do I see why husbands should fear lest a learned wife should be less obedient, except they would exact from their wives what should not be exacted from honest and virtuous dames. I think that nothing is more intractable than ignorance; to say nothing of the fact that similarity of tastes and literary inclinations is a much stronger bond of union between husband and wife than mere sensual affection." Erasmus has heard of women who returning from church wonderfully applauded the preacher, and graphically described his countenance, but could not repeat a word he has said or explain the course of his argument. More's daughters, and such as they, can form an opinion on what they have heard, and discriminate between the good and the bad. When Erasmus told More that he would grieve more if he had lost his daughters after bestowing so much care upon their education, he replied he would rather they died learned than unlearned. This put Erasmus in mind of Phocion's answer to his wife, who lamented that her husband was to suffer death innocently. "Wife," said he, "would it be better that I should die guilty?"*

In the May of 1522 Charles V.† again visited England. He was received with great ceremony, and More was choosen to welcome him to London in a Latin speech. More was evidently in

**Letters and Papers*, vol. iii., no. 1,527.

†He landed at Dover on May 27th. On May 29th war was declared against France.

close attendance upon the King at this time, for we find an instruction from the King to the effect that "besides Mr. More" some personages should be found about him, both noble and sage, for the entertainment of strangers.* He had risen steadily in favor with Wolsey as well as with the King.

We now come to the year 1523. England was at war with France and with Scotland; her resources were taxed beyond quiet endurance, and yet more money was required. It, therefore, became necessary, after an interval of eight years, to summon a Parliament. The King was very popular, and a war with France only tended to increase his popularity; so the Parliament met in good spirits and in a seemingly complaisant humor. As Brewer points out, it brought together for the first time in close personal contact *Tres Thomi,* three Thomases, who of themselves made the reign remarkable, though in remarkably different ways—Thomas Wolsey, Thomas More, and Thomas Campbell. It was furthermore interesting as being the first English Parliament of which we have something more than a mere official account.

The House assembled on the 15th of April, a Mass of the Holy Spirit was sung, the Lords attending in state. The King then entered the Parliament chamber, and took his seat upon the throne, while Cardinal Wolsey and the Archbishop of Canterbury sat at his feet on either side. The usual oration was made by Tunstal, Bishop of London, the Commons then retiring to their own House to elect More as Speaker. When presented to the King after his election, More, according to Hall's account, "disabled himself both in wit and learning and discretion, to speak before the King, and brought in for his purpose how one Phormio desired Hannibal to come to his reading, which thereto assented; and when Hannibal was come he began to read *de re militari.* When Hannibal perceived him he called him an arrogant fool, because he presumed to teach him, which was a master of chivalry, in the feats of war." Wolsey replied to this modest speech by saying "that the King knew his wit, learning, and discretion by long experience in his service," and congratulated the Commons on their selection. It should be understood, however, that "the Speaker of Tudor reigns was the manager of business on the part of the crown." More, then, was really the King's nominee, but being such he was a man in no way to be dazzled by the royal favor, or to be deflected thereby one inch from the path of rectitude. As an arbiter he had no

Letters and Papers, vol. iii., no. 2,317.

superior; scholars, theologians, politicians, parents, landowners, and humbler folk equally valued his strict integrity, his inflexible justice, and his sound common sense, and so we find him entrusted with the settlement of all sorts of intricate disputes arising amid the various ranks and classes of the community.

More's services in Parliament were much appreciated in high quarters. "The King is aware," writes Wolsey,* "of the faithful diligence of More in the late Parliament about the subsidy, so that no man could better deserve the reward of £100 which it has been usual to give the Speaker as a reward, beside the £100 ordinary. He will, therefore, cause the sum to be advanced on hearing the King's pleasure. I am rather moved," he adds, "to put your Highness in mind thereof, because he is not the most ready to speak and solicit his own cause." The grant was duly sanctioned by the King, and More writes, shortly after, to thank Wolsey, saying how grateful he is that his services are so well liked.†

More was now kept close at the royal heels, as we see from his frequent correspondence with Wolsey on the Henry's behalf. He seems generally to have attended on the King after supper, when he would read any letters from Wolsey, and take his master's opinions as to their reply.

Though Wolsey thoroughly appreciated his sterling qualities, and was more than pleased at his successful engineering of the war subsidy, "More was a man he rather feared than liked." More was without personal ambitions; he was also without the weakness of human respect; he was therefore able to distinguish, perhaps more than anyone else in the Court, between Wolsey's high policy and his low ambition. When, for instance, the latter proposed that a new office, that of Supreme Constable of the Kingdom, should be created, evidently meaning to fill it himself, More opposed him, and persuaded the Council to abandon the scheme, much to the Cardinal's displeasure. "Are you not ashamed, Mr. More, being the last in place and dignity to dissent from so many noble and prudent men? You show yourself a foolish Councillor." "Thanks be to God," was More's quick and effective reply, "that his royal Highness has but one fool in his Council."

A literary incident took place during these years, which was certainly regrettable, and added nothing to More's reputation; but it

Letters and Papers, vol. iii., no. 3,267.
†*State Papers*, vol. i., p. 143; *Letters and Papers*, vol. iii., nos. 3,302 and 3,363.

was one so characteristic of the times that it must not be passed over. A certain Germain de Brie or Brixius, a Frenchman, had written a poem in praise of the gallant feat of a French man-o'-war, the *Chordighera,* which during the hostilities of 1512 had taken fire, and in this condition had borne down upon an English vessel, which of course took fire as well. More thinking such a panegyric altogether improper, took care to make some very cutting allusions to it in his *Epigrammata,* but when Erasmus and other friends suggested their publication, he thought it would be better to omit them. Contrary to his wish, they were included, and before he could prevent it a copy reached Brixius himself. Brixius was infuriated, and immediately set about the composition of his *Anti-Morus,* a satire of the bitterest kind. When it was too late, Erasmus wrote to More, begging him to withhold publication, and short of that at least to refrain from retaliation. But More did retaliate, and with so heavy a hand that Erasmus wrote to Budæus, saying that, although he thought himself rather an adept in the bitter personalities of controversy, anything he had done was comparatively mild compared with More's effusion against Brixius. At present we may leave the matter thus, but something more will be said about it in a later examination of More's controversial style.

In the autumn of 1523, More paid a short visit to Calais, where Wolsey was engaged on diplomatic business. One gathers from Roper, who, by the way, was never specially devoted to Wolsey's memory, that the Cardinal was growing a little impatient of More's influence at Court, and " for revengement of his displeasure counselled the King to send him Ambassador into Spain.....Which when the King had broken to Sir Thomas More, and that he had declared unto his Grace how unfit a journey it was for him..... that he should never be likely to do his Grace acceptable service therein, knowing right well that if his Grace sent him thither, he should send him to his grave; but showing himself, nevertheless, ready according to his duty, albeit with the loss of his life, to fulfill his Grace's pleasure therein, the King allowing well his answer, said unto him, 'It is not our meaning, Mr. More, to do you hurt, but to do you good we should be glad. We, therefore, for this purpose will devise some other, and employ your service otherwise.' "

New Books.

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.

We are glad that Monsignor Benson has at last yielded to the requests of his many friends by publishing in permanent form this simple and straightforward apologia of his, which appeared in the *Ave Maria* some six years ago. It will silence for all time those bitter Anglican critics who have given the most absurd and contradictory reasons why he became a Catholic.

The opening chapter tells of his original religious education and position. He paints a perfect portrait of his father, though some of the Archbishop's co-religionists have, strangely enough, questioned its accuracy, and spoken of his son's bad taste in daring to attempt it. They were angry forsooth at the charges that "he failed to carry out his principles," and failed to develop in his son "the spiritual side of religion." They were too blind to see that a sense of logic or a grasp of the true principles of spirituality would have made the father a convert as well as the son.

He describes the religious and moral tone of the Eton of his time as rather low. He writes:

> Chapel services at Eton counted for very little indeed usually in a religious direction; they were rather artistic, very academic, and represented, I think, the same kind of official homage to Almighty God as cheering the Queen when she came to see us.....Some things you must not be: you must not be personally dirty, or a coward, or a bully, or a thief; but in this other matter [of purity] you could choose for yourself without being thought either a blackguard or a prude.....

After leaving Eton he stayed in London for a year, becoming vaguely interested for a while in theosophy; entirely absorbed and fascinated by the music at St. Paul's, and having his sense of worship developed and directed by an absolute passion for Shorthouse's book, *John Inglesant.*

At Cambridge he neglected his prayers, almost gave up Communion, and the religion he did possess "had no spark in it of real vitality." One of his closest friends at this time was an explicitly dogmatic atheist, yet he oddly enough says: "I was conscious of no particularly alarming gulf between us." This

friend must at least have had a logical mind, for he once declared "that, granted Christianity, Catholicism was its only possible interpretation."

Why he decided to study for the Anglican ministry, he has not discovered up to the present time, although he imagines that a life spent in an ecclesiastical household, and the absence of any other particular interest, seemed to point to a clerical life as the line of least resistance. His ideal was that of a "quiet country gentleman, with a beautiful garden and exquisite choir, and a sober bachelor existence."

His first start on the road to the Catholic Church, though he did not realize it at the time, was given by Father Maturin of the Cowley Fathers during a retreat at Kensing. He tells us that this eloquent preacher touched his heart profoundly as well as his head, revealing to him the springs and motives of his own nature in a completely new manner. Father Maturin's conversion to the Church later on was a great shock to him, but at the same time a great help on his onward journey.

After his father's death, he traveled in the East for five months, both in Egypt and the Holy Land, and there began to realize for the first time what a very small and unimportant affair the Anglican communion really was. The rest of Christendom seemed to regard it purely as a Protestant sect of recent origin. Again, he began to worry over the strong case for Roman continuity with the pre-reformation Church, and the respective weakness of his own. He tried to conquer these intellectual doubts by reading anti-Roman books, by speaking contemptuously of the "Italian Mission," and by working hard to reclaim waverers. About this time he joined the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, believing that the only hope ot peace was in the direction of religious life.

He has only words of praise for the community at Mirfield. He says: "It will be impossible for me ever to acknowledge adequately the debt of gratitude which I owe to the Community of the Resurrection, or the admiration which I have always felt, and still feel, toward their method and spirit." While with them he learned practically to hold all the dogmas of the Catholic Church, except the infallibility of the Pope, although the community in general seemed most anxious at the time to dissociate themselves from the extreme party of the Church of England.

The moderate High Church theory of his youth had now

given way to what he calls the "Diffusive Theory." Instead of declaring that Rome and the East had erred through excess, and the Nonconformists through defect, and that the Church of England was in her appeal and supposed resemblance to the primitive Church the most orthodox body in Christendom, he now maintained that the Catholic Church comprised Rome, Moscow, and Canterbury, with a certain speaking voice, *i. e.,* her silent consensus. Where the three agreed, there was the explicit voice of the Holy Spirit; where they dogmatically disagreed, there was the field for private opinion.

By degrees the untenableness of this theory became manifest, and the need of an infallible teaching Church to preserve and interpret the truths of Christianity to each succeeding generation began to dawn upon him. He writes: "I am an official of a Church that did not seem to know her own mind, even on matters directly connected with the salvation of the soul."

With humility and singleness of motive, he asked himself whether or not Rome was that teaching Church. He mentioned his Roman difficulties to his superior and to his mother, who alone had the right to know them; he consulted the friends, clerical and lay, whom they suggested; he "devoured" everything he could find on both sides of the controversy. The books that helped him most were Spencer Jones' *England and the Holy See,* Mallock's *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption,* and Newman's *Development of Doctrine,* that "like a magician waved away the last floating mists, and let me see the City of God in her strength and beauty." Finally and supremely, it was the reading of the Scriptures that satisfied him as to the positive claims of Rome. He found the Petrine claim there "like a great jewel, blazing on the surface."

Some of the letters that Monsignor Benson received after his reception into the Church spoke of him as "a deliberate traitor, an infatuated fool, an impatient, headstrong, and ungrateful bigot who had dishonored his father's name and memory." But one Anglican clergyman with a conscience congratulated him for having found his way into the City of Peace. Eight years later he also entered that city.

We are grateful to Monsignor Benson for this book. It is a simple story of a soul, naturally Catholic, longing for the truth, and accepting it wholeheartedly once it revealed itself. It will prove helpful to other earnest seekers who are facing the same difficulties, and looking for the divine answer to their questioning.

LEVIA-PONDERA. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

It would seem that Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew was trying to outdo Monsignor Benson in producing volume after volume. We loved him best as a novelist; we liked him least as a maker of guide books, and lo! now he gathers together his scattered papers, ties them in a bundle, and wins new laurels as an essayist of considerable merit. He tells us what a good essayist must be, and he for the most part lives up to the ideal he sets before us. Style is half the battle, and the author of *San Celestino* and of *Hurdcott* is certainly not wanting here; the true essayist is never quite young, and our entertainer and instructor is over sixty; he should be able to write on the lid of a tea-kettle, or even on such a poetic thing as the kitchen poker, and John Ayscough can talk interestingly about *Footnotes,* or *Great Age.*

Perhaps his best paper is the one on Walter Scott. No other lover of the great Sir Walter might agree with his dogmatic arrangement of the novels in order of merit, but every Catholic will agree with his estimate of Scott's ignorance of the Catholic Church. He says truly:

> The real influence of the Church in the Middle Ages was never revealed to this man of genius, for revelation is accorded not to talent but to sincerity; and in this matter Scott was not sincere, but opportunistic. He did not grasp the heart of the Middle Age; for its heart was its faith; he had merely read of its behavior, which was sometimes queer and sometimes scandalous, as was the behavior of the much-admired Primitive Age, as has been that of the age enlightened by all the pure beams of Scott's beloved Reformation.....how it thought he had not the least idea.

We think that the author might better have omitted the paper on *Fickle Fame,* for it repeats quite a number of the good things we have already read in the *Entail.* Once is enough to tell us that "few to-day read Dr. Johnson," especially his *Rasselas;* "that Johnson thought *Tristram Shandy* odd;" "that *Wuthering Heights* is a unique and singular book, etc., etc. We did not think that his model essayist, be he Lamb or Birrell, would have been so careless in his book-making.

There are many quotable things throughout the volume, in turn humorous, sarcastic, and instructive. For example:

> Protestant nuns are all feet. They talk at large about education, but their first principle in education is elimination of God. There is no such a thing as Protestant Church architecture. The Cathedrals have never turned Protestant. Beauty is accounted meritorious because no one by any degree of merit can achieve it. Had Henry VIII. been respectable, Queen Elizabeth would never have existed. The saints were mere Papists, all of them. There are decent people in general who never give scandal: they take it about once a week. One may even see, nowadays, meeting-houses with crosses on them venerated as religiously as the cross on a hot-cross bun. The most fatal of all pessimisms is that which calls Evil Good, and sees no menace in evil growing, but declares it all healthy progress. The loss of faith does not tend to cheerfulness in individuals, and never will tend that way in nations. In Scotland and Norway the prevalence of illegitimate births is due to the chill of the climate. It is odd that in Catholic Ireland the humidity and softness of the climate should produce a contrary result; odd, but certainly fortunate. The reformers would have no more saints, and they never have had, etc.

We hope we have said enough to make our readers buy these suggestive essays, and not imitate the poor lady he speaks of, "struggling along on six thousand pounds a year, who always did get a certain author's book, but waited until she could get them from Boots for ninepence."

OUR BOOK OF MEMORIES. Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4.00 net.

Cardinal Newman has well said that "not only for the interests of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish, they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nod, but contemporary letters are facts."

Mrs. Campbell Praed rightly deems these words especially applicable to the letters Justin McCarthy wrote her during their long friendship and literary co-partnership. After they had written three novels in collaboration, he suggested that they might collaborate pleasurably in a volume of personal impressions about politics, literature, and London life of the eighties and early nineties, to be published after the dramatic period of Mr. Parnell's fight for Home Rule should have ended. But the book as originally planned

was never written; so she determined, therefore, to make up for it by publishing the many letters he wrote to her from 1884 to 1911.

Justin McCarthy reveals himself in these letters as a most genial personality, "always a man of noble ideas, the most chivalric of gentlemen, and the most loyal of friends." For twelve years (1884-1896) no man worked harder or sacrificed more for the Irish cause than he. As he himself put it strongly: "I should liked to have died on some battlefield for the cause of Ireland." He did his utmost by pen and tongue to further the two Home Rule bills of 1886 and 1892, and despite his own poor health, his longing for literary quiet, and the disunion in the Irish ranks, he never once faltered in the hard but hopeless struggle.

These letters do not tell us anything that we did not know before of those stirring days of Irish politics, but they help considerably to confirm the facts we have already learned through many a recent political biography. There are many brief but accurate sketches of the men who made history in those days—Gladstone, Parnell, Morley, and many others.

But Justin McCarthy's interests were not all political. In fact, from at least a score of letters it becomes perfectly evident that political life was not entirely congenial to him, though he followed it from a deep sense of duty and patriotism. He was always longing for the Irish fight to be over and won, that he might settle down to a life of quiet literary work.

He was a most prolific and indefatigable writer. Besides his thousands of letters, he published many novels and biographies; he wrote numerous leaders for the *Daily News;* he contributed scores of articles and stories to magazines in England and America, and lectured on political and literary subjects on every possible occasion. He wrote with the greatest ease—perhaps too easily as he once said himself—and lived too strenuous a life to allow himself ever to hold one of the first places in the literary world.

Mrs. Praed tells us that "Justin McCarthy had been brought up a devout Catholic, and, in the later years of his life, attended Mass regularly with his daughter, and was a firm believer in the tenets of the Church of Rome." She publishes one of his letters on the subject, which we are sorry to say is not at all Catholic in tone. Speaking of dogmatic and mystical questions he says:

> Even on those questions the Catholic Church seems to me more likely to be right than any other—but I put those mysteries

aside as insoluble for you and me—and I only think that if one is beaten a good deal by the storms and the buffets of the world, the safest and the most inviting harbor is to be found in that Church. Perhaps some other and profounder faith may come too in its time *(sic.)*, but I would let it come if it will. I would not yearn for it—I would not even seek it—there seems something morbid and even artificial in the deliberate quest after it; if there is genuine efficacy in it, then I suppose it will come. But anyhow, I feel that, with some of us at least, it is to be the Church of Rome or no Church at all.

Mrs. Campbell Praed has edited these letters as a labor of love. Her wreath of immortelles—so she styles her book—is the best of tributes to a man of spotless integrity in political life, of absolute fidelity to chosen friends, and of exceptional talent in literary achievement.

BETROTHMENT AND MARRIAGE. By Canon de Smet. Vol. I. Translated from the French edition of 1912 by Rev. W. Dobell. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.25.

We welcome Father Dobell's translation of Canon de Smet's *de Sponsalibus et Matrimonio,* which we consider the best of the many scholarly volumes which the theological faculty of Bruges has published. Without question it is the most complete and most satisfactory treatise on the marriage laws that we have in English. Theoretically it studies every problem from the viewpoint of dogma, history, and canon law, while practically it answers all the questions of the busy pastor and confessor.

The translation is well done, having been supervised by the author himself, who has enriched it with many valuable additions. The references are many and accurate, the subdivisions are an improvement on the original Latin text; and while the critics have rightly disputed a few of the author's conclusions, the book as a whole is beyond criticism. In the second volume, which we trust will soon appear, we are promised special appendices on the laws of England and America.

A PILGRIM OF ETERNITY. By Rev. G. S. Hitchcock. St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents.

These papers of a Unitarian minister describe some of the phases of his soul's journey on the road to the Catholic Church. As the author well states: "Had I written a straightforward narrative the work would have been easier and the result clearer,

precisely because the adding fact to fact would have been within my limitations." But he preferred to publish these desultory notes, hoping thereby that one in a similar intellectual position might the better realize the fact and the beauty of the supernatural.

We have in these pages interesting essays on ancient Greek and modern German philosophy; a critique of Martineau and a discussion of the Fourth Gospel; an estimate of Socialism, and an appreciation of the Catholic Church as a true lover of the poor; a philosophy of revelation and a treatise on the Last Things. It is a most thoughtful book, and will prove of great service to souls brought up in the vagueness and uncertainity of liberal Protestantism.

POOR, DEAR MARGARET KIRBY, AND OTHER STORIES. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.30.

Kathleen Norris has given us a feast of good things in this collection of short stories. They are all wholesome in tone, charming in style, and drive home needed truths without being at all prosy. They are most varied, being pathetic, humorous, and heroic in turn. Very often they illustrate her favorite commandment: "Marry not for money but for love; have plenty of babies, and happiness of the truest sort will be yours."

Margaret Kirby only begins to appreciate what home life and true affection mean when her husband's failure compels her to taste the blessedness of poverty. Annie Warriner forgets at once all her mental and physical discomfort when she hears the pathetic story of another couple's uphill struggle. For pure fun and frolic we recommend the wooing of Dr. Bates, and the experience of shiftless Susanna, who managed to help her husband more by breaking appointments with him than by keeping them. *Tide Marsh* and *Rising Water* show excellently well the wonderful sacrifices women are ever ready to make for the sake of little children. The whole book is a cheerful message of peace and happiness to the true modern woman.

COME RACK! COME ROPE! By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.35.

This book is unequalled in the vivid picture it presents of the days when English martyrs by the score gladly gave up their lives for the Mass and the Papal Supremacy. As Monsignor Benson tells us in the preface: "Very near the whole of this book is sober,

historical fact; and by far the greater number of the personages named in it once lived and acted in the manner in which I have presented them."

Many a reader, however, who will fight shy of the sober historical facts of Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests* or Dom Bede Camm's *Forgotten Shrines,* will gladly take up this fascinating novel, which makes the heroic souls of the past live again in all the beauty and strength of their pure Catholic Faith.

The hero of the story is Robert Audrey, who called by God to labor on the English mission in the Society of Jesus, gives up all that is dear to him in this world, and at the end dies nobly for the Faith on the gallows. Monsignor Benson has the dramatic instinct, and never perhaps in all his books has he manifested it to better advantage. Scene after scene follows in such profusion that we begin to understand the author's fears, that some might think his book "too sensational."

Part I. describes in excellent contrast the fidelity of Robin to the old Faith, and the apostasy of his father, who cannot stand the stress of persecution, or overcome the fear of impending ruin. Nothing grips the heart of the reader so strongly as that pathetic scene which describes the old squire's first Communion in a Protestant Church. That passage is worth a score of scholarly arguments against the absurd Anglican claim of continuity. Later on in the story the weakening of Sir Thomas Fitzherbert pictures another type of that recreant laity, that sold the Faith for money and peace and preferment in Elizabethan England.

Part II. introduces us to Father Campion, from whose speech after torture the title of the book is taken. "He was indeed a fire, a smoke in the nostrils of his adversaries, a flame in the heart of his friends."

Part III. centres around Mary Stuart, whose innocence our author maintains, true to the old Catholic tradition. We follow her to Chartley, and assist at her execution at Fotheringay.

Part IV. describes the last days of Audrey's ministry. We pity his father when, as magistrate, he is called upon to arrest, despite himself, the priests in hiding; and we realize the despair in his heart when among them he discovers his own son. We hope that at the end he repented of his disloyalty to the Church of his fathers, and that Audrey's absolution was a valid one. The vivid portrayal of the horrors of the torture chamber, and the final scene on the gallows, will bring tears to many eyes.

The martyr's last speech will linger long in the memory, giving as it does the lie to those who still maintain that the priests who suffered under Elizabeth were all traitors. "I die here as a Catholic man, for my priesthood, which I now confess before all the world. There have been alleged against me crimes in which I had neither act nor part; against the life of her Grace and the peace of her dominions. It is for the Catholic Faith that I die—that which was once the Faith of all England—and which, I pray, may be one day its Faith again."

We hope that Monsignor Benson will henceforth avoid the field of prophecy, and keep to the historical novel. Besides entertaining us, he is at the same time doing an apologetic work of the highest importance.

A GUIDE BOOK TO COLORADO. By Eugene Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Parsons has written a complete and interesting guide book to that Switzerland of America, Colorado. While he has chiefly in mind the tourist—"telling him where to go and what to see"—he also intends it as a book of reference to the possible settler. He tells us of Colorado county by county, giving us brief but excellent sketches of its first explorers, the pioneers' contests with the Indians, and the opening up of its rich mines of gold and silver. All the scenic beauties of the State are well described, and all details of interest to the traveler and sportsman are minutely set forth. We recommend this book highly to the thousands of tourists who intend to go to California for the first time during the Panama Exposition of 1915.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.40 net.

Barnabas Barty, son of the ex-champion of England, and landlord of the *Coursing Hound,* is left a fortune of £700,000 by an uncle in America. Straightway he determines to set forth against his father's will for London, to become a gentleman of fashion. A most wonderful valet, whom he picks up on the road, endeavors to dissuade him from entering "that fashionable world—so heartless, cruel, and shallow; where inexperience is made a mock of, and generosity laughed to scorn," but our hero will not be dissuaded.

On he goes in his career, falling in love at the outset with

the Lady Cleone, thrashing one leader of fashion who becomes his enemy, and then another who becomes his best friend, continually frustrating the schemes of the villain, vainly striving to help his sweetheart's scoundrel brother, and winning at last the gentleman's steeplechase, which gives him at once the leadership in the world of fashion. But lo! at the banquet given in his honor at White's, his humble father rushes in unexpectedly, reveals his identity, and at once all the dukes, viscounts, and barons present desert the "Amateur Gentleman," who by his deceit had gained a standing in their illustrious company. In the depth of his despair he is helped, against all the probabilities, by an " almost human duchess," who sees to it that he marries the Lady Cleone. Love laughs at all distinction of class and birth.

Mr. Farnol writes well, many of his characters like the Bo'sun, Smivvle and the Bow Street runner, Shrig, reminding one forcibly of Dickens. However, he keeps his readers too much on the alert with his hero's interminable adventures and his marvelous hair-breadth escapes.

The book is absolutely pagan in tone from start to finish, but it will satisfy the unthinking novel reader who only seeks to pass away an idle hour.

THE DECIDING VOICE OF THE MONUMENTS IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM. By Melvin Grove Kyle, D.D. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2.15.

Dr. Kyle, of the Xenia Theological Seminary, has written this volume to defend the authenticity of the books of the Old Testament against the attacks of the modern, destructive Higher Criticism. He has endeavored to refute its *a priori* theorizing from the data afforded by the study of archæology.

His thesis as stated, by Professor James Orr in the Introduction, is that

> the progress of knowledge has not overthrown, but has in innumerable and surprising ways helped to confirm, the view one derives from the Bible itself as to the beginnings of human history; the character of ancient civilizations, and the place of the Hebrews in the midst of these; the old family relationships and distributions of mankind; the verisimilitude of the picture of patriarchal conditions; of life in Egypt, in the desert, and in Canaan; of the later history of the kingdoms, and altogether of the course of events as depicted in Holy Scripture, in contrast with the violent and hypothetical constructions based largely

on an *a priori* theory of development of the modern critical schools.

He quotes largely from the works of scholars like Sayce, Naville, Halévy, and Petrie. He does not seem to be acquainted with many Catholic authorities, for the only two cited are Father Oussani of the Dunwoodie Seminary, and Father Vincent of the Biblical School in Jerusalem. It is an honest and labored attempt to defend the old conservative theories, but we hardly think it will prove very effective among the adversaries he seeks to confute. "He who tries to prove too much proves nothing," as the wise old adage puts it.

THE INVADERS. By Mrs. Frances N. S. Allen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.30 net.

The invaders of Mrs. Allen's story are the Irish and Polish settlers, who are rapidly taking over the farms of the shiftless and so-called "aristocratic" New Englander. The old settlers of a little New England village are at first most bitterly prejudiced against these newcomers, but their bitterness turns to affection, once their excellent qualities become known. The invasion ends in the surrender of the two heroines, Olivia and Prunella, to the superior charms of Patrick Joyce and Stefan Posadowski.

Although the Irish hero and his kindly sister are supposed to be well-educated, they speak in a language never spoken before by any convent-bred girl or any university man; the broken English too of our Polish genius, Stefan, and his genial pastor is also most wonderful and unique. But these are only minor blemishes in an otherwise well-written story. The characters are well drawn, and the village life with all its gossip, meanness, narrowness, and pseudo-aristocracy well described. There is a kindly humor and winning naturalness about the book that make one loath to put it down at the end.

We were rather pleased to learn that the Polish pastor, Father Zujewski, was a subscriber to THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and that he was courteous enough to pass it on to his friend, the Congregationalist minister.

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR. By Bird S. Coler. New York: Frank D. Beattys & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Coler has written a common sense plea, or as he calls it, a two-and-two-make-four argument, for the teaching of religion in the schools. The volume contains a long historical digression, de-

fending the Catholic Church against the lies and calumnies of Protestant prejudice, which is as rare as it is refreshing, coming as it does from an outsider. And why? Because he says:

> It is plain to me that Catholicism can stand up against a State-supported educational system from which God is excluded, and equally plain that Protestantism cannot, and that the result of the public policy so many Protestants blindly support will be a complete extinction of their branch of Christianity, and a division of the world of opinion between Catholicism on the one hand and atheism on the other.

He is an outspoken critic of the public schools of the United States, which he declares "are not making for righteousness." The present system has been tried and found wanting in the one thing essential, the religious training of the child. He says:

> We must regain for God the children of the nation. If we were all of one creed, it might be done through our present public-school system. But we are of many creeds, so that the only practical plan is to let each creed teach its own, and let the State pay, out of the taxes from all, a just compensation to each educational agency, secular or religious, for the educational work it shall perform.

He gives us a brief critique of Socialism, which, he feels certain, would capture the elementary schools if it could, as it realizes the importance of beginning its propaganda early. He cites Spargo, who, in his Socialism, writes:

> Whether the Socialist régime could tolerate the existence of elementary schools other than its own, such as privately conducted kindergartens and schools, religious, and so on, is questionable. Probably not. It would probably not content itself with refusing to permit religious doctrine or ideas to be taught in its schools, but would go further, and, as the natural protector of the child, guard its independence of thought in later life, as far as possible, by forbidding religious teaching of any kind in schools for children up to a certain age.....This restriction of religious education to the years of judgment and discretion implies no hostility *(sic.)* to religion on the part of the State, but neutrality.

The so-called neutral school in France, as Mr. Coler well points out, has boldly attacked all religion, laughed at morality, and the very idea of God, with the result of increasing illiteracy, lowering the birth-rate, and adding greatly to the sum of criminality.

It is most rare to find in the pages of a non-Catholic writer

so clear an assertion of Catholic principles, and so fair an account of historical facts. We trust that his fairness will be emulated by many of his co-religionists.

SHAKESPEARE, BACON, AND THE GREAT UNKNOWN. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00 net.

This last book of Andrew Lang is a strong defense of the Shakespearian authorship against the claims of Bacon and the Great Unknown. As a valiant knight, Lang enters the lists against Mr. G. G. Greenwood, a man "worth fighting, cunning of fence, and learned," and therefore worthy of his steel. The theory that Bacon was in the main the author of Shakespeare's plays has been defended for the last forty years in England and America, as the preface tells us, "by methods, logic, and hypotheses closely resembling those applied by many British and foreign scholars to Homer, and by critics of the very highest school to Holy Writ. Yet the Baconian theory is universally rejected in England by the professors and historians of English literature; and generally by students who have no profession save that of Letters."

Mr. Greenwood, his opponent, is not a Baconian. His position is merely negative; Shakespeare is not the author of the plays and poems. Although the Baconian theory is "an extremely reasonable one," and "serviceable if not even essential" to his argument, he never commits himself to any positive statement regarding the real author.

Lang answers all the arguments of Mr. Greenwood in a clear, concise manner, mercilessly showing forth his mistakes of fact, his want of logic, and his faults of interpretation. He proves that Shakespeare was recognized as the author of the plays that bear his name by Ben Johnson, Heywood, Heminge, and Condell, the actors, all contemporaries, while there was no hint given of any other possible author until 1856, "when the twin stars of Miss Delia Bacon and Mr. Smith arose." The argument drawn from the silence of Philip Henslowe is met by the common sense answer: "Henslowe records no loans to Shakespeare the actor, because he lent him no money. He records no payments for plays to Shakespeare, the author-actor, because to Henslowe the actor sold no plays." The so-called impossible argument, viz., it is impossible that the bookless, untutored lad of Stratford should have possessed the wide, deep, and accurate scholarship displayed by the author of the plays, he meets by denying the evidence of any deep scholarship. While Shakespeare did possess some of the lore that scholars

did possess, he did not use his knowledge like a scholar. He makes the second syllable in Posthumus long, and the penultimate syllable of Andronicus short. He calls Delphi "Delphos" (a non-existent word); he confuses "Delphos" with Delos, and places the Delphian oracle in an island. In the same play, *The Winter's Tale,* he makes the artist, Giulio Romani (1492-1546) contemporary with the flourishing age of the Pythian Apollo. No man who knew the foreign politics of his age as Bacon did, could have written so extremely eccentric a play as *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Lang's view is that Shakespeare picked up his "small Latin" as a boy in the Stratford school, and that he used the English translations then current. If *Lucrece* and *The Comedy of Errors* show a knowledge of Latin texts still untranslated, "he could" get a construe "in London, or help in reading, from a more academic acquaintance, or buy a construe at no high ransom from some poor scholar." The Baconians forgot that the English literature of his day was saturated with every kind of classical information.

Most of his knowledge of court life he could pick up in the hundreds of plays and stories published in his time, and an actor who played at court could write of courtly manners without ever having been a courtier. "It seems scarcely credible that men should hold that only a Bacon, intimately familiar with the society of the great, could make the great speak as in the plays they do—and as in real life they probably did *not.*"

So our brave knight goes on, breaking through, with the greatest ease, all the weak points in his opponent's armor, until at last his adversary lies dead upon the field. Every lover of the Swan of Avon will read with the greatest pleasure this kindly but most effective bit of controversy.

CARDINAL MANNING; THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE; THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE. Three Essays by J. E. C. Bodley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.00 net.

We are glad that Mr. Bodley did not see his way to accept Mr. Longman's proposal to expand this gossipy essay into a monograph on the whole career of Cardinal Manning. For while Monsignor Purcell abused his trust most shamefully by the mean caricature he drew, Mr. Bodley, despite his absolute confidence in himself, which breathes on every page, is to our mind the last man in the world to attempt so delicate and difficult a task. He believes in the first place that "there are few ecclesiastics in modern times, of any denomina-

tion, who accept the creed they profess without some mental reservation," and proves it by a story of an Eton boy " of whom it was said that he would make an admirable clergyman, if he were not so transparently honest."

Again he lacks an essential quality in a biographer of Manning, viz., a perfect understanding of the character of Cardinal Newman. On the contrary, he is most bitter and prejudiced. So much so that the excellent *Life of Cardinal Newman,* lately published by Wilfrid Ward, proves, in his estimate, Newman to be " the most attractive and the most colossal egoist that ever lived—neither a great Englishman, nor a great Oxford man, nor a great Catholic." What a pity that Ward wrote to so little purpose!

Again, he has read Ward so superficially that he never realized that Newman went over to the Catholic Church the very instant his conscience told him he could no longer honestly remain in the Church of England. " No, he was dishonest," says Mr. Bodley, voicing an oft-repeated calumny that a certain *Apologia* answered years ago rather effectively, for " he considered that he was justified in remaining within the English Church for some years, while his teaching was sending Oxford men over to Rome." Is such a man competent to handle the many intricate questions that must needs come up in a biography of a great Catholic ecclesiastic? We are very skeptical of another statement of Mr. Bodley's, viz., " Manning sincerely believed that Newman was not an orthodox Catholic." He does not seem to grasp the fact that there is a great deal of freedom allowed in the Catholic Church to thinkers, outside the field of defined doctrine.

The essay on *The Decay of Idealism in France* is more in Mr. Bodley's line. It is a discussion, "not of the idealism of metaphysical philosophy, but the idealism of every-day life, the idealism of the man on the boulevards, of the peasant, the politician, the journalist, the playwright, and also of the philosopher who speaks the language of the people." The chief reasons, therefore, which he develops are the general pessimism produced by the Franco-German war, and the particular disillusion of sanguine republicans, who failed to find the Utopia of their dreams in the Third Republic; the influence of the characterless modern press, which is creating a mentality devoid of distinctiveness; the dulcet inconoclasm of writers like Renan and the withering nihilism of moderns like Anatole France, to whom no ideals have ever been sacred; the displacement of the classics in the modern French system of education by subjects deemed more serviceable; and finally the blighting effect

of this mechanical age, which, in changing all the conditions of human life, is changing human nature itself. It is a thoughtful paper, but a little too dogmatic in its utterances. We could imagine Réne Doumic writing a counter thesis on *Contemporary French Idealism,* and making out a fairly good case. But, of course, this would be at once condemned by our pessimistic Mr. Bodley as heretical.

The third essay on *The Institute of France* gives a brief but entertaining account of the five Academies of which the Institute is composed.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Pierre de la Gorce. Paris: Plon-Nourrit & Co. 2 Vols. 15 *frs.*

The eminent French jurist, Pierre de la Gorce, is well known in France by his *History of the Second French Republic* (2 vols.) and his *History of the Second Empire* (7 vols.). In his *Religious History of the French Revolution,* he purposes to give a complete picture of the Catholic laity and clergy of France from the first days of the Revolution until the restoration of peace under the First Consul (1789-1801). He has just completed the second volume of this projected work.

Volume I. deals with the period dating from the opening of the States General until the end of the Constituent Assembly. During it the Catholic Church lost all its property and its privileges, the religious orders were prohibited by law, and the schismatic Civil Constitution of the clergy was enacted, which caused untold harm to religion for years.

Volume II. deals with the laws of proscription passed in the Legislative Assembly, and perfected by the Convention. By these decrees the priests loyal to the Holy See were deprived of their citizenship, declared suspect, and arbitrarily punished by either exile or imprisonment. The most thrilling pages of these two volumes are those that describe the cruel massacres of September, and the heroic but hopeless fight made by the peasants of La Vendée for their faith. The author says in his preface that some critics may think that he paints the Revolution in too dark colors. But he declares that he aims to write objectively, without passion and without prejudice, although not with that impartiality which is born of indifference. He says well: "In giving an account of the trials through which our Christian forefathers passed, my heart feels keenly the suffering they underwent for the Church of God."

He has purposely refrained from comparing the policy of persecution inaugurated by the present French Republic to the persecution in the days of '89. He wishes his readers to draw their own lessons.

VERSES AND REVERSES. By Wilfrid Meynell. London: Herbert and Daniel. 50 cents.

It is seldom enough that a volume of so charmingly playful an intimacy as these *Verses and Reverses* flutters out to the world of general readers. The little book was privately printed some two or three years back for Mr. Meynell's own family and a group of fortunate friends: now importunity has given it to the larger if less personal public. Its pages abound in the gently whimsical; they are rich in epigram, in pun and paradox, in tender reminiscence, and in a philosophy of life and love profound enough to suffer no whit from the self-assumed motley.

The lines *To Gilbert Chesterton,* or—better still—*To George Meredith in Old Age*—are, in their unique field, classics; and we of cis-Atlantic affiliation (somewhat given, alas! to the fault of experimental conjugality!) must rejoice in the wit and wisdom of that delicious arraignment, *United States.* But here, under the quaint, Southwellian title, *A Christian Comforter,* is a fragment that gives pause—a fragment redolent with the remembered perfume of Patmore's mystic philosophy:

"A waverer, Lord, am I," saith one—
"Here, there, I run."
"My messenger be thou, to tell
Of heaven to hell."
"How little love, O Lord, I feel—
My heart is steel."
"But I the Magnet am," saith He,
"And steel's for Me."
"Ah, Lord, I lean with love on man
Whene'er I can."
"Who clings to man, My proxy, he
Clings so to Me."

Those who know Mr. Wilfrid Meynell only as critic and editor—as primal friend and literary executor of Francis Thompson—or, perchance, in his charming but self-effacing biographical work, will be richly repaid for seizing the opportunity of closer approach in these delectable pages. "If," he himself says by way of introduction to his "game of words:" "If I have not been

at pains to separate the intended sprightly from the intended grave, it is because I have little love of such barriers; nor does the hand of fate observe such partitioning when it deals out to us blindly the good and bad cards—whereof we build our House of Life."

IN THE LEAN YEARS. By Felicia Curtis. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.60 net.

When *Under the Rose* appeared and presented itself as, to our best knowledge, the first attempt of the author, Felicia Curtis, we noted it as one of the finest historical novels of recent years. Its successor, now published under the title, *In the Lean Years,* deserves just as hearty praise. Its setting is England under the second George, when the Catholics were hated and banned, and when, as indeed happens in the story, a younger son could, by taking the oaths of the Established Church, seize his dead father's property and disinherit his Catholic elder brother. The hero and heroine of the tale are Catholics and Jacobites, and in their hot enthusiasm for the forlorn Stuart cause they revive in us all that romantic fervor that fired our blood when we first read Scott.

The author certainly knows how to write a tale of adventure, intrigue, and excitement; besides which she here gives us two love themes of real interest, and a picture of eighteenth century life that is both complete and vivid.

THE most serviceable apologetic work on all matters that concern Catholic faith and doctrine is the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique,* now being published by Gabriel Beauchesne of Paris, France. The energetic publishers are counting neither cost nor time in the execution of this monumental work. Some years have passed since the publication of the first fasciculus or part, and only the ninth part, which goes as far as the "Instruction of Youth" under the letter I, has so far been published.

All who read French, and particularly priests, will find in these volumes the readiest and most practical help in explaining the doctrines of our holy Faith; in setting forth the positive proofs of religion, and answering the many modern difficulties that have sprung from the material sciences. No matter of importance that touches even remotely upon the history, teaching, and discipline of the Catholic Church is neglected, and to all are given a thoroughness and completeness of treatment that bring the inquirer in touch with the best sources and the surest findings.

We heartily recommend the work, and will continue to call it

to the attention of our readers as other portions of it come from the press. (Price, 5 *frs.* per part.)

PARTLY because of the recent anti-alien enactments of California and their far-reaching consequences, the Japanese are a much-discussed people to-day. There will be interest, therefore, in a very solid, practical little book called *Our Neighbors: The Japanese.* (Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.) Written by Joseph King Goodrich, it deals with the religion, education, customs, and divisions of the Japanese, and gives its information thoroughly and carefully.

OLD CHINA AND YOUNG AMERICA, by Sarah Pike Conger (Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. 75 cents), is intended for children. Its first half comprises little stories of things and people Chinese; Mrs. Conger, as wife of the Minister to China, became, of course, familiar with that country, and writes of it entertainingly. The second half of the book is made up of patriotic and moral sermons of the Protestant Sunday-school type.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, by Frances Nimmo Greene (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net), is a romance of the mountains of Alabama. Its theme is the problem of education and of commercial progress as opposed to tradition and the rights of the individual; its plot is full of excitement; and its characters are well drawn, particularly the rural potentate and philosopher, Uncle Beck.

A CHARMING little volume for the nursery is *The Princess and the Goblin.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents net.) One of the prettiest of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, we have it here in George Macdonald's version, as simplified by Elizabeth Lewis, and illustrated very daintily in color.

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT, known as a novelist, has taken a new pen for this pretty little tale, which he calls *The Madonna of Sacrifice.* (Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.) Its setting is Florence, and its theme the passionate devotion of a little, consumptive serving-boy to a valuable and famous painting belonging to his master, and called the "Madonna of Sacrifice." It is charmingly told, and is published as a gift-book.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Penalties of Excommunication. By Rev. Herbert Thurston. The counsel for the plaintiff in the recent action of Mathew *vs. The Times* made great capital out of the damage likely to be done his client by the Papal sentence of excommunication. Father David Fleming's exposition of the leniency of the approved canonical teaching at the present day was received with evident incredulity. But even at the height of Papal authority canonists recognized many causes which excused, even from the slightest fault, those who held social relations with the excommunicated person. Hollweck says: "I believe that at the present day our judgment concerning all these matters must be emphatically a lenient one. As long as in such intercourse there is no indication of a flippant disregard of ecclesiastical prohibitions, there can be no question of grievous sin in transgressing them, and as long as there is some definite reason for such conduct we must exclude even the idea of venial sin."—*The Month,* March.

A Successful Catholic Experiment in India. By Saint Nihal Singh. In the Sialkot district of the province of the Punjab, an out-of-the-way corner of Hindustan, an experiment in transforming densely-ignorant, poverty-stricken, dirty, down-trodden humanity into capable, conscientious citizens, possessing an assured economic position, and quickened with high spiritual and moral ideals, is being carried on by the Belgian Franciscan Fathers. In 1892 three families were chosen to make the purchased site habitable; the first settlement was named Maryabad, "Mary's Village." After untold hardships from heat, disease, suspicion on the part of the natives, a completely organized town has been laid out, and a moral and economic transformation worked in the inhabitants. In 1900 the local government granted the Mission 2,376 acres for about half a crown per acre, levied to cover the cost of laying water channels. A new settlement, Khushpur, was founded which numbers 1,450 people. In Maryabad the Mission own the land, leasing it to the converts; in Khushpur the government reserves proprietary rights, granting only occupancy rights, which, however, descend from father to son. The Bishop of Lahore is officially recognized as headman of Khushpur. In spirit-

ual and educational affairs, both settlements are organized like any Catholic parish in the Occident.—*Dublin Review,* April.

The Catholic Party in the Netherlands. By Lady Dorothy Acton. "The impression left by Dutch Catholicism on the mind of the writer almost approaches an ideal picture." Especially since the restoration of the hierarchy in 1853 has the progress of the Church been marked. Between 1830 and 1900 some five hundred new churches are said to have been built, and one hundred and fifty enlarged, at a cost of five hundred millions of florins, and this although the Dutch Catholics are predominantly of the peasant and shop-keeping class. In politics they have formed an alliance with the Anti-Revolutionary Party, led by Dr. Kuyper, which though essentially Calvinist, is with the Catholics as against the Liberals, especially on the education question. The great victories of this alliance occurred in the elections of 1887 and 1909. In the latter election the Catholics had twenty-five out of a hundred members in the Second Chamber, and in 1910 held eighteen out of fifty seats in the First Chamber. Their leader, until his death in 1903, was Abbé Schaepman. Their social and philanthropic organizations are strong; their obedience to the Episcopate and the Holy See unswerving: their programme the reconstruction of society on a Christian basis; their policy frankly democratic.—*Dublin Review,* April.

The Saturday Half-Holiday. By Charles Calippe. A rest from work immediately preceding the Sunday rest was early guaranteed to slaves, as we see from the Apostolic Constitutions, that compilation of religious laws published in the fourth or fifth century, but originating much earlier; the purpose was to secure the giving of religious instruction. In the Middle Ages a similar reduction of hours of work obtained on every Saturday and on some twenty vigils of feasts; the reduction varied according to the trade and the season. The same practice endured in England until the industrial revolution of the early nineteenth century. The Saturday half-holiday now obtains in the United States, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Australia. Its real purpose is to insure a full day's rest on Sunday, and it is thus a social and semi-religious institution. The practice was introduced into France in 1879 by a Catholic employer of Roanne, M. Grenot, influenced by a conversation with Pius IX.; and Count

de Mun has, from 1886 to 1911, urged laws to secure this rest, but thus far his propositions have not been adopted.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* May 1.

Toleration. By Gustave Neyron. The ideal of the Church is naturally the supremacy of the one true religion. But she does not intend to strive for this end by intrigue or violence, but by charity, patience, truth, and high morality. Even were she supreme, she would recognize the freedom of conscience among non-Catholics, and merely suppress open crimes against religion. To prove this the author quotes from the staunchest defenders of the Church's rights, and the most determined opponents of Liberalism, such as Bonald, Manning, Cardinal Pie, and especially Louis Veuillot, and Leo XIII., contrasting the mildness of their language and the breadth of their views with the narrowness and intolerance of Luther and Eugène Mayer.—*Études,* April 5.

Trouble in Algiers. By Commandant Davin. France for the past century has been mistress of Algiers, and it has been causing her of late no little worriment. Hundreds of native families have been leaving Algiers for other Mussulman regions such as Egypt or Syria. One reason for this exodus is the Pan-Islamism movement which has been going on in India, Egypt, Persia, Arabia, etc. But the principal reason is the maladministration of the governors appointed by France. In the Governor's hands lies all power in connection with the natives, such as casting them into prison without trial and excessive taxation. The writer of the article ends it by instructions and a plea for a more just government of the country.—*Le Correspondant,* April 10.

The Tablet (April 19): *"Down Tools" in Belgium* deals with the general strike promoted by the Socialists not for "economic gain, but to secure a change in the conditions of franchise." At the last election the Catholic party secured a large majority of the votes, so the Socialists desire a change that will enable them to control. The strike is the means to obtain this, but it is a failure, "because it has only a minority at its back."

(April 26): *Frederick Ozanam:* A short consideration of this celebrated Frenchman's work as a Christian apologist in the schools of France and as founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. In another column the letter of Cardinal Merry del Val for the

Holy Father to the Archbishop of Lyons on the occasion of the Ozanam centenary celebration is published.——*A Monumental Edition of the "Divine Comedy."* Attention is directed to the new edition of Dante's work by Leo S. Olschki of Florence (limited to three hundred copies). The ever-increasing appreciation of Dante receives consideration; from 1801 to the end of 1911 no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five editions have been published in every part of the world.——*Literary Notes:* The greatest of Holland's poets, Joost van den Vondel, is the subject of these notes. Born a Baptist, he became a Catholic at a time when such a move brought him poverty and contempt, as nine-tenths of the Hollanders were then Protestant. His *Lucifer* has been compared with *Paradise Lost.*

The Month (March): W. Randolph, in *Modern Ugliness and Its Meaning,* deplores the loss of beauty in modern art. "Ugliness and worthlessness in human handiwork of whatever order was, until the age almost immediately preceding our own, a phenomenon practically unknown. The special force of these facts as to bygone beauty and modern ugliness lies in their moral and social significance.....decay and deformity in man's handiwork is a sign of sickness in the body politic."

The Church Quarterly Review (April): E. Wordsworth eulogizes St. Francis of Assisi, dwelling on the biographies by Father Cuthbert and Miss Grierson.——*The Religious Philosophy of Rudolf Eucken* is treated by the Rev. A. Caldecott.

Dublin Review (April): Wilfrid Ward gives a second paper on Moneypenny's *Life of Disraeli.*——Louise Imogen Guiney writes on *Epitaphs, Catholic and Catholic-Minded,* especially since the Reformation, showing how an instinctive belief in Purgatory and prayers for the dead has made Anglicans defy their own formularies.——J. F. Scheltema writes of *Music in Moslem Spain.* ——Canon William Barry, praising Monsignor Ward's *magnum opus,* dwells on the incidents leading to Catholic Emancipation, and especially on O'Connell's part in securing it.——In *The Rheims Version of the New Testament,* Father Hugh Pope, O.P., declares that our text of the Old Testament demands revision, and appeals for this even before the completion of the revision of the Clementine Vulgate now going on.

Le Correspondant (April 10): An Austrian under the pen name of Schwarz Gelb, defends Austria's attitude in the Balkan war.——P. de Nolhac gives a sketch of André Le Nôtre, the architect of the palace of Versailles.

(April 25): The Catholic Church, both by her preachers and her writers, has been proclaiming the danger to a nation from divorce and other social diseases. M. Henry Bordeaux has made this the problem in three of his books.——George Fonsgrieve treats of his work, and particularly of his latest volume, *The Home.*—— L. Jenouvrier discusses the decline of the birth-rate throughout France, which is causing such great uneasiness.

Études (April 20): Abbé J. Rivière, whose book on *The Dogma of the Redemption* was so well received some eight years ago, has recently argued that the ideas of ransom, sacrifice, and penal expiation are metaphorical, and should be avoided. Adhémar d'Alès undertakes to show that these Biblical and patristic notions contribute a measure of truth to the understanding of this mystery which cannot safely be overlooked.——Yves de la Brière discusses the writing and conferences of R. P. Ambrose Matignon, S.J., who died on March 10th last. His essays, published in the *Études* from 1859 to 1871, dealt with the doctrine of the Society on liberty, Papal Infallibility, and the moral regeneration of France. The writer defends him from the charge of liberalism, but considers him to have been too indulgent towards certain Liberals like Montalembert, and too harsh towards Veuillot.

Études Franciscaines (May): S. Belmond defends Scotus against the attacks of Father Lagrange, O.P., and M. Vacant.—— H. Matrod begins a description of the conquest of Germany by the Friars Minor, under Blessed Caesar of Spires, from 1221 to 1238. ——*Jacopone de Todi as a Popular Preacher* is the subject of a study by Jules Pacheu.——P. Exupère eulogizes a recent volume, *Religious Policy,* written by Charles Mauras, an agnostic and positivist, in praise of the Church, and urging her support by the State.

Recent Events.

France.

The Barthou Ministry is still maintaining an existence which from its very beginning was looked upon as extremely precarious. That it has lasted so long is probably due to the fact that the Parliament has been having a long recess. The proposed increase to three years for service in the army, rendered necessary by the large additions to the peace standing of the German Army, was received at first almost with enthusiasm. Further reflection, however, has developed, somewhat serious opposition. Not only have the Collective Socialists, who are led by M. Jaurès, made counter-proposals which involve serious modifications of those of the government; but similar proposals have been made by such influential members as M. Joseph Reinach and M. de Montebello. The Extreme Radicals, too, who were expected to support the present Ministry, have joined the opposition. It seems quite certain that even if carried, considerable modifications will be made in the proposals of the government.

Among the difficulties attached to the proposed change is that even at present there is a great dearth of officers, the number of candidates for the two military schools of Saint Cyr and Saint Maixent has diminished almost by fifty per cent. Officers are resigning every year in order to take posts in private industrial establishments. The government proposes as a remedy for this evil to introduce a bill to increase the pay of officers. The reasons for the opposition of the Extreme Radicals to the Three Years' Service Bill is fear on their part that the army will become an instrument of social reaction. The soldiers, it is thought, will lose touch with the people. The reactionaries, it is said, are trying to make use of the patriotism of the country in furtherance of their own political objects. The requirements of national defense can be better satisfied by a more rigorous application of the Two Years' Service Bill.

The opposition has become so strong that M. Jaurès predicts that the government's proposals will be defeated. Other opponents are not so sanguine. While in Germany there have been certain organs in the Press who have asserted that France was the cause of the German increase of her own army, the German Chancellor has recognized that there is nothing provocative in the recent proposal of the French government. There is no doubt, however, that

there has recently been a great revival of enthusiasm for the army in France, and that immense progress has been made in its training, equipment, and alertness. This improvement is largely due to the action of Germany in Morocco in 1911, which brought home to the French people the necessity of being prepared for the worst.

The religious ceremonies and processions which have been held annually at Orleans for four hundred and forty-eight years, with only two breaks, in celebration of the raising of the siege of that city by Joan of Arc, will not be held this year, because the Mayor insisted upon imposing upon the clergy, who would have taken part, conditions which the Bishop considered to be humiliating.

France has acted in unison with Europe in the endeavor to keep the peace that has been so much endangered by the occurrences in the Balkans. These events, in the view of the French Premier, have suddenly disturbed the old balance of power, and have raised new problems. The defeat of Turkey has disconcerted diplomacy, and it has now to find new bearings. During the past six months, France has done its duty to Europe. But notwithstanding all their best efforts for the maintenance of peace, no one could say that it was sheltered from all peril. The government, therefore, would stake its existence upon the bill for three years' service being passed without any change that would affect its vital principle. Moreover, it had decided to keep with the colors for a further period the men whose two years' term will expire next October.

The Entente Cordiale with Great Britain is to receive a fresh endorsement by the visit of M. Poincaré to London. King Alfonso's visit to Paris has manifested the good relations which exist between France and Spain, although vehement protests were made by Syndicalists and Anarchists in Paris against receiving the visit. Ferrer's execution has not been forgotten.

Germany. The bill for increasing the peace strength of the army, and the bills for raising the funds thereby rendered necessary, have been the chief subject of discussion in Germany. The first of these bills has been under the consideration of the Budget Committee, by which most of the proposals of the government have been accepted. The Committee, however, refused to grant the six new regiments of cavalry demanded, and brought the number down to three. Certain other proposals have still to be discussed.

The Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, in his statement on the opening of the discussion in the Reichstag, justified the demands of the government by alleging that they were "necessary in order to secure the future of Germany." No man, he said, could know whether and when there would be a war in Europe. A new situation had arisen, due to the war in the Balkans. The place of an impotent and passive Turkey had been taken by States which had exhibited a quite extraordinary active vitality. These States were Slavs in race, and not friendly, to say the least, to those of German descent. A conflict might arise between *Slaventum* and *Germanentum,* and it was, therefore, the duty of the German Empire to be prepared; the more so because its ally, Austria-Hungary, had suffered greatly from the same cause. The German element in the Dual Monarchy had been weakened, while the Slav had received an immense accession of strength. There was, however, no intention on the part of Germany to stir up a war.

Towards France the Empire cherished equally peaceful intentions. There were in France, however, the Chancellor said, large circles not only of Chauvinists, but of the quieter and thinking people, who believed that the French were now at least equal, if not superior to Germany, and had full confidence "in the excellence of their own army, in the alliance with Russia, and perhaps also in the hope of England." Some even boasted of the superior training of the French soldier, and of the French artillery, and saw visions of Germany overrun by masses of Russian infantry and cavalry. The defeats of Turkey were looked upon as defeats of the Germans. Therefore it was the clear duty of Germany, wedged in as she was between the Slav world and the French, without any well-defined boundaries capable of affording a natural defense, to have an army large enough to make herself so fully respected that she need fear no attack. The army bill was presented, not because Germany wanted war, but because she wanted peace.

The Chancellor's view of the attitude of the French people, although itself exaggerated, is moderation itself compared with the misrepresentations of that attitude made by a part of the German Press. These organs for the promotion of ill-will between the two countries, represent France as the real enemy, and as seething with hatred of Germany; its only reason, they say, for not making war is the lack of courage. The more responsible among the organs of public opinion in Germany, as well of the government, have rebuked this attitude, but certain incidents which have taken place have

tended to inflame warlike feelings, and the notice taken of them indicates a certain tension among sections, more or less large, of people in the two countries. At two places, Lunéville and Arracourt, German military airships, containing officers, made a descent upon French territory, and caused no little excitement—in Germany, because of the reception met with on the part of the inhabitants; and in France on account of the suspicion of the objects of the visit. Satisfactory explanations, however, were made by the authorities on both sides. The French people consoled themselves with the thought that the descent was due to the fact that German officers had not yet become skillful steerers; that an opportunity had been given them to learn the secrets of the New Zeppelin tended to afford them a further degree of satisfaction.

A more serious incident occurred at Nancy. Some German visitors to that city were jeered at by certain students, and hustled at the railway station. The French government at once instituted an investigation, and having discovered the fact that the local authorities had not fully fulfilled the duty of protecting the strangers, relieved of his duties the Prefect of the Department, for failing to report the incident, transferred to other posts two of the chief officials of the Nancy police, and dismissed the policemen in charge at the station. The local authorities prohibited the performance of the patriotic melodrama which had excited the feelings of the students; this prohibition, however, was not persisted in. These events indicate, indeed, the existence of strong feelings of animosity in certain sections. They do not, however, affect the whole of the people; still less do they represent the deliberate purpose of either government.

The economic evils with which this country has been afflicted, owing to the selfish greed of the trusts, protected, as they have been by certain provisions of the Constitution, have occasioned much anxiety to those who seek the well-being of the commonwealth. Certain revelations made in Germany, however, will, if proved to be true, make it clear that no form of government is capable itself of protecting the people from the depredations of organized capital. If there is one institution in the hands of private persons of which the Germans have been proud, it is the great firm of Krupp, in the celebration of whose centenary last August the German Emperor himself took a prominent part, and made one of his speeches.

It is now alleged, on the authority of Dr. Liebknecht, the leader of the Socialists in the Reichstag, that this firm,

in collusion with certain others, has, for a long time, maintained an agent in Berlin, whose business it was to bribe officials in the Admiralty and War Office, in order to obtain secret documents, and so to anticipate the competition of other firms. This, however, is only a part, and that a small one, of the proceedings of these sordid money seekers. Some of the firms in the conspiracy work partly with French capital and with French directors, and so promote in both nations the armaments for which the people have to pay. With the object of causing rivalry between the two countries, a German firm belonging to the cartel, "placed" an article in a widely-read French paper announcing that the French authorities intended to accelerate certain armaments. This was the way, Dr. Leibknecht alleged, in which the armament makers had accumulated millions taken out of the pockets of the people. Instead of Germany, as had been said, being in debt to the Krupps, it was the Krupps who were in debt to the German people. These accusations were made on the authority of copies of the secret documents in Dr. Leibknecht's possession. The Krupps have made a denial of the charges against them, but it is not generally considered as satisfactory. The truth of these charges cannot be said to have been yet definitely established; they have been referred to a Court of Law. Moreover, the Reichstag has appointed a commission of inquiry into the question of the supplies of armaments. This commission is to include members of the Reichstag, as well as experts selected by it. This was done by the united vote of the Centre, the Radicals, and the Socialists, and was opposed only by the Conservatives, on the ground that Parliament had no power to call into question the proceedings of the Executive.

It is not for want of salutary admonition that certain capitalists in Germany have gone so far astray. The Crown Prince has already entered upon the rôle of instructor of the country, if not by speech-making at least by writing. In the introduction to a book called *Germany in Arms,* he utters a warning against the growing love of luxury and wealth, which threatens to displace the old ideals. "Good work to-day," he says, "often counts far less than the wealth of a man, inherited or snatched. How wealth is earned is hardly asked any more, and things which were once not regarded as fair or decent, are now silently tolerated. Everything is sacrificed to the eager race for money. Yet history teaches us that all the States which in the decisive hour were ruled by their commercial interests alone, perished in misery." Perhaps it may

be useful for others besides the Germans to ponder these words, and to draw from them a better conclusion than that which the Crown Prince has drawn.

Belgium.

The General Strike, as it was called, but which on account of the abstention of the Christian Unions was far from being really general, lasted about two weeks. The strikers numbered some four hundred thousand; whereas the non-strikers amounted to nine hundred thousand. A remarkable feature of the strike was the perfect abstention from violence; order was not disturbed for a single moment; non-strikers were in no way molested.

The object of the strike was not directly to secure better conditions for the workingman—shorter hours or higher wages; although doubtless this was looked forward to as an ultimate result of success. What the strikers wanted was a change in the Belgian Constitution. As things are at present, all males of twenty-five years of age have one vote; two votes are given to heads of families thirty-five years of age, and to others possessing a certain property qualification; while those who possess certain diplomas, or other proofs of superior education, have as many as three. This the Socialists regard as giving undue advantage to the rich and the well-to-do. In 1893, by means of a threatened strike, the existing restricted franchise was granted in substitution for one still more restricted. In 1902, a strike took place to secure the extension of the franchise, but failed, owing to the loss of sympathy entailed by acts of violence on the part of the strikers. The object of the present strike is the securing of universal suffrage for both men and women of the age of twenty-one.

The result is disputed. The leaders of the strikers claim that it has been a success; its opponents declare it to have been a failure. The fact is that the strikers returned to work because the government promised to appoint a commission to deal with the problem of the local electorate. On this commission all parties are to be represented. If this commission succeeds in arriving at complete agreement on a definite proposal, such proposal will be extended to the legislative electorate also. The Belgian Legislature by the unanimous vote of all parties, accepted the government's proposal. Thereupon the men on strike returned to work, being willing to wait and see what the commission will do. Those who look upon the strike as a failure treat the commission as illusory, and as known to be such by the strikers. The latter accepted the government's

proposal because they saw their movement had utterly failed on account of the opposition of the majority of the workingmen.

Spain.

The attempt made upon the life of the King by an Anarchist born in Barcelona, was the occasion for the manifestation by the Spanish people of the loyal attachment they feel for his throne and person. The great courage displayed by the King, and his perfect presence of mind, contributed in no small degree to this result. The public indignation was so great that it was with difficulty that the assassin was saved from being lynched. Even the Republican organs in the Press heartily congratulated the King on his escape. The leader of the Republican party, Señor Ascarate, went to the palace to offer his congratulations. These facts show the more moderate counsels that now prevail in Spain.

Another indication of this moderation is the decision of the government to try the assassin by the ordinary courts, instead of by a military tribunal. The programme of the Liberal government, at the head of which is Count Romanones, includes several democratic measures; the repeal of the Jurisdiction Law, and bills dealing with the administration of local associations. The Liberal Party is said now to be more united than it has been for many years.

Diplomatic relations have been resumed with the Holy Father, as the government recognizes that that is the wish of the large majority of the Spanish people.

Portugal.

When the Republic was established in Portugal, it was in the name of liberty and progress, and with a view to the reform of abuses. These promises have not been fulfilled, and new evils have been added to the old. In fact, there exists something like a reign of terror, owing to the domination of the secret society of the Carbonarios. The treatment of the royalist prisoners, and of those suspected of royalist sympathies, has been so bad as to excite the indignation of the best friends of Portugal. A lady distinguished in England for philanthropic activity, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, has paid a visit to three of the prisons, and in a letter to the *Times* she gave an account of the treatment she found the prisoners to be undergoing. Men of all classes—journalists, doctors, servants, nobles, and priests were treated like common criminals. It was for the merest trifle that many were confined. A system of espionage was spread like

a network throughout Portugal, so that no one was safe, and everyone knew that he was not safe. We lack space to enumerate a tenth of the details mentioned by the Duchess.

Her letter excited so much indignation that a meeting of protest was held in London. At this meeting, which was presided over by Lord Lytton, and at which the grandson of Mr. Gladstone was present, a resolution of censure was passed, and an appeal was made to the Portuguese government to pass an amnesty bill. In the view of the speakers at the meeting it was looked upon as proved that the state of things now existent in Portugal was a disgrace to civilization. Suspected persons were kept in prison for long periods without being brought to trial; accused persons were being brought to trial before irregular tribunals, courts-martial having been substituted for the ordinary tribunals of justice. Prisoners so arrested and condemned were subjected to barbarous and inhuman treatment in prison.

One of the most terrible of the ideals of the secret society which now dominates by an organized system of secret denunciation over both the government and the people, is the fixed purpose of exterminating the Christian faith. The little children, the Duchess testifies, are wearing badges bearing the words: "No God; no religion." The Bishops have recently addressed an energetic protest to the President of the Republic against the serious attacks on the Catholic Religion that are being made by the government. They call attention in particular to the prohibition of Church functions, the closing of churches, the profanation of church yards and chapels, and the undermining of morality in schools. They declare that they are ready in the name of God to suffer any form of persecution at the hands of demagogues, being strong in the faith that religion will triumph.

Bad as is the present government, there are those who wish it to be worse. A conspiracy has been discovered organized by still more extreme Republicans, whose object is to overturn the government on account of its unfaithfulness to these principles. Riots took place, but the authorities had been warned. Many arrests have been made, and as all the prisons in Portugal are full, a warship has been employed to carry the arrested to the colonies, there to be tried.

The Balkan War.

The war in the Balkans seems to have come to an end, although no treaty of peace has yet been signed. The exact terms of such

a treaty even have not been settled. Hostilities, however, have by mutual agreement been suspended. The Second Conference for the purpose of making a definite treaty has just begun sitting in London. But as the main points have been agreed upon, both sides having accepted the mediation of the Powers, it is confidently expected that no difficulty will arise.

A like hope is entertained that the even greater calamity of a war between the Great Powers has been averted. For something over a week, however, Europe was in suspense, owing to the defiance offered by Montenegro to the demands of Europe. Although this defiance was impolitic and unjustifiable, yet the bravery of the inhabitants of this little kingdom, who are not so many in number as the dwellers in Jersey City, called forth the admiration of the world. The truth, however, is that Montenegro had no claim to the possession of Skutari, however desirable such a possession might be. Its inhabitants are almost entirely Albanian, and if there is to be an autonomous Albania, Skutari clearly belongs to it.

The Powers have settled that this new State is to be called into existence, but it is a case of might against right. The Albanians have done little or nothing to deserve to have this favor bestowed upon them. A small proportion is, indeed, Catholic, but the largest number are apostates from Christianity to Mohammedanism; and they have for years been the main reliance of the Moslem tyrants. In the recent war they would, without doubt, have sided with the Turks, had these been the winners. But both Austria and Italy came to the positive conclusion that to allow Servia to extend its territory to the shore of the Adriatic would be opposed by their interests. For the sake of peace the other Powers have acquiesced.

What effect this arrangement will have upon the tranquility of this region in the future, it is too soon to be able to see. There is reason to fear that it may perpetuate the system of foreign interference which has been so baneful hitherto. Albania will naturally rely upon Austria and Italy, rather than confederate herself with the rest of the Balkan States. But this adds only one more to the many questions which will soon arise, questions the settlement of which will test to the utmost the real statesmanship of those upon whom the duty of deciding falls. The land from which the Turk has been driven has at one time or another in the past belonged to the Servian, Bulgarian, and Greek Empires, and some other principle of division of their conquest must therefore be found.

The armies of Bulgaria and Greece have already come into armed conflict over a district near Salonika. Servia claims that on account of the change of circumstances, a treaty made last year with Bulgaria is not binding. Bulgaria's leading statesman has declared that Bulgaria will hold Servia to the treaty. Greece has massed her forces at Salonika in order to hold that place. In fact, it was for that purpose that the late king took up his abode in that city. A few weeks ago it looked as if war was imminent between the Allied States—a thing which inspired great hopes in the hearts of the Turks. Now it is expected that a peaceful solution will be found, perhaps by arbitration.

The deriders of arbitration—and such exist—have rejoiced in the way in which it has been ignored in the course of recent events. This, however, is a superficial view. The arbitration movement, like every other, springs from the strong desire for peace which is felt more or less widely; nor do any of its most sanguine advocates expect, for a long time to come, to effect a complete change in the sentiments of all nations. But to anyone who is acquainted with the selfish ambitions which animate certain classes in Europe, the fact that peace has been preserved during the past six months is a convincing evidence of the strength of the feeling which has produced the movement in favor of arbitration. For many years it has been looked upon as certain that nothing except a European war would spring from the break-up of the Turkish Empire in Europe. That war has not broken out is due to that strong desire for peace which produced the arbitration movement. It has been powerful enough to impose sacrifices on Powers which a short time ago no consideration would have held back from war.

China.

This country is the first, and so far it is the only one, that has recognized the Republic which was established in China in February of last year. This has been done in advance of the election of a President in the full and complete sense of the term—Yuan Shih-kai being no more than the provisional President. The United States have been criticized for this course, on the ground that it is a concession to the views of young China—a concession which will do no more than encourage them to make such further demands as the abolition in China of extra-territorial rights, and the equal treatment of Chinese immigrants with the Japanese in the matter of trading rights in this country and emigration to it.

The recognition of the Chinese Republic was preceded by the withdrawal of the United States from the Six Power Group, which had for so long a time been negotiating a loan with China. The only effect of this withdrawal was to change the Six Power into a Five Power Group. This last has after more than half a year's efforts at last concluded the so-much-needed loan. It is for one hundred and twenty-five millions at five per cent, and the Chinese will only receive eighty-four cents for each dollar. Foreign advisers will in reality control the expenditure. Great excitement was caused in Peking by the fact that the consent of the National Assembly, which has just been elected, had not been secured by the provisional President. Sun Yat-sen has gone so far as formally to warn the Consular body at Shanghai that the completion of the loan without reference to the Assembly will provoke a breach between the North and the South. This adds another to the long list of reasons for being anxious for the future of the Republic. There is ground for thinking that Yuan Shih-kai looks upon his being elected President as necessary for the well-being of the State; and that he will not be scrupulous about the use of any means that may seem likely to secure this result. An assassination which took place recently is widely thought to have been instigated by him. A violent campaign has been conducted against him by an organization called the Kuo-ming-tang, which declares that China south of the Yantsze will repudiate the loan and fight unless Yuan Shih-kai retires.

In these circumstances the government has made a request which has caused much surprise, and which should receive the approbation of all. It has made a solemn appeal to the leaders of all the Christian churches within the Empire to offer prayer " for the National Assembly now in session; for the newly-established government; for the President yet to be elected; for the Constitution of the Republic; that the Government may be recognized by the Powers; that peace may reign within our borders; that strong, virtuous men may be raised to office; that the government may be established upon a strong foundation." To this appeal a cordial response has been given. That such an appeal should have been made is taken as a proof of the Chinese desire to establish their Constitution with the aid of a faith which a short time ago they tried to drive from the country, and as an expression of their consciousness that their own religion cannot give the help which they need in these days of trial.

With Our Readers.

APOSTOLIC LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER PIUS X.

ESTABLISHING A UNIVERSAL JUBILEE IN MEMORY OF THE PEACE GIVEN BY THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE THE GREAT TO THE CHURCH.

PIUS PP. X.

To all the faithful in Christ who shall read this Our Letter, Health and the Apostolic Benediction.

The commemoration of the great and happy event through which, sixteen centuries ago, Peace was finally given to the Church, while it fills all Catholics with the greatest joy and calls them to works of piety, moves Us to open the treasures of celestial gifts that choice and copious fruits may accrue from that solemnity. Nothing indeed could be more fitting and opportune than the celebration of the Edict promulgated at Milan by the Emperor Constantine the Great, following close upon the victory over Maxentius obtained under the glorious Standard of the Cross—the Edict which put an end to the cruel persecution of the Christians, and placed them in possession of the liberty bought at the price of the Blood of the Divine Redeemer and the Martyrs. Then at last the Church Militant gained the first of those triumphs which throughout its history have invariably followed persecutions of every sort, and from that day ever-increasing benefits have accrued to the human race. For men, abandoning by degrees the superstitious worship of idols, in their laws, customs, and institutions followed ever more the rule of Christian life, and so it came to pass that justice and love flourished together on the earth. Therefore We think it appropriate that on this happy occasion on which such a great event is commemorated prayers should be multiplied to God, to His Virgin Mother, and to all the Blessed, especially to the Holy Apostles, that all peoples, renewing the dignity and glory of the Church, may take refuge in the bosom of this their Mother, may root out the errors by which insensate enemies of the Church strive to shroud its splendor in darkness, may surround the Roman Pontiff with the highest homage, and, with their minds at rest in perfect trust, may see indeed in the Catholic religion the defense and safeguard of all things. Then will it be possible to hope that men, again fixing their eyes on the Cross, the sign of salvation, will be able completely to overcome the enemies of the Christian name and the unbridled lusts of their hearts. To the purpose, then, that the humble prayers that should be offered on the occasion of this solemn commemoration throughout the Catholic world may redound to the greater spiritual good of the faithful, We ordain that they be enriched with a Plenary Indulgence in Jubilee form, urgently exhorting all the children of the Church that they unite their prayers and their works of piety to Ours, to the end that by means of the spiritual favor of Jubilee offered to them these may bear the greatest possible fruit both to the profit of souls and the advantage of religion.

Relying therefore on the mercy of Almighty God and on the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and having consulted Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinal Inquisitors General of the Holy Roman Church, of that power of binding and loosing which to Us though unworthy has been entrusted, We, by this present Letter grant and impart, in the form of a general Jubilee, a Plenary Indulgence of all sins to all and sundry of the faithful of both sexes, whether resident in this dear City of Ours or coming to visit it, who in this present year, from Low Sunday, when the secular celebrations intended to commemorate the Peace of the Church begin, to the feast of the Immaculate

Conception of the Virgin Mother of God inclusive, twice visit each of the Basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Peter Prince of the Apostles, and St. Paul outside the Walls; who there, according to Our intention, for some time pour forth their prayers to God for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all who are in error, for concord amongst Christian Princes and peace and unity amongst all the faithful; who, having properly confessed their sins, refresh themselves during the period indicated with the celestial banquet; and who furthermore, each one according to his means, give an alms to the needy or, if preferred, assign it for some pious purpose. To those, however, who cannot visit the City, We grant the same Plenary Indulgence, provided, during the same interval, they visit six times in all a church or churches in their own locality, to be designated by the Ordinary, and perform in their integrity the other works of piety which we have above specified. Further, we permit that this Plenary Indulgence may and can be applied by way of suffrage to the souls who have passed from this life united to God by charity.

To sailors and those engaged in travel We grant that when they visit their homes or otherwise when they arrive at any station, they can lawfully gain the same Indulgence when they shall have performed the works above prescribed, and shall have visited six times the Cathedral or the principal or the parochial church of their home, or of the station.

As to the religious of both sexes, including those bound to perpetual enclosure, as well as all others whomsoever, whether the laity, or ecclesiastics, secular or regular, who are detained in prison or captivity, or who labor under any bodily infirmity or under any other impediment whatsoever, and who cannot perform the works mentioned or any one of them, We likewise grant and permit that the confessor can commute those works into other works of piety, or postpone them to another not distant time, and that he can enjoin such works as his penitents can perform; for childern who have not yet been admitted to first Communion, We also grant him authority to dispense from Holy Communion.

Further to all and sundry of the faithful, both the laity and ecclesiastics, secular or regular, of whatsoever Order and Institute, even those that should be specially named, We grant authority to select for this purpose any priest whatever, secular or regular, who is an approved confessor; and it is permitted also that nuns, novices, and other women living in enclosure avail of this authorization, provided the confessor they select be approved for hearing the confessions of nuns. All who go to confession within the aforesaid appointed time, intending to gain the Jubilee and to perform the works necessary for gaining it, any such confessor can absolve and is empowered to absolve, for this occasion and in the tribunal of conscience only, from all sentences and censures of excommunication and suspension, and from other ecclesiastical sentences and censures, by the law or by man for whatever cause enacted or inflicted, even from those reserved to Ordinaries and to Us or the Apostolic See, even cases *specially reserved* no matter to whom and to the Sovereign Pontiff and the Apostolic See, and which otherwise are not understood to be granted by any concession how ample soever. He can also absolve and is empowered to absolve from all sins and excesses, however grievous and enormous, even from those reserved, as has been said, to the same Ordinaries and to Us and the Apostolic See, but he is to impose a salutary penance, and to observe the other things enjoined by the law; and if there is question of heresy, he can absolve and is empowered to absolve from it, when, according to the prescriptions of the law, error has been abjured and retracted. He can also commute into other pious and salutary works vows of whatsoever

kind, even those confirmed by oath and reserved to the Holy See, always excepting vows of chastity, of religion, and of an obligation which has been accepted from a third party or in which there is question of prejudice to a third party, excepting also penal vows, which are called vows preserving from sin, unless there be indicated a commutation of such a character as will in future serve to restrain from sin as much as the subject-matter of the original vow. And in regard to penitents of this kind who are in Holy Orders, even Regulars, he can dispense and is empowered to dispense them from an occult irregularity contracted solely for the exercise of their Orders and for the attainment of higher Orders.

We do not intend, however, by Our present Letter to dispense from any other irregularity whatsoever, whether arising from crime or from defect, either public or hidden or known, nor from any other incapacity or disability in what manner soever contracted. Nor do We intend to concede any authority to dispense in the premises, or to rehabilitate or to restore to the pristine state even in the tribunal of conscience. Nor do We intend to derogate from the Constitution, with appended declarations, published by Our predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XIV., which begins *Sacramentum Poenitentiae*. Nor in fine do We intend that this same Letter can or should in any wise help those who by Us and the Apostolic See or by any Prelate or Ecclesiastical judge have been *by name* excommunicated, suspended, interdicted, or declared to have incurred other sentences or censures, unless within the aforesaid time they shall have made satisfaction, and, when necessary, come to terms with the parties. But if within the appointed time they could not, in the judgment of the confessor, make satisfaction, We grant that he can absolve them in the tribunal of conscience, only in order that they may gain the Indulgences of the Jubilee, the obligation of making satisfaction as soon as they can being imposed upon them.

Wherefore, in virtue of holy obedience We, by this present Letter, strictly order and command all Ordinaries wheresoever residing, and their Vicars and Officials, and, failing them, those who are charged with the cure of souls, that when they receive transcripts or printed copies of the present Letter, they publish it, or take care that it be published in their churches and dioceses, provinces, cities, towns, territories, and districts, and that to the people duly prepared, as far as possible even by the preaching of the word of God, they designate, as explained above, the church or churches to be visited.

Notwithstanding Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinances, especially those by which the faculty of absolving in certain therein expressed cases is so reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being that even similar or dissimilar concessions of such indulgences and faculties cannot avail anybody unless express mention and special derogation of them be made; notwithstanding also the special rule against the granting of indulgences *ad instar* and of the indulgences of any whatsoever Orders, Congregations, and Institutes, even when based and established on oath, Apostolic confirmation or any other guarantee, also indult, privileges, and Apostolic Letters for said Orders, Congregations, Institutes and persons thereof in whatsoever way conceded, approved and introduced; all and several of which, although of them and of their whole tenor a special, specific, express and individual mention, and not merely mention by general clauses, would have to be made or any expression whatsoever indicated, or any other form whatsoever elaborated, for the observance of this, regarding their tenor as sufficiently expressed in this present Letter and the form prescribed for them as observed, We do for this once derogate specially, *nominatim* and expressly for the effect as aforesaid; and all things else whatsoever to the contrary. Finally that this Our present Letter, which cannot

be taken to every place, may more easily come to the knowledge of all, We will that transcripts or even printed copies, when signed by the hand of a Notary Public and sealed with the seal of an ecclesiastical dignitary, shall everywhere and for all have absolutely the same authority as would belong to this present Letter, if exhibited and shown.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the ring of the Fisherman, on the 8th day of March, 1913, in the tenth year of Our Pontificate.

By special mandate of His Holiness,

R. Card. Merry del Val, *Secretary of State.*

THE Catholic Educational Association of the United States will hold its tenth annual meeting at New Orleans, La., beginning Monday, June 30th, and ending Thursday, July 3d. The meeting is held under the auspices of His Grace, Most Rev. James H. Blenk, D.D., Archbishop of New Orleans. The programme gives promise of careful consideration of grave problems, and the convention, bringing together Catholic educators from all parts of the country, will undoubtedly exert an extensive and fortunate influence on Catholic educational work in the United States.

THE publishers of the works of Alfred Noyes, mentioned by Mr. Colby in this issue of The Catholic World, are Frederick A. Stokes & Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

AGNES REPPLIER contributed to the May *Atlantic* an article entitled *The Cost of Modern Sentiment.* It gives us many wise things in tabloid form, a few of which we reprint for our readers.

Sentiment is capable of raising us to a higher and clearer vision, or of weakening our judgment and shattering our common sense.

We must forever bear in mind that sentiment is a subjective and personal thing. However exalted and however ardent, it cannot be accepted as a weight for justice or as a test of truth.

If we will blow our minds clear of general illusions, we shall understand that an emotional verdict has no validity when offered as a criterion of facts.

Believers in political faith-healing enjoy a supreme immunity from doubt.

It is ill so to soften our hearts with a psychological interest in the lawbreaker, that no criminal is safe from popularity.

Reason is powerless when sentiment takes the helm.

Sentiment is the motor power which drives us to intemperate words and actions, which weakens our judgment and destroys our sense of proportion.

The reformer whose heart is in the right place, but whose head is elsewhere, represents a waste of force; and we cannot afford any waste in the conservation of honor and goodness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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The Way of the Cross, and Other Verses. By Dismas. 50 cents net. *Gospel Verses for Holy Communion.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. 5 cents each; 50 cents a dozen. *The Fundamentals of the Religious Life.* By Rev. J. P. M. Schleuter, S.J. 60 cents net. *Doctrine Explanations: Communion of Saints, Prayer, Purgatory, Indulgences, and Sacramentals.* By the Sisters of Notre Dame. 6 cents.

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THE SOUL OF TUSCANY.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

IDNIGHT has just echoed itself away, and the Campanile bells are still. Not a tremor quivers through the great chimes, not a murmur of vibrant music lingers in the air. You are alone with the night in Florence, under the shadow of the great Duomo. Over you no crescent moon is beaming, but the lacy clouds are fled, and the stars, clustering million-myriad, twinkle and gleam in glad delight in the blue. And as you look up to them, they fain would speak to you and tell you of bella Firenze, of the lily-city, of the wonders that lie in her clasp, that rest in her precious embrace, beneath the midnight and the sky, under their own beaming eyes in the heaven. You look up at the Duomo, la Cattedrále di Santa Maria del Fiore, at its elder and younger sisters, the Battistero and the Campanile, all wrapped in peaceful night, waiting for the day, waiting, waiting for the sun. Watchers of the shadows, sentinels of the dark, first welcoming heralds of God's new golden day, they stand in their centuries-old station on the spacious piazza, listening to your footfalls as you go away, even now knowing your happiness when the morrow will bring you back. For it is only a moment's life that your tarrying enjoys, and you are driving once more toward the stately Lung' Arno, where your Florentine days and nights will meet, toward the welcome of the pleasant avenue windows you will call home.

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It is very quiet and hushed on the Lung' Arno. No sound breaks the stillness, save, perhaps, the lonely, distant whistle of the train speeding through the valley toward Rome. It is some time since the deep-voiced bell on the tower struck the night's solemn knell; even presently you will hear the single note telling the progress of a day that is waiting the dawn-light for its name. But you are not at all slumberous. For your window is open, and you are looking out upon the river, the slow-moving Arno, that is spectral in the lamplight, and that to-morrow, you think, will turn brown in the brilliant day. In quiet watching you linger until sleep finally wins you away from the contemplation of your new love, from your first pale glimpses of the old river of Florence.

If dreams have any kinship with wakeful meditation, you will dream the remaining hours of a beautiful city, of a wondrously artistic city, that knows of her beauty, and is not unconscious of her artist-soul. You will dream a dream peopled with a varied company—the thinking visage of a master poet slowly passing across the scene, the countenance of the supreme artistic genius of the centuries, and the impassioned features of an inspired preacher-idol. These three—and they will be surrounded by eager young faces, serious, mature faces, faces of those who have given Florence fame and linked her in spirit to the choicest days Athens ever saw. Dante, Michelangelo, Savonarola; Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli; Fra Filippo Lippi, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto; Arnolfo di Cambio, Brunelleschi, Alberti; Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, Cellini; the great Medici, Cosimo, Piero, Lorenzo; these are the dream-figures that will come before you. Not all of these first saw life in Florence, not all died within the shadows under her fair hills, but all, and many, many more, brought her their gifts of mind and heart and soul—some more of one, some more of another—and laid them before her. And Florence welcomed them all, native son and stranger guest, and gave them her spirit and her inspiration and her guiding hand, and bade them win glory for Florence and immortality for their own names. It is a dream, to be sure, still the figures are not shadowy, but seem all real, all earnest, all alive with the fire of the long ago. And when the waking comes, and the day is again with you, and the Arno is shining in the sunlight, and Italy is once more calling you to listen to her voice and smile with her smiles and be happy in her happiness, then you will go forth and ask Florence to offer you not the dream of

the night, but the living work of the dream-people, and thus prove to you that the spirits of the night once lived; prove to you that in Italy, if nowhere else, the fondest dreams come true.

There is only one path to take when first one steps out into the Florentine daylight—the way to the Piazza della Signoria. For here was gathered much of the daily life of old Florence—and the Florence of now is wondrous because of the old days—here are the memories of her full-veined years, and the lingering voices of songs once sung, of tales once told, of life and battle and death. Dante often walked through this square; Lorenzo the Magnificent looked from yonder casement in the Palazzo Vecchio; Michelangelo admired his "David" at the palace-gate; Cellini still hovers in spirit over his "Perseus" in the Loggia dei Lanzi; Donatello watches his "Judith and Holofernes;" Savonarola yielded up his life near the bronze slab where you now stand. What city can boast such figures? Old Athens, possibly, can play the rival—none other. Indeed the Piazza may be likened to the Acropolis, for it calls up the masters of Florence as the Attic citadel evokes the spirits of the city that looks upon the eastern sea. That is the eloquent way the older civilizations built their fair cities.

And this is Florence. And it is daytime, with a warm sun lighting the square and making you wish to seek shelter under the colonnades of the Loggia, as the little Florentine boys are wisely doing. Perhaps the summer is trying to induce you to enter that beautiful Palazzo degli Uffizi, where the art-goddess holds her court and feels at home far from Olympian halls. But you yield not to these impulses to-day, for up the Via dei Calzaioli the way beckons to the Duomo that last night welcomed you to the city, and that now would invite you to its altars and the treasures of its sculptured aisles.

Beauteous was the shadowed Duomo in the starlight, but in the day it is superb beyond words. When you come upon it first in the not spacious piazza, your eyes are bewildered by the unusual appearance of the massive structure. You have looked upon cathedrals gray or white or brown, but here is one of variegated colors in marble, with the green dominant in the blending with the red and white, an immense, majestic mosaic. Rich in beauty of contour rare to discover; with façade rising to the heaven a marble flower-garden in its exquisite sculpture; with many an angel and prophet and fair-browed saint looking forth upon the city's life,

the cathedral culminates in the double dome that never was dreamed before. It is all very pleasing, very harmonious, very magnificent. Arnolfo di Cambio commenced this structure in 1296, but to Brunelleschi is the glory of the noblest dome, save Saint Peter's, the world knows.

Through the bronze doors you go into the immense nave, into the prayerful atmosphere of the grand edifice. There is little here, as compared with so many cathedrals, to make you wander about for gazing. Everything is very quiet, very peaceful, and the light is soft about the dome-windows, and the shadows are delicate about the arches, and all your thinking centres upon the altar lights and the devout worshippers who know not if you are here. But if the Duomo is crowded not with art objects, there is still a figure of John the Baptist by Donatello, a terra-cotta bas-relief of the Ascension by Luca della Robbia, and an unfinished "Pieta" by Michelangelo, a beautiful work indeed. But nothing artistic below can distract your eyes from forever looking up at the glorious dome that Brunelleschi achieved so wondrously, the dome that Michelangelo could surpass in size at Rome, but never in beauty.

Old, indeed, the Duomo is, but it counts fewer centuries than its companion, the Battistero, the eight-faced domed structure which stands opposite. This is the oldest building in the city. Built probably in the seventh century, it was, perhaps, the cathedral church of old Florence. In the thirteenth century Arnolfo di Cambio covered it with marble, and so made it more beautiful to look upon. But its great beauty and its far-traveled fame are the bronze doors that Andrea Pisano and Lorenzo Ghiberti wrought so marvelously. In 1336 Pisano finished the south door, with its twenty bronze panels depicting the life of Saint John the Baptist and the cardinal virtues, and won the ringing praises of all Florence. Years later, in their magnificent enthusiasm, in that splendid way they had of doing great things, the citizens proclaimed a competition throughout all Italy for a sculptor for the north and east doors. Ghiberti won the contest, and in ten years had completed the north door with its scenes of the Gospel from Mary's Annunciation to the Pentecostal Day. It is of the same genre as his predecessor's work, but displays more harmony, and added richness in execution. But Ghiberti's other door, which faces the Duomo, shows the pictorial sculpture of the Renaissance come with all the luxuriance of the new period. The Old Testament

holds sway here, Adam and Eve, Moses on Sinai, David and Goliath, and other figures that make the Jewish history memorable. It is this door, executed one hundred years after Pisano's work called the senators from the Palazzo Vecchio to behold, that Michelangelo declared worthy to be the gate of Heaven.

Go through the portals, and you stand within walls that saw Dante christened, and that whisper to the dome the baptismal names of every Florentine, for to-day, as of old, every infant of the flower city is carried here for the sacrament that makes it a child of God. Indeed, while you are standing here in admiration of Donatello's tomb of Baldassare Cossa, if you are very fortunate, you may see some good Florentine woman bringing into the Battistero a swaddled bambino, and there at the font offer it to the priest for baptism. It is with simple thoughts and chastened heart that you go forth into the air again, and turn your steps toward the graceful, slender Campanile.

White and green and pale-pink rose is Giotto's lovely column, the most beautiful Gothic campanile in Italy. Here also Andrea Pisano shows the master hand in the reliefs set high from the ground, and Donatello lives in the statues of David and Jeremiah, and the arts bloom in happy gathering under the inspiration of Luca della Robbia. The campanile bells are within, the chimes that awakened you this morning, that call the hours for Florentine life, and mark the time-spaces in the march of the years.

The Duomo and the Palazzo della Signoria are, and always have been, the centres of the daily life of Florence, religious, civic, artistic, commercial, all. So when one knows these well, one is acquainted with much of the city's history. For the lover of Florence then is conscious of the city's achievements, and meets more intimately the figures that made her alive among the great peoples of civilized Europe. How Dante gave Italy a language; how Guelph and Ghibelline fought their battles; how the Signoria had its being; how Florence became banker to Europe; how she conquered Pisa, Cortona and Leghorn; how the Renaissance was cradled and nurtured; how the Medici fared in the seats of the mighty; how love of liberty and reform came with Savonarola; how Florence cherished all her great men; it is all reflected in or near these centres.

Florence was founded by the Fiesolans, who came down from the heights two hundred years before Christ. Then she lived the usual life of an Italian town, waiting the inevitable, the coming

of Rome. Sulla and Cæsar both made history in her valley, the one razing the city to the ground because she supported the Marian party, the other rebuilding for a military post. In time the town grew up again, and after the fall of Rome became part of the Lombard kingdom; but when Charlemagne absorbed the territory, Florence became the residence of a count. Upon the death of Countess Matilda in the year 1115, there followed two centuries of strife between the Popes and the emperors, a conflict in which Florence always fought side by side with the Papacy against the German aggression. For no less or greater reason than a broken marriage-promise, in time there became engendered among the nobles a fierce spirit of hatred, and out of it were created the rival factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, the one democratic and loving liberty and the Pope, the other aristocratic and serving the emperor. Many a battle they fought in and out of Florence, with now the Ghibelline a banished force, and now the Guelph. Amid the many conflicts, best of all, perhaps, we remember the battle of Campaldino, in which no less a personage than the great Dante fought on the winning Guelph side.

But continuous civil strife is scarcely compatible with proper government at large, so in 1282 the guilds handed over the rule to the Signoria, formed of their own presidents. Being human, they created an aristocracy for themselves, and in one hundred years we find the lower citizens in rebellion. Soon the aristocratic Guelphic Albizzi were in charge, but there was another revolution, and the Ghibelline Medici now first came into the coveted leadership. They lived in a fortunate time. Florence's age of art-empire had come with the Albizzi, and the Medici extended her dominance. They ruled with little interruption until the line was extinct in 1737. Florence then fell to the Austrian Duke of Lorraine, whose house held the city, save during the French period between 1801 and 1814, until the year 1860, when Florence joined the new kingdom of Italy. From 1865 to 1875 Florence was the capital of the kingdom, with Victor Emanuel a dweller within her walls.

Knowing all this well, for this you must know and ponder many an hour to appreciate Florence, you will be more ardent by tenfold to visit all the other jewels to which the city's treasury bids you welcome. Your daily musings and evening memories will be fuller of sympathy, and your imagination will be juster in its conjuring with the men and things of a fairer day.

You will make no mistake if you go out to the old monastery

of San Marco some fine morning, while you are still a stranger to Florence, to see Fra Angelico's superb frescoes and the cell of Savonarola. Cosimo the Elder built this monastery in 1437 for the Dominicans, and though it is now a museum, the atmosphere of the old days pervades the place like the scent of remembered roses. You can still see, if you wish to, the gentle monk from Fiesole spending his days and years painting the beautiful Madonnas and the noble Crucifixions and the sweet-visaged angels, and all the paradisaic conceptions that filled his soul. You can still behold the austere Fra Girolamo in the cell before his crucifix, praying to heaven for Florence before he makes an impassioned appeal to the people. You feel the presence of the long-gone brethren about the empty corridors, and the small, plain rooms that open from their echoing pathways. And when you go away from the cloisters, and leave behind you the sun-kissed pavements and the square of green grass and the shadows of the palms, you feel the peace of heaven that must once have dwelt here, while gay Florence danced and wooed the earth-joy along the avenues without.

Another morning you will attend Mass in the old Franciscan church of Santa Croce, which Arnolfo di Cambio commenced in 1294, which Giotto also may claim as partly his. When the service is over and you rise from your knees, it will not be to seek the portal, but to stay and visit the tombs and memorials which make this great edifice unique among the churches of the city. Here you may see Vasari's tomb of Michelangelo, who chose the very spot of his place of rest; as also the tomb of Machiavelli, and that of the poet Alfieri from Canova's hand. Here Rossini and Cherubini also lie; and monuments and tablets of beauty are here in memory of days that saw the great architect Alberti, Donatello, Galileo, and many others. One of the most exquisite tombs in all Florence is that of Carlo Marsuppini, the humanist secretary to the Republic. This masterpiece of Desiderio da Settignano is opposite another fine work, Bernardo Rosselino's tomb of Marsuppini's predecessor, Leonardi Bruni. In a sense, the most remarkable of the monuments is the empty sepulchre of Dante. Hoping to receive his body from Ravenna, Florence was surprised at the refusal of that municipality to restore for marble honors him whom his native city had once exiled. So the tomb remains a cenotaph, a constant reminder to Florentines of the ingratitude of their ancestors. But perhaps Florence feels no shame in the dishonor of not possessing in death her supreme poet; perhaps she

accepts in humility the penance for her unhospitality of over half a thousand years ago.

When you have seen the old frescoes of Giotto in the chapels near the choir, you leave this church of tombs and emerge into the air, once more to be reminded of immortality by the statue of Dante that stands in the centre of the Piazza. In May, 1865, on the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, with all Florence in the Piazza, and the bell of the Palazzo Vecchio trembling from repeated pealing, and the strains of triumphant music calling forth in every heart a loyal love for the peer of Homer and Shakespeare, the statue was unveiled by King Victor Emanuel.

So, as the days go by, your visits will have included many of the other noted shrines that make Florence lovely, and that would make a less favored people in a land across the seas vain and rightly proud. Near the Via della Scala, the Gothic church of Santa Maria Novella, begun in 1279, dreams of all the past and all the famous men and women that the bells in its rosy spire have called to worship. In its soft twilight interior you will pause long before Dom Ghirlandaio's masterpieces, the exquisite frescoes of the choir; nor will you wish to forget Cimabue's famous Madonna in the Cappella Rucellai; and when you have seen the beauty of the Cappella degli Spagnuoli and have left the church, you will look back and again admire Alberti's tasteful decoration on the pointed façade. In the church of San Lorenzo, built by Brunelleschi and Manetti, you may look upon the sacristy Michelangelo constructed as a mausoleum for the Medici; and his marvelous monuments therein for Giuliano and Lorenzo. Across the Arno the church of Santo Spirito, of Brunelleschi's planning, offers its sweet and serene beauty, and not far away the church of Santa Maria del Carmine, with fifteenth century frescoes of Masolino and his pupil Masaccio in the Cappella Brancacci, compels a gladly-given visit. More than one Sunday will find you attending Mass at the church of Santissima Annunziata de' Servi, the fashionable church of Florence, where the crowded edifice tells you that the spirit of Girolamo is still breathing piety and religion through the city. When you are departing from the flower-fragrant church, you must needs stop again before the exquisite frescoes of Andrea del Sarto. As you pass on, and through the portals, and are bending homeward, you will delay a little for admiring Andrea della Robbia's infant medallions between the arches of the colonnades of the Spedale degli Innocenti; and you wonder

when again the old days of the artists will have a blooming and a resurrection from their forgetful sleep.

There are indeed magnificent churches in Florence, and beautiful paintings and frescoes within. But no day of your religious pilgrimage will offer you more infinite variety or more genuine pleasure than some afternoon when the day is fine and the sun is making ready to retreat, and you are on your way to Fiesole. You will find it pleasant to go by tram, equally so to make the journey by motor, and if you are a true pilgrim, you may be inclined to walk. But however you go, you will wish you had gone before, and will be hopeful of going again, for the excursion is surely a delight not unrarely to be had for the asking. The route rises by curving inclines, rather steep than gradual and gentle, until a height of one thousand feet is reached. All the way cypresses and olive trees throw their green outlines along the lovely slopes, and many a splendid villa looks down upon you from the rose-clad terraces, while the heaven-breeze sweeps your face, and makes you wish for a home somewhere among the blossoms of those sun-loved hills.

After a little you will pass near the gardens of Villa Palmieri, and will view many a pleasant field where the story-teller of Florence set his scene; it was a happy biding-place for the ten-days' tourney of tales of lords and ladies fair, with ever the song of birds and the soft blithe wind and the vistas of fairy groves bringing oblivion of forced tarrying. Half-way up the heights you reach the tiny village of San Domenico di Fiesole, with the Dominican convent at your side, in which Fra Angelico lived, and from which he derives his name. A little distance away is the Badia, once the famous shrine of the Fiesolans, but later a Benedictine abbey, and now a school. Here, in the loggia, the Platonic Academy often met, and often listened to the youthful Pico della Mirandola, with Lorenzo il Magnifico a willing patron. Not far from the convent of San Domenico is the Villa Gherardesca, where the Muses found shelter under Landor's protection, and were glad of the lovely outlook over the valley and across the hills, for miles and miles, even to the gateways of Vallombrosa. You do not progress far before you pass the cypress-shaded terraces of the Villa Medici, where Cosimo came for his leisure whilings; and Lorenzo for the whisperings of the Stagirite's tutor and the nearer voice of the blue heavens, for the Latin hexameters of the loved Poliziano and the gentle laughter of Ficino.

The road winds on through the shadows and the light, past the villas, with their garden terraces smooth and green, over the sloping hills red with tulips and poppies, and supplying the stuff of dreams. Then, at last, Fiesole is reached, the old, old Fæsulæ, which has seen the face of many a famous man upon its heights. Catiline was once a banished guest here; Puritan Milton looked upon Florence from this hill; Ruskin came here in the cool of the evening to view Giotto's campanile which he loved below; here Browning mused on the God-gifts of Andrea del Sarto and the painter's dream of the flame of immortals. Soon you are in the Piazza Mino da Fiesole, with the cathedral's slender campanile looking down upon you. The basilica was founded in 1028, and built in Tuscan-Romanesque style. Of the works of art within the church there is little to be noted, save the tomb of Bishop Salutati, the masterpiece of Mino da Fiesole.

The ancient Etruscan wall and the Roman theatre may keep you a moment or two, and still longer the view of the valley where the Mugnone threads its way, glistering like a shining thread of gold floss below the ever-green hill. But up by the Franciscan monastery, which occupies the site of the castle the Romans built, you will stay, and willingly, for here you can see most wonderfully all Florence, the soul of Tuscany, lying in the valley, with the guardian Apennines encircling her silent beauty, and the brown-gleaming Arno winding its way through her very heart. It is not difficult to distinguish the many objects in the deep distance, for the atmosphere is very clear and very transparent, with no pall of unbeauteous smoke hanging over the fairy city. The tower on the Palazzo Vecchio is conspicuous, and the shining summit of Giotto's tower, and the great, glistening dome-flower of the Cathedral, rising to the skies, graceful, serene, almost fragrant with summer. And shining white and crimson the houses stretch on and on in charming simplicity down the valley, towards the open arms of the Tuscan hills.

Here I stood once as the summer afternoon was waning, and looked down upon the fair city. Florence was quiet, restful, at peace with herself and the gold-flamed west and the blue sky and the rosy tints on the single cloud-ship that floated over the valley. And I wondered how many in all that city were thinking, as I was, of the olden glory and dead-lying days. Was a Florentine mother rocking a tiny babe to sleep, and dreaming him an Andrea della Robbia, or was she wishing him a Fra Angelico, and watching his

lovely life unfold itself in the creation of angelic color-poems? Was a little girl, who even now must be placing snow-white roses before our Lady's shrine near the fountain, planning the way to heaven, and was it the sainted, silent way? Was some small boy, lying under a tree on the hillside across the city, weaving his little rainbow-tinted thoughts that some day would evolve another "Vita Nuova?" Was a pale stripling wooing harmony's soul in a tune-mellowed chamber to find the secret of the tone-cathedrals of a Rossini? Was a barefoot ragazzo in tatters playing with the Arno's wet sand, and feeling in his budding youth thoughts that another "David" might be waiting his manhood's chisel? Were all the lilies and iris and geranium blossoms in the flower-market ever to bloom forth as souls of the goldsmiths and lapidaries and mosaic-workers of the days to be?

I was still lost in wonder as I went away and prepared to leave Fiesole. So I wondered as we moved in and out among the olives, and turned sharply about the winding road down the billowy hills, and hastened past the majestic cypresses, and left the vineyards behind, and the sweet-breathing roses, and the dainty jessamines, and the courtyards, and the cool, plashing fountains of the lovely villas. And we came back into the vale-city, just in time to hear the prayer-hour ringing from the towers, and to see the dying day reach forth its hands and give its greeting to the evening and the coming stars. Through the streets, the now friendly and familiar thoroughfares of Florence, we were carried to our homing-place beside the Arno. The twilight settled over the city, and the night came, and the angels of heaven held over the valley a twinkling canopy of blue and silver-gold. As we looked out the open windows, a gentle breeze was sweeping by, with a message of gladness and goodness and love; and from over the river floated the happy strains of song.

WHY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH CANNOT ACCEPT SOCIALISM.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

IT may seem strange to many who have a fairly good knowledge of the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church, that there should be such a conflict as we find existing between it and Socialism. For the two seem to have a strong resemblance; and it seems that there should be sympathy rather than antagonism. If Socialism meant anarchy, of course the conflict would be easily understood; for the Church is a well-ordered and governed society. But so is the ideal social state; in it everyone has his proper place and regular duties.

And the ideals or aspirations of both seem really very similar. The Church fully acknowledges that the highest form of its own life is that practiced in its religious orders or communities, which is modeled, we may say, on that led by our Lord Himself with His chosen Apostles during His ministry on earth; with a common purse, in charge of one of their number, for the common good. And this form of life was the one adopted in the beginning by the Church of Jerusalem. It did not become that of the whole Church throughout the world; but that was not because it was disapproved as a form of life, but simply because, as men are actually constituted, it could not be successfully carried on by all. But still we find the Church reverting to it here and there, in her religious communities, and carrying it on most successfully; indeed it is only in the Church that it has been an actual success. And it has always, when showing signs or promise of such success, and when undertaken in the manner necessary to produce it, been most highly approved of by the higher Church authority.

Why, then, should the Church condemn in mankind at large what she so highly approved among her own members? Why should she tell men in general not to do what she so strongly recommends and indeed invites some, at least, of her own children to do? This really seems to many a sort of scandal, and to imply that the Church is not quite sincere in this approbation which she gives to the common or, as it may be called, the socialist life in her communities, but only tolerates it, her authorities really preferring

to have private property retained by the great mass of her members, and indeed to a very large amount by some of them; and this, it may be said, in order to receive substantial assistance for themselves in this way.

These questions, which are not imaginary, but really raised, are not, however, so puzzling as they may appear. Let us consider the matter carefully, and we shall see why the Church cannot adopt the socialist programme for a general one; why, if so adopted, she must regard it as dangerous to the general welfare.

The first reason is that what we may call the fundamental idea of Socialism is absolutely erroneous, and contradictory to Catholic teaching. And that idea is, that morality is a matter entirely in the jurisdiction of mankind, instead of being subject to the law of God; that it rests on and can be determined by popular vote. This idea may not be expressly formulated in all socialist teaching; but still it exists. In particular, it finds utterance in the dogma, generally held by Socialists, that private ownership of land, or of the means of production in general, is intrinsically wrong, or at any rate can be made so by popular consent. Some Socialists, still recognizing that there is such a thing as Divine law, would content themselves with declaring that private ownership is contrary to this law; but others ignore the existence of any such law. Now the Catholic Church not only holds that there is such a law, but also that private ownership is not forbidden by it; and that no vote or consent of mankind can make it otherwise. The Church of course admits that a man may lawfully abandon this right; but she denies that he can be forced to do so. In what are called the solemn vows of her religious orders, such an abandonment is made, but the Church takes extreme care that it should be perfectly and absolutely voluntary, and that even such vows do not radically abolish the capacity of those who make them to hold property, so that if circumstances justify it, in the judgment of the Church, the capacity may return.

The words of our Lord Himself, Whom some Socialists are desirous to claim as the first of their number, are quite explicit to this effect. We read in St. Matthew's Gospel (chap. xix.)—and the same event is also recorded by St. Mark and St. Luke—that a rich young man came to our Lord, and inquired what he should do to have life everlasting. Our Lord told him that he should keep the commandments; and on the young man's asking Him what commandments He meant, He mentioned several of the Ten Commandments of the Decalogue, adding also that of loving one's neighbor as oneself. One of the Commandments He mentioned

was, "Thou shalt not steal." The young man answered that he had kept all these. Our Lord did not say, "No, you have not, for you have no right to possess private property of your own, for you, in doing so, are taking what belongs to the community." No, He acknowledged that the lawful possession of private property is not stealing. But on the young man asking what yet was wanting to him, our Lord said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." In other words, "Join our community." You will notice that He told the young man to sell what he had. But how could he sell it, if it was not really his to sell? Now notice just what these words of our Lord were in reply to the young man's repeated question. He told him to sell what he had and give the money to the poor. But He did not absolutely require this. He told the young man to do this, *if he wanted to be perfect.*

Now the Catholic, and really the only possible, explanation of these last words is that there are some things which a man may do to please God, but which are not required as of obligation, or under pain of sin. These are known in the Church not as laws, but as "counsels of perfection." They principally come under three heads: namely, the renunciation of property, of marriage, and of one's own will by obedience to someone to whom one gives a right to require it in the name of God. This obedience, of course, only extends to actions not contrary to the laws of God, or of some regularly constituted general authority—as that of the State—acting also, of course, in a way not contrary to the Divine law.

St. Paul writes specially in his first Epistle to the Corinthians (chap. vii.) of the second of the counsels just named. He himself had never married. He says, "I would that all men were even as myself; but everyone hath his proper gift from God; one after this manner, and another after that. But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows: it is good for them if they so continue, even as I. But if they do not contain themselves, let them marry."

Now in religious communities or orders, sanctioned by the Church, which may be said to be on the socialist principle as to property, the two other counsels which have been named form a regular part of their rule. To give greater security, as well as merit in their observance, all three are usually strengthened by vows to be faithful to them. When these vows are taken, they of course become not merely counsels, but real laws of conscience; that of obedience, however, only being so under the restrictions mentioned

above. No religious Superior can require anything contrary to the laws of God, or of the regular and general authorities which God has established.

These religious communities have been the only experiments on the socialist principle with regard to the first counsel, that of the renunciation of private property, which have ever succeeded for any length of time. And notice that they all rest in the beginning, for each individual, on a voluntary act on his or her part. And, also, the Church has always regarded this act as one resulting from a special call or inspiration on God's part. She has distinctly, especially at the Council of Trent, forbidden even parents to compel their children to make such an act. She holds that, as St. Paul says, everyone has his proper gift from God. This gift from God she calls a " vocation." And she requires such a vocation even for the priesthood, on account of the second counsel as well as on account of the special sacred duties and responsibilities which those becoming priests undertake. She even requires this vocation for the orders preparatory for the priesthood, of deacon and subdeacon.

It is or should be plain, then, why the Church does not and cannot look with favor on the idea of making the socialist régime or arrangement binding by law on all citizens of the State at large. It can only work successfully when adopted by each individual with absolute freedom of choice, and, moreover, with a special Divine call. To establish it as the right course for all, is in her judgment simply a case of " fools rushing in where angels fear to tread."

" But," it may be asked, " if this life in community, with property in common, is so pleasing to God, why should He not give this special call to all who would like to have it, and make it a success for everyone, instead of merely for a few?." That is a question which may be interesting, but one which no one has any Divine commission to answer. The important fact is simply that He does not, and that there is no reason to think He ever will. With all the care, both for the sake of the community and of the individual, that the Church takes in the matter, there are many who, though at first fully persuaded that they have a vocation to this common or—as we call it—religious life, find on trial that they must have been mistaken. An actual trial of it is usually necessary, and it is for this reason that the Church insists on what is called a novitiate, or time of experiment for everyone desiring to engage in it. It is not probable that many who have a Divine vocation to it refuse to make this experiment; so there cannot be many who would succeed in it outside of those who actually try. But the proportion

of those who even try is exceedingly small, and many of those who do try fail. So it is evident that a vocation to it is a very rare one, even among Catholics, who have every encouragement to make the trial.

It does not, then, require any great perspicacity to see what would be the result if everyone should be required to make it. All would like to have it tried, if it simply meant that they should have a share of other people's property; but when it came to giving up their own, the result would not be satisfactory, even if their own subsistence were secure, as is the case in most of the religious communities of the Church. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that if all were required to adopt the socialist manner of life, all would be contented with it. In our religious communities, those who find, in the novitiate, that it does not suit them can leave; and indeed they can do so even afterward. No force compels them to remain. And they can even obtain proper permission to do so. But in a socialist state, comprising all citizens, such would not be the case. The great majority, in fact, would, if not returning by a revolution to the previous conditions, return to them individually by disregarding its regulations so far as possible, and by securing for their own use as large a share of the goods of life as they were able. You can say no one can consider anything as his own; but you cannot prevent his using it as his own, if he wishes, and has an opportunity to do so. And, furthermore, there must be officials of some kind in the social state, as well as in any other; indeed everyone in it would be a sort of official, with regular duties and responsibilities. In other words, you cannot prevent what is known as "grafting" any better under Socialism than you can as things are now. The only thing that can effectually prevent it is conscience, which says to a man: "Thou shalt not steal;" and the force of this Commandment is much weakened if you tell him that no individual has any real right to property. As it is now, people have much less scruple against defrauding the government than they have against cheating an individual; and there is no reason why the government, in a socialist form, should acquire a peculiar sanctity in the general estimation.

The only way in which a socialistic government can hope to succeed would be that in which those of the religious orders succeed, that is to say, by an enthusiastic and persistent devotion to its principles on the part of the whole people. Simply establishing it will not produce such a devotion.

Of course Socialists claim that if it is once introduced, every-

one will find its results so agreeable that such a devotion to it will arise. But that is a mere assertion, not borne out by facts, even in the case of religious communities, which always tend to lose their first fervor instead of increasing it, though every individual member has in the first place entered upon this life voluntarily.

For this common sense reason, the propaganda of Socialism, if carefully considered, even though merely advocating that all should begin by entering on it voluntarily, cannot be considered as resting on a sound basis. Human nature cannot be expected to undergo a complete and radical change. If such a change, or rather such a victory over human nature, can only be expected in those who are the very best disposed, and the least selfish of all, who have made the sacrifice of their own property, and of all except the necessities of life, in a Catholic religious order, and if even some of these fail to persevere in these unselfish dispositions; how can it be expected to continue steadily, even in those who first entered into the socialistic agreement; and how much less can this be expected in their children and their children's children, or in immigrants who for various reasons enter into a socialistic state? There are quite enough as it is who refuse to admit the obligation in conscience of submitting to any government at all; anarchists we call them. How many more will there be if sacrifices such as the socialistic plan requires are exacted of them? Even if you succeed in convincing them that private ownership is essentially wrong, or can be made so by popular vote, how can you expect them to persevere in this conviction, or to receive it as a certain dogma from their predecessors, in face of the numerous and urgent temptations to a contrary opinion?

No; Socialism, even if adopted in the only possible way that the Church could approve, that is to say in the way in which it exists in her religious orders, by a perfectly free and voluntary consent, would, as was said in the beginning, lead only to disaster; simply because it is certain that the consent of human nature to it would not persevere. Catholics hold that perseverance in the voluntary poverty of the religious life can only be obtained by a special grace or supernatural help from God, which He will grant to those whom He has called to that special virtue, but which it would be rash to expect without such a call. To expect everyone to persevere in it, simply because they had, even voluntarily, begun, would really be almost, if not quite, as rash as to expect men in general to keep absolute virginity through life, which is of course

the only lawful alternative to the state of matrimony. And if the poverty of the religious life is not kept perfectly, the evil only affects the delinquent, or at most the particular religious house to which his example may spread; and, moreover, if he finds his virtue inadequate to it, he can be permitted to go. But in attempting the same thing in a whole nation, the government will be a failure, either by the neglect of its principles or the departure of its citizens. The idea that everyone will be even a passably good citizen under it, is simply a rose-colored dream. It invites and is sure to lead to corruption, and consequent failure and disaster; for it is asking from nature more than it can accomplish without a special supernatural help. The world in general may not believe this, but we Catholics, if understanding our religion, know that it is true. This is a quite sufficient reason for us to oppose the socialist plan.

Strangely enough, there is another of the special virtues belonging to religious communities which Socialists would force on the public at large. This is, evidently, the virtue of religious obedience. The socialist plan necessarily involves this. In the present state of things, as far as the government is concerned, a man is quite probably able to fit himself for and enter upon any occupation which seems to him most agreeable and suitable to him. But on the socialist plan he must be assigned to his occupation according to the needs of the community, rather than his own preference. He is to be assigned to his post very much like an officer or soldier in an army. Some pressure may, of course, under the present system, be put on a young man in this way by his parents or others; but he can generally manage, if he has a decided preference, to gratify his own desire. He may want, for instance, to become a medical man; and probably be able, at least, to try. But in Socialism, the government must decide what will be the best disposal of him for the common good. If it considers that there are enough doctors already, or that he could do better at something else, off he goes to that something else. He is, indeed, very much like a Jesuit; for the Jesuits make a special point of the virtue of obedience. But there are not so very many Catholics who have a real vocation to be Jesuits. The socialist young man, however, has to be as good a Jesuit as he can, without any special vocation. From our somewhat extended experience, success is hardly probable. It is not likely, indeed, that he will even desire it. Love of the socialist régime, even if he has it, is far from being as strong a motive as the love of God.

It would seem, then, very improbable that Socialism can succeed in enabling the average citizen to sacrifice his liberty in the way that it is sacrificed in religious communities. It is liberty which is more prized than anything else by men, especially at the present day and in a country like ours; and the restraints placed on it by government are very slight with us. But Socialism increases them very decidedly. The only way in which the obedience of a religious community can be observed is by regarding it as paid to God through His representative in the Superior; and Socialism does not present this motive to us. Religion is a side issue with it; a man may be religious if he wishes; it does not undertake to prevent him from being so; but certainly religion has nothing to do, in the socialist idea, with his duties in the State.

If we now consider the remaining one of the three virtues of the religious community life, that of absolute chastity, it is quite evident that this does not and cannot form a part of the socialist plan, unless, as among some non-Catholic communities like the Shakers, inviting all to join them, it were proposed as a fitting preparation for the end of the human race. Socialism may then be considered as being the community life on the basis of the other two virtues of poverty and obedience; in other words, of the renunciation of individual ownership and of individual will. But even with these it is quite arduous, as has been seen.

It may be presumed that for absolute chastity, Socialism would substitute the married state, as the world in general does now, always has, and always will. If it would abandon the idea of union for life in marriage, that of course would be more than enough to make any approval of it by the Church utterly impossible. We would need nothing more to show why it could not be accepted by us. We assume, then, that Socialism is to include marriage and the natural existence of families.

But here, again, a difficulty immediately arises, namely, who is to have charge of the family? The logical conclusion of the socialistic scheme would seem to be that the ownership of it, as of property, must reside in the State. It must be supposed to belong to the State, though perhaps under the principal care of the parents. But radically, like everything else, it must be a State asset, and to be taken care of as the State directs. And this seems to be the usual socialist view, as actually held by those who thoroughly develop that view or theory.

Now here we have an irreconcilable difference between the

teaching of Socialism and of the Church. In the Catholic view it is to the parents, not to the State, that the direction of the children is divinely committed. Even in case of the neglect of the parents, or of their death, the State has no absolute right over them. It only has the right to see that they are brought up to be good citizens, not to injure the State or their fellow-citizens, and to obey the laws of the State when these are not contrary to the law of God. It must leave them to the control of the parents in other matters, as long as they need such control. They are the natural guardians of their own children, and the State must not take this natural and Divine right of guardianship from them.

The parents are responsible to the State, in some matters, as has just been said; but beside this the Catholic view is that Catholic parents are also responsible to the Church in other matters, particularly in regard to the religious instruction of their children. And it is here that practically a very serious Catholic objection to Socialism comes in.

This difficulty is felt even now to a great extent in the exaggerated ideas prevalent as to the functions of the State in this matter. And it would, in all probability, be much increased by the still more exaggerated idea of the State which is inherent in the socialistic theory.

Religion, with us, is not simply a matter of sentiment, to be felt or carried out by each individual according to his own private taste or preference. It is, in our view and belief, a system of truths and consequent practical duties coming to us as a revelation from God, through Christ and His Apostles, and committed to an organization founded by Divine authority, and known to us as the Church. We do not regard the Church as simply a society like others in general, based on mutual consent and for mutual convenience. No; we look upon it as a Divine association, into which Almighty God requires that all should enter, though many may be excused from sin in not doing so by ignorance of its claims. But for those who do belong to it, its orders, when acting in its proper spiritual sphere, are as binding as any laws of any State can be. And we cannot agree that any secular government has a right to override its orders, or ignore its laws, even though that government, personally, should be in the hands of men who are Catholics; and still greater, necessarily, is the difficulty if they happen to be men who do not recognize the claims of the Church, or, who perhaps are infidels or even atheists.

There is no need that we should prove our position on this point at present, or even to show any reason for it; we are only saying what the fact is with regard to our belief in this matter; and why, finding considerable difficulty as we do from the opposition to this belief generally prevailing now, we cannot be inclined to accept a system like Socialism, in which the difficulties, owing to the overweening claims of the secular authority under the system, would become much greater than they are. The probability, of course, with regard to the last point, concerning the family and children, is that the Socialist State would insist on Socialism being taught in all schools, and the Catholic view of the authority of the Church being entirely repudiated.

Let it be thoroughly understood then, that

1. The Church does not reject Socialism in the sense of a voluntary agreement as to the renunciation of individual property, or the sacrifice of the individual will among a certain number of chosen souls called by God to this renunciation and sacrifice, and specially aided by His grace to carry it out.

2. She does absolutely reject it as far as it teaches that individual ownership is forbidden to all, or that the only right condition of things in any nation is the thorough subjection of all to the State system which Socialism proposes.

3. She holds that this system, so far from being the only right system, is fraught with great dangers to the liberty which we all so highly prize; since it is not in human nature, unaided by a special grace, to carry it out in the perfection necessary to its success; and that, therefore, corruption is sure to ensue in it, and the virtues which it requires to become tyranny on the part of some, slavery on that of others.

Now, in conclusion, it must also be thoroughly understood that the Church fully realizes the great evils which have grown up by the accumulation of immense amounts of wealth in the hands of a few, which threatens to reduce the great majority of mankind to a condition of practical slavery, and that she sympathizes with the advocates of Socialism in their desire to abolish these evils; but that she simply rejects this special plan as being primarily founded on statements as to human rights which are absolutely false, and which, if carried out in practice, would tend to increase these very evils rather than to abate them.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the way home Richard was very silent, Betty chattered volubly. "Didn't the knight in armor look like a frying pan? How could he dance in all those clattering clothes? Wasn't Boy Blue a dear? Would you believe that Bob Fairfax could look beautiful? Where did Queen Elizabeth buy that absurd ruff? Wasn't the house gorgeous? Didn't the grounds look like fairyland? Wasn't Jess Fielding an ideal hostess? Wasn't the supper elaborate? A caterer brought the things on a special car. What was the salad made of? Did the punch have champagne in it? Which costume was the most mystifying?" At last she paused for a response.

"Since I did not know the people they all seemed mystifying to me."

"Why you knew Bob Fairfax, and Jim Peyton, and Tom Bird."

"I hadn't seen any of them for twelve years."

"Didn't you see any of them when you were here two years ago?"

"No they were all away, trying to make a living I guess."

"They come and visit their old homes in the summer, then the county wakes up. Oh, I suppose we shall be very gay for a month or two, and then we shall stagnate again. Someone told me that Jess Fielding means to give a series of parties, but I don't suppose they will be as beautiful as this one. Why every man there was a picture, and the girls—I have never seen so many lovely girls. Which one did you like best?"

"I only talked to one."

"And who was she?"

"I don't know."

"Couldn't you guess? Didn't you see her when she unmasked?"

"She wasn't there."

"Why, Dick, she must have been there. No girl would have missed the fun of unmasking; no girl would leave before the refreshments were served."

"She did."

"What did she have on?"

"She was dressed as Fire."

"Betty laughed softly. "Don't you know who that was?"

"No."

"She changed her dress."

"What for?"

"To fool you, I guess. Her costume was so extraordinary I should think she would have liked to keep it on."

"Who was she?"

"Men are stupid," said Betty. "I've always believed you were wonderfully clever, but I'll have to change my mind. Did you have a good time?"

"I don't know whether I did or not."

"But it wasn't quite the bore that you thought it would be?"

"No," he smiled, "I believe I can truthfully admit that."

"Did you find Fire interesting?"

"She was surprising."

"What did you talk about?"

He hesitated. "I believe we talked about ourselves."

"All men enjoy that," said Betty sagely. "I begin to have hopes of you, Dicky; Jess Fielding seemed to go out of her way to please you. There were two or three men there who were insanely jealous because she chose you to bring her to supper."

"She didn't choose me. It was an accident. The party had one serious side. The little old lady who chaperones Miss Fielding fainted on the porch. I had to carry her upstairs."

"Dear me! How romantic. What made her?"

"I believe I frightened her."

"Why, Dick!"

"Oh, it was the old, worn story of a soldier lover or something. She seems very old for that sort of nonsense; but I believe she has made a study of spiritualism until she half believes she can see ghosts. And in this case it wasn't so absurd because she took me for my grandfather."

"You do look like his picture," said Betty with conviction, "and I suppose the uniform was startling. I wonder if anybody

ever lives single nowadays because he or she can't get the one desired."

Richard laughed. "Whom does one marry, then, Betty, dear; somebody one doesn't want?"

"Somebody that asks her," answered Betty solemnly. "I don't think it's quite fair that girls are not given the choosing."

"I thought they were," he said without much interest.

"Some people have so few opportunities," she went on reflectively; "of course there are girls like Jess Fielding who can travel everywhere, meet all sorts of men, entertain lavishly, and dress like princesses. I'm sure they can pick and choose. Why that dress she had on to-night must have cost five or six dollars a yard. It was a sort of golden gauze. I never saw anything like it."

"Why I thought she had on white."

"Why, Dick, she was dressed as Fire. Don't tell me that you are such a stupid as not to guess that before? You certainly will never make a ladies' man."

"I guess not," he said after a long pause.

Betty was right, he had been "stupid." What other girl except Jess Fielding would have talked to him in that amazing way? She had tried to disguise her voice, but her conversation to-night seemed a part of that other interview he had had with her at the swimming pool. He found himself rehearsing every remark she had made. What had she meant by saying that he would not forget her? Was it true? Did she really mean that he had always held a place in her memory, or had she talked only to tease and bewilder him?

As they drove along in silence under the steely glitter of the stars, fragments of his grandfather's love letters came back to him, and he began to understand vaguely that it was possible for a woman to command a man's whole mind until she actually absorbed him.

But when they reached home, he put all thought of her aside. The whole evening had seemed unreal—a page from his half-forgotten fairy books that had charmed his imagination, but which had no part in a utilitarian world where resistless forces chain down the spirit of the dreamer.

Betty jumped out of the buggy, and ran into the house, while he continued on his way to the stable; old Pedro had to be unhitched and watered, and by the time Richard entered his own bedroom, it was after two o'clock. He threw himself upon the

bed to rest for a moment, and he slept soundly until morning, dressed in his full uniform; the prophecy of Fire had partly failed. He had been too tired to remember.

The days began again monotonously, the garden beds must be weeded and sprayed; all kinds of living things seemed to spring up to devour the fresh green leaves of the vegetables. He sent to the nearest manufacturing town and bought a sprayer, daring to purchase it upon the installment plan, and he began to make a study of chemical solutions, endeavoring to find the most economical, as well as the most efficacious, for his needs. He was trying some experiments in intensive farming, and he was becoming interested in spite of the labor it entailed.

One morning when he was hard at work in one of the outlying fields, he saw Miss Fielding come riding on horseback down the unfrequented road. He pulled his battered straw hat over his eyes, hoping that she would pass him by, for his clothes were mud daubed and his shoes showed a long rent in the side; but she stopped at the fence and called: "May I come in for a moment?"

He answered her with what cordiality he could, and started towards her to open the gate, but before he reached it she had urged her horse to the high jump, and Richard trembled for her safety, even while he admired her skillful horsemanship, as he saw her clear the five bars of the sagging gate.

"I just wanted to prove to you that I can ride," she said laughing. "I don't always land in mud puddles. Warm weather for that sort of thing. I know you are busy, but I want you to look at these plans for a moment, and tell me what you think of them. I call them my Christmas tree village."

She held out a roll of papers to him, and he took it gingerly in his dusty hands. "Christmas," he repeated, "its nearer Fourth of July."

"Please don't be so exact," she entreated. "Didn't you ever have Christmas trees when you were a boy, and didn't they have green moss gardens underneath, and neat little white houses perched on the edge of a looking-glass lake? I am building some homes for those poor creatures at the mines. I'm sure you put the notion in my head. I drew the plans roughly, and gave them to an architect to work out for me. Those are the blue prints. I want to know what you think of them."

He opened them with eagerness. He was forgetful now of his own personal appearance. "I am so glad to hear it," he said en-

thusiastically. "I see you have planned for detached houses, that's fine; they can all have flower gardens. This kitchen seems very practical, stationary tubs and running water will save lots of labor, but I don't like the roof, it's too flat."

"Why what's the matter with a flat roof?"

"Makes the house too hot in summer, unless it has some sort of an air chamber above."

"Then put a peak on it."

He took the handle of his hoe and began drawing a plan in the dust of the roadway. "That would be my idea; I don't believe it would add greatly to the expense."

"I don't care if it does," she said. "Now give me the blue prints and I'll go. This sun is terrible, I must get home. You had better stop work for the day."

"I can't do that," he said hopelessly.

After she had gone he wondered why he had not tried to keep her. Why had he not, at least, offered her the hospitality of the house? Betty would have been glad to see her, and the big darkened parlor promised cool and comfort after the glare of the sun on the roads. He might have joined her there at lunch time. Perhaps she would have played for him on the old piano that had belonged to his mother—perhaps she could sing. It had been so long since he had heard any good music, and he had learned to appreciate the best during his brief sojourns in Europe, until the lack of it was a distinct privation whenever he allowed himself to think about it.

The day grew warmer; the sun shone, a red-eyed monster, threatening to wither and burn the far-reaching acres of corn where lay Richard's only hope of a harvest. The ground was gray and cracked, thirsting for moisture, and whenever a breeze ventured across the tips of the cornstalks it brought no refreshment, only a hot fog of whirling dust. Richard prayed for rain. The heat had become intense, and he had been at work ever since sunrise; towards noon he turned suddenly sick and giddy, and he fell face downwards in the cornfield, cutting himself upon the barbed wire with which he had been repairing the fence.

Then the rain had come; great sheets of water that brought renewed life to all growing things, rousing Richard from his semi-conscious state. He crept back to the house, hardly knowing how he accomplished the journey. Betty and the Colonel were sitting on the porch.

"I believe I have had a slight sunstroke," he said holding to the porch railing for support. "I believe I shall have to go to bed."

Betty helped him up the stairs with some show of sisterly sympathy, then she ran to the well for water, and wetting cloths she bound them around his head.

"We really ought to have ice," she said as she busied herself with the bandages.

"Perhaps we—will—next—year," he murmured drowsily.

There was always something lacking—some necessity. Would he ever be able to provide the simple comforts of life?

Betty staid by him for an hour, then the sun came out. "You won't mind if I leave you now?" she asked. "I promised Bob Fairfax I would go riding with him this afternoon. He has brought a horse for me from his father's stables." She went to the window and opened the blinds. "There he is now. Oh, Dicky, you won't care if I go?"

"Of course not."

After she left him the room seemed unbearably warmer, the light from the unshuttered window shone directly in his eyes, and he felt too weak to walk that far to close the blinds. Flies buzzed about him in their maddening monotone, and lighted on his face, his hands, until in sheer desperation he covered himself entirely with the long linen sheet, then he felt that he was smothering. The bandages grew hot upon his head, he took them off and dabbled them feebly in the bucket that stood on a chair by the bed, but, after an hour or two, even the well water lost its cool freshness, the mere wetness alone was little comfort. The drippings from the bandages soaked his pillow and attracted more flies. He had screened the other windows of the house and neglected his own. Why had Betty left those shutters open? Must he go on forever exerting every energy, and asking for no gratitude or service in return?

"C-o-w—cow, p-l-o-w—plow," he began to spell words mechanically. His mind refused to worry itself further about his bodily neglect. "C-o-w," the word brought no image, "p-l-o-w," the letters were repeated over and over again; the only thing troubling him now was the arranging of those few letters: "c-l-o-w—no that was not right, p-o-w-." Where had he begun; where ended? Over and over again the words reiterated themselves. Every now and then the vague fear came that he was losing his

mind, then the letters returned again to plague him, and he would begin to spell anew, " c-l-o-w, p-o-w-."

At last he fell into a sort of stupor, and when he woke the room was bright with moonlight, a life-giving breeze came in at the open window, and Richard finding his wet pillows uncomfortable, staggered to his feet, and walking drunkenly to an old armchair, he spent the rest of the night sleeping in its moth-eaten depths.

For three days he rested; his head felt so strangely light that he dared not go out in the sun, but he did not enjoy this enforced idleness, so many neglected tasks seemed piling up on him that he grew restless and impatient at the restraint. He knew that he had taxed his body mercilessly, and, now that it cried out for some cessation of labor, he felt that it was only prudent to heed the warning. He could not afford to break down when his work was barely begun.

During this period of convalescence, he turned again to his grandfather's letters. Perhaps after all they might hold a clue that would relieve all this anxiety about the future. Now that the drudgery of sorting them was finished, they promised entertaining reading, for they had been written at a time when letter writing was considered one of the fine arts. Richard turned the yellow pages to find where he had left off. He glanced at some of the love letters that he had already read. Somehow they did not seem so extreme to him now. He paused for a moment over one little verse that had appealed to his sense of humor—

> You chain my thought by day and night,
> And once I struggled to be free,
> Now, even if you scorn my love,
> I cannot hope for liberty.

Unconsciously he began to compose couplets himself.

> You came as a flame in the moonlight,
> Fanned by an eerie breeze.

He could think of nothing to rhyme with breeze except sneeze; the homeliness of the word brought him back abruptly to his task. He turned away from the love letters. They were wild, passionate extravaganzas with which he had nothing to do.

Here were letters written many years before the war, marking

the first parting of the young husband and wife. Letters full of tender peace, happiness, and love stronger than passion. And, at last, here was one from Texas. One paragraph read:

> You remember that the year before we were married, some years after my campaign in Mexico, my dear mother fancied I had lung trouble, and sent me to this State to spend the winter? To amuse myself in my idleness I bought a large tract of land, intending to raise cattle. I begin to believe that the idea was a good one. What would you think of our making our home here permanently?

But evidently the young wife had objected to leaving her old home and kinsfolk, and so her husband had returned to her side, for there was a long interlude between the letters. The next was a short jubilant note announcing his election to the United States Senate. Then followed many more from Washington, vivid pictures of the great men of the day; long interviews that he had had with Clay and Webster; detailed explanations of the burning political questions that were hastening on the war, but though these letters were full of enthusiasm and buoyant with the hope of a young man just beginning to realize his own power, there was in them a deep love and sympathy, a rare understanding for the suffering little wife at home, who was soon again to become a mother.

> I would not ask you to endure the hardship of the journey, but I pray that these few months will quickly pass. The separation is intolerable, and no material advancement counts when weighed in the balance with your happiness.
>
> Washington is not a pleasant place to live; the boarding houses are so inferior that many of the members reside in Baltimore, traveling forty miles by train every morning. The streets are muddy; I think the river flats make the place unhealthful—the city is only four feet above tide water. The northwest part of the town is much more desirable, but it is difficult of access; a small creek divides the city from the best residential section, known as Georgetown.

The next letter was dated some years later:

> I am so glad that you are enjoying your visit home. You are correct in your surmising that my reëlection is not assured, but do not worry about our future. I feel sure that a fortune

> awaits us on our ranch in Texas. It is a great cattle country, a great cotton growing State, its possibilities are endless. If, in the after years, I should die before you, don't be persuaded to part with those lands. We will hold them for our children.

It was this letter that decided Richard. He sat down that night and wrote to Jefferson Wilcox:

> Come down. Believe I have a case for you, if you will take it on a contingent fee. All up in the air myself, but you may see daylight. No danger of starvation now, if you are willing to stick to farm products. Every known and unknown bug and beetle have tried to devour the vegetables, but there are a few onions left in the patch.

Jefferson replied by telegram: "Delighted. Will start at once."

Chapter X.

Jefferson Wilcox arrived two days later without benefit to the railroad; he came in his big touring car. Goggled, mud-besmattered, enveloped in a grease-streaked linen duster, he was not prepossessing as he drove up to the Matterson door to greet the punctilious Colonel who awaited him on the porch.

The Colonel limped forward doubtfully, he was uncertain of his son's selection of friends, and he certainly was not accustomed to these modern, disreputable outer garments that concealed every clue to a gentleman's identity, but Jefferson, like one long practiced in legerdemain, jerked off his coat, cap, goggles, gloves in a twinkling, and stood before the Colonel immaculately clad, and, holding out his hand with his most ingratiating smile, said:

"I'm Jefferson Wilcox; so delighted to get an invitation to Matterson Hall that I could not wait until train time."

The Colonel shook his hand warmly. "And I am delighted to meet you." He was effusive in his hospitality, partly because of his inherited instincts, and partly because his mind was relieved by Jefferson's appearance. When Richard had first announced his intention of consulting a lawyer friend and inviting him to the house, the Colonel had made no outward objection, but he had expected a dull visitor whose presence would give him no pleasure,

but Jefferson, over-bubbling with vitality and spirits, had a genius for adapting himself to older men. Before he had been there half an hour the Colonel had admitted him to intimacy, and when Betty appeared to show the guest to the room she had prepared for him, the Colonel had established a relationship dating back to the original Wilcox, who had married a Matterson in some dim English cathedral three hundred years before.

Jefferson's room looked very restful to him after his mad drive through the summer heat; a great bowl of roses stood upon the mantel, and the carved four-poster was fragrant with fresh linen.

Betty's efforts at housekeeping were very erratic. Most of the time a soft lint-like dust lay on the waxed floors and the polished furniture; the rooms were almost always in disorder, then would come a conscience-stricken upheaval, and everything was washed and scrubbed, and loose-lying objects stowed away and their whereabouts forgotten, until the Colonel's swearing sent Betty scurrying to find them again; then, for a week or more, saddles and boots, hats and newspapers lay on chairs, tables, anywhere they chanced to fall, until another spasm for cleanliness seized Betty, and order again prevailed for a day or two.

The announcement of an expected visitor had sent Betty and Aunt Dinah into a vortex of mops, brooms, and dusting rags, and, though the house was an uncomfortable place to live during the process, Richard was grateful for the transformation. So many of the rooms which had been shut up all winter as too bleak and big to heat, were now opened to the sunlight.

The long parlor, which had been as cold and dark as a tomb ever since his arrival, assumed an air of elegance and hospitality as soon as it was swept and dusted, for, like most women, Betty with all her carelessness possessed that inexplicable knack for homemaking—that fine intangible art that conjures an atmosphere out of unfeeling furniture. She moved through the room, pulling a chair here, pushing a table there; she opened the yellow-keyed piano, taking the trouble to put the music of an old song she could not sing upon the rack; she piled pine boughs on the shining brass andirons; she filled the vases with flowers; she left a book of poetry she had never read upon the window sill; a photograph of someone she did not know leaning against the shaded lamp.

Richard was amazed at the possibilities of his own home. "Why, Betty, I believe you are a witch," he said.

"I hate house-cleaning," announced Betty, viewing her small

hands shrivelled now with soap suds, "but if we are going to have company to stay we must look our best. Is he young?"

"About twenty-eight."

"Is he good looking?"

"Fairly so."

"Is he tall?"

"About my height."

"Does he know how to dance?"

"Seems to do a lot of it."

"Does he like it?"

"I suppose he does."

"How long will he stay?"

"I don't know."

When Betty heard that the gentleman in question had arrived in a big touring car to pay them an indefinite visit, she fairly danced with delight, and even old Aunt Dinah's proverbial patience was taxed by the conflicting orders that her young mistress fired at her red-kerchiefed head.

"We'll have fried chicken—no, we won't—we'll have it creamed—put in a little sherry, or would it be nicer curried? I don't know—biscuits or waffles for lunch. Dear me! the flour bin is nearly empty. Haven't we any honey left from last year? Parsley around the chicken, Aunt Dinah. Asparagus, no it isn't fit to pick. Wax beans—do you suppose we can get enough wax beans? Oh, I suppose he is used to everything. That's his automobile. Oh, I hope he will stay a month or more."

Aunt Dinah's mind moved slowly, keeping time to her billowy body that lumbered heavily about her work.

"Fo de Lord's sake run long chile, you git me so flustered. I'll git up dis mess of victuals—you go long inter de house."

So Betty had wisely abandoned her position of commanding officer, but she was very restless until lunch time. Jefferson was still in his room; Richard had not returned from the village store; the Colonel was dozing in his chair; she had only the dogs for company. She was working off some of her surplus energy playing with the puppies, when Richard came wearily up the gravelled road. He quickened his pace when he saw the gray touring car.

"Has Jefferson come?" he asked.

Jefferson heard through the open window and came hurrying down the stairs. "Dicky, Dicky, Dick! I'm tickled to death to be here."

Richard held out both hands to him. "And I'm so glad to have you. I believe I feel quite rejuvenated."

There were few reserves about Jefferson Wilcox. He was pleased with his welcome, pleased with his first glimpse of this old home, pleased that his friend's lot had not been cast in the poverty and squalor that he had feared, and he expressed his delight quite openly.

The luncheon was delicious in every detail. As Jefferson helped himself to a sixth waffle and spread it with honey, he declared that he would like to remain as a permanent guest. It was not until he had been there two days that he fully realized the struggle Richard was making. The first day he had spent joyfully touring the country with the Colonel and Betty. The Colonel was a real celebrity, for his remote ancestor who, it was whispered, had streaks of royal blood in him, had also possessed a royal grant of land that included several counties in colonial days. This was sufficient distinction in a community that believed that it takes "three generations to make a gentleman," but the Colonel also had a war record, and, like many another valiant soldier, he had repeated his experiences so often that they seemed present-day occurrences instead of shredded reminiscences. Then the Colonel was an orator of the old-fashioned, grandiloquent type, and he had been a conspicuous figure at every political and patriotic celebration for the last forty years. Jefferson appreciated, before he had been out fifteen minutes, that he was traveling with a distinguished personage. The seams of the Colonel's coat might shine in the sunlight, the Colonel's farm might be the attenuated remnants of a vast estate, and the Colonel's daughter might be ashamed of her own shabbiness, but the journey in the big automobile proved the Colonel's importance and popularity in his particular corner of his State.

The next day, much to Betty's disappointment, their guest stowed away his automobile in the old carriage house and spent the day with Richard, lending him a willing hand in all his labors, seeing with his keen eyes, feeling with his own tired muscles the work that Richard repeated dully, day after day. With his cultivated business sense he perceived, even more than Richard himself, the many difficulties that would vanish with the intelligent investment of a little ready money; the fact that he had been admitted to the house on trustful terms of intimacy, seemed to make the suggestion of material assistance impossible. He felt that the

Colonel would consider it an insult; Richard had already positively refused his help. Winning the ancient law case seemed the only hope of releasing his friend from this wearing routine of drudgery.

That night he listened eagerly to the Colonel's visionary account of the Fielding forgery, secretly enjoying the old gentleman's forceful language and his absurd aristocratic views, and after the Colonel had hobbled off to bed, he and Richard spent the rest of the night—all night—poring over the old box of letters, trying to find out something more definite than the mere announcement: "We will hold them for our children."

There was a faint streak of pink in the eastern sky when Jefferson stretched himself and said with a yawn:

"This is no way for a second-class lawyer to preserve his brains; I'm going to bed."

"Do you think there is any chance for us?" asked Richard; his face looked pinched and wan in the glare of the sputtering lamp.

"Immense!" said Jefferson optimistically. "Immense! I believe you've got a mercenary streak in you after all."

Richard deliberated for a moment: "I believe—I'm afraid I have."

"Why afraid?"

"Chasing money was the last of my intentions, and it is certainly not an idealistic pursuit. Fighting your neighbors is not altruism."

"Do you know these Fieldings?"

"Well, no—yes—that is I have met one of them, Miss Fielding."

Jefferson pricked up his ears suspiciously. "What kind is she?"

"Well, you know I'm no authority on girls, but I believe she's rather different from most of them, or at least she seemed so."

"Hm!" grunted Jefferson, "seemed so?"

Richard was a trifle confused. "Well I met her at a masquerade. Never went to one before. Felt like I was living in a fairy tale. She was dressed as Fire—most amazing costume. And the first time I saw her, she suggested that the coal mines of her father's might belong to me. I had been telling her that she was responsible for the living conditions at the mines: unsanitary houses, long hours, poor pay."

Over Jefferson's mobile face there passed an expression of

relief. He grinned broadly. "Strange tête-à-tête for a party," he observed. "Couldn't you think of anything else to talk about?"

"She's a strange girl," said Richard reflectively.

Again Jefferson viewed his friend curiously. "Believe me, all girls are strange," he said.

"Why?"

"Don't ask me. Can't understand them; everyone is different. Now men seem to belong to types; like newspapers with patent insides—not very interesting. Read it all before, but girls, don't know them—can't guess them. If this Miss Fielding thinks the mines are yours, why don't she give them to you?"

"They don't belong to her."

"Then who owns them?"

"She has a father."

"Oh, yes. I had quite forgotten the father, and where is he?"

"In Texas, the last I heard of him."

"Then I'm going to Texas. Much more sensible than trying to fight it out in the courts here."

"But, Jeff, I can't pay you for this."

"Pay!" shouted Jeff, "why it's the biggest case I ever had. It's coal mines, railroads, oil wells. Why it's millions, Dick. I begin to feel like a bloated corporation lawyer already, and I'll charge you—I'll charge you a fee that will make you believe that my time is worth money."

Richard looked relieved. "Then if you have made up your mind to go, I think you ought to take some of these letters with you;" he sorted them out with nervous fingers. "This one, for instance, if the deed is dated prior to this, it ought to prove something. My grandfather certainly would not have announced his intention of keeping the land for the children if he had sold it, and if we are going to try and prove that the title was forged, you will want some signatures for comparison."

"It's the most important case I ever had," said Jefferson jubilantly. "I'll go loaded with these old love letters. I tell you, Dick, they are hot stuff. Bet your life your grandfather wouldn't have wasted moonlight talking wages and labor conditions to a fiery phantom of a girl."

Richard smiled. "I guess not," he agreed, "but then he belonged to another generation."

"Generation has nothing to do with it. Men have been making fools of themselves ever since the beginning—moonlight,

mists, music, masquerade, and you're in love before you know it."

"Don't you usually know it?"

"Happens to me like a boomerang," answered Jeff cheerfully. "I never doubt myself until next day; that's where I slip up. Doubting is fatal. Show a girl you're doubtful of your own heart-throbs, and she's down the pike before you know it."

"But when it comes to the real thing, Jeff, love like my grandfather's; love that in the after years brings out all the best in a man; that holds him to his ideals; makes him willing to suffer, to sacrifice, to live for someone else, there is something sacramental in a love like that."

"Never felt it," said Jefferson with conviction. "Did you?"

Richard hesitated for a fraction of a moment: "No, but I believe I have felt it for the world at large. There is something so appealing, so pitiful, so ignorant in God's poor that I wanted to spend my life on them, plan for them, fight for them. I fancied I could do a great deal if I had had a chance to follow out some of my theories. Perhaps, after all, there has been something wrong in my makeup, for it wasn't so much the individual that appealed to me as the overpowering sense of obligation I have felt for the masses of men. I wanted to bring about the millenium, and—I've fallen down flat—I tell you I have fallen flat."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, grovelling for bodily necessities takes all the vigor out of a man. He's too tired to think, to pray, to realize he's got a soul worth saving."

"But when you get your millions," said Jeff hopefully.

"I don't know," answered Richard wearily. "I'm not so sure of myself. Just now leisure seems the most desirable thing in life to me, and the priesthood a million miles away."

"But if you had the leisure, Dick?"

Richard gave a mirthless little laugh: "I'd go to bed for six months," he said, "and take massage instead of exercise."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BALLAD OF THE JUDAS TREE.

("Who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls.")

BY EMILY HICKEY.

THE blossom is on the Judas Tree,
Rosed-white bells all fair to see,
What are they chiming mystically,
Those little bells so sweet and free?
What are they tolling heavily,
In a grim and drear monotony?
How is it now with thee and thee,
Woman and man by the Judas Tree?
Woman and man, be swift to flee
From the rosed-white bloom of the Judas Tree.
(But they pluck the flowers of the Judas Tree.)

The leafage is on the Judas Tree,
Clasping the blossom verdantly.
Man and woman, thee and thee,
Not I but the truth of God in me,
Lift a voice to bid you flee
From the blossom and leaf of the Judas Tree.
(But they gather the leaves of the Judas Tree.)

The fruitage is on the Judas Tree,
Purple glooming in deadly blee.
Oh, if ye pluck that ill berry,
Pluck the fruit of the Judas Tree,
Never again for thee and thee,
Woman and man, shall joyaunce be.
(But they eat the fruit of the Judas Tree.)

Sun, rain, and dews, 'twas never ye
That nurtured the deadly Judas Tree.
Never these gracious things to see,
Never the fair earth's sweetness free
Nurtured the deadly Judas Tree.

Oh, the life of the Judas Tree
An ill spirit fed mortally.
(He once was incarnate treachery.)
He burrowed beneath the Judas Tree,
And rose with the sap of the Judas Tree,
Each bough and twiglet entered he,
And laughed a-low in his deathly glee.

Was this the curse of the Judas Tree?
God He knoweth how this may be;
God He knoweth for thee and thee
If your two souls walked the way that he
Showed the world in Gethsemani,
With the greeting and kiss of treachery.

Ye two knelt on bended knee
Where the Light of Light shines veiledly;
Ye two vowed sweet vows to be
Children of Light for eternity.
Oh, what is this for thee and thee?
What was your sin by the Judas Tree?

Not the sin of the leaping free
Of hearts high beating passionately;
Not the sin of the pride and glee
Of the giver-soul that comes to be
Betrayed by its generosity;
But the deadly thing that chillingly
Pierced to the marrow of thee and thee
With its dart of utter falsity.
Oh, poor souls, poor souls who dree
The pains than which none heavier be,
Deaf ears, and eyes that cannot see.

Out of God's grace ye went, to be
Guests at His foes' base revelry;
Clasping the low things sordidly,
The low things lighter than vanity.

Thirty pieces of shining blee?
Nay, not a silverling to see;
Only the coinage false that we
Call the wages that devilry
Giveth its servants verily.
(But the wages of sin is death, said He.)

Was it the curse of the Judas Tree?
Was it thus, poor souls, for thee and thee,
Were ye wrapt in the strangling folds that be
Spun and woven in hell? Were ye
Drawn to your sin by the curse that he
Who once was incarnate treachery,
Brought from hell to the Judas Tree?

He Whom ye sold for pelf was He
Before Whose face one day shall flee
Sin and death for eternity;
He Whom ye sold your Judge shall be.
What of His doom for thee and thee?

Yea, but the Judge of all is He
Who loved you both on His gibbet Tree.
Haste to His infinite charity,
Clasp to His wounded Feet, and flee
From Him to Him for your lives, that He
May take to His mercy thee and thee.

The winter shall kill the Judas Tree,
When Christ on those looks mercifully
Who have known the bloom of the Judas Tree,
Who have sinned with the leaves of the Judas Tree,
Who were drugged with the juice of its mirk berry,
Who sinned their sin with the Judas Tree,
God's frost shall kill the Judas Tree,
The frost that burns eternally.

GLIMPSES OF A GREAT CATHOLIC SOUL.

LOUIS VEUILLOT.

BY F. DROUET, C.M.

TO many an educated Catholic, even in his native country, Louis Veuillot is now hardly more than a name. And yet, the son of the poor cooper of Boynes, the man whose energetic and rugged features stand boldly out, carved in white marble, in one of the side chapels of the Sacred Heart Basilica at Montmartre, was easily the most striking Catholic personality of nineteenth century France. And if we may trust the judgment of that keenest of French literary critics, Jules Lemaître, he was also one of the five or six really great prose writers of the same period, one to be raised on the same lofty pedestal as De Maistre, Montalembert, and Taine. Finally, an exceptionally good judge of things Catholic, the lamented Ollé-Laprune, hails Veuillot as the most thorough representative of the Catholic spirit, equalled, perhaps, but not surpassed by O'Connell or Windthorst, nor even by the noblest living champion of the Church in France, Count Albert de Mun.

With this particular side of Veuillot's character we are here chiefly concerned.

To Louis Veuillot was denied the happiness of a Christian childhood and of an early Catholic education. This son of rural France, who was destined by Divine Providence to fight daily for forty-five years the battles of the faith, grew up in an atmosphere not only of dire poverty, but also of religious indifference. In one of his first and most charming books *(Rome et Lorette),* he describes with bitter irony the divers phases of his early education: "I was thrown into the infamous 'Mutual School;' it took every month two full days of the 'sacred labors' of my poor father to pay for the lessons of corruption I received from my classmates, and from a teacher who was drunk half the time." Yet the school was styled "religious." "Even catechism was taught!" continues Veuillot. "It was (oh! the horrible recollection!), it was after that sort of instruction that I made my first Communion. It was a crime: let the responsibility of it fall upon other heads!

it was not altogether mine. Driven to the holy table by ignorant, if not decidedly impious hands, I approached it without realizing in what great banquet I was taking part. I left it with all my stains upon my soul, and did not return. Forgive me, my God, and forgive them! It is only to glorify Your mercy that I publicly confess a crime from which You have deigned to absolve me."

At home, in the meanwhile, the question of daily sustenance was becoming a most distressing problem. The family resources were exhausted, and Louis, a child of thirteen, had to face life and fight its battles alone. "Alone in the world," he writes, "without a guiding hand, without a friend, almost without a master, at thirteen years of age, and without God! Oh! the bitter destiny! I found, indeed, some good people around me; I was even shown some generosity. But no one thought of my soul, no one made me drink from the sacred fountains of duty! The streets of Paris formed the education of my mind, and some young men in whose company I had to live formed the education of my heart. When in my misery, in my isolation, in my solitude, I needed to learn a prayer, it was blasphemy that was taught me! It was blasphemy that I saw everywhere, that I heard in all speeches, that I read in all the books, blasphemy that I was called upon to admire in all the scenes that met my eyes!" And yet, even in those dark days, there was in the bottom of his heart a disgust for the low pleasures in which others freely revelled, and an anxious craving for certitude and peace. Soon was to come the turning of the road; a few years more and he would be walking in the full and glorious light of faith.

The intelligent and devoted instrument of Veuillot's conversion was a young man, who had himself tasted the emptiness of liberal teachings. Gustave Olivier, a former companion of his labors, had recently returned to the practice of his faith, and was now (1837) planning a trip to Italy, Greece, and Constantinople. He invited Veuillot to accompany him.

"Humanly speaking," writes Veuillot, "it was the height of folly to accept, and yet, a week later, I was speeding along the road to Marseilles. I thought I was going to Constantinople: I was going farther than that, I was going to Rome, I was going to my baptism!"

In Rome, an excellent Catholic, Adolph Féburier welcomed the pilgrims.

After a month of prayers and instructions, and also of hesita-

tions and waverings, the triumph of grace was complete and final. On Good Friday, 1838, Veuillot made his general confession to the Jesuit Father Rosaven, and on Easter Sunday he received, in the Church of Our Lady of the Snows, his second Communion, which he justly termed his first. He was now twenty-five years of age. From that day to his last, forty-five years later, his faith knew no cloud; his devotion to the Catholic cause knew no waning, and his love for his divine Master and His visible representative on earth was "like the path of the just, a shining light that goeth forward and increaseth, even to perfect day."

That noble soul in which energy had always been the dominant characteristic, never thought of hiding for a moment from his former friends the radical change which had just given a new direction to his life. To a worldly lady who openly deplored the fact of his conversion, he sent this significant and fearless profession of faith: "Yes, it is true! I am a convert! That is to say, from the indifferent and irreligious person that I was I have become a Christian, fulfilling all the obligations imposed upon one by Catholic faith. Yes, madame, I say my morning and evening prayers, I even pray often during the day; yes, madame, I go to confession, like many other good people. I usually go to Communion on Sunday, in company with the doorkeepers and servant maids of my parish, a company which, to tell the truth, is by no means so large as I would like to have it; an excellent company, for all that, made up, in about equal proportion, of men and women: those I consider to be my equal before God, my superiors in the world. I do all these things, and your information is correct. But it is not true that my friends should grieve over it, either for their sake, for they don't lose my friendship, nor for mine, for I did not lose my happiness thereby. I love all those I formerly loved, and I love them much more and in a far better way."

With enthusiasm he celebrates and praises the splendors of that "Kindly light" which has shone forth in his darkness, and led him safely out of the shadow of death: "Before my conversion, *I was always tortured by 'perhaps.'* But now there is no darkness. God, looking down on me with merciful eyes, said: 'Be light made in that soul.' And forthwith light was made.....It seems to me that I am now gliding along with full sails upon an ocean of light: I know my way, I know what I shall see when I reach the limits of my horizon. Men are truly my brethren; objects appear to me under new colors. What was dead is now

full of life; where I saw formerly nothing but the caprice of a blind power, I now see a clear witness of the existence and power of God. The most puzzling problems that used to baffle my ignorance are now vanishing like smoke; the iron doors everywhere shut against me are opening now of their own accord. That sea upon which I gaze used to offer me the sterile picture of my everlasting unrest, and it is now the serene image of my deepest peace....."

Upon a soul so disposed the marvels of Catholic Rome made, of course, an enduring impression. Years later, when his talent reached its full maturity, Veuillot gave expression to his enthusiasm in the two compact volumes which he aptly named: *The Fragrance of Rome.* It was the full growth of the fervor he felt at the time of his conversion at the age of twenty-five. Having discovered the splendors of the faith, he cannot, even for an hour, keep that light under a bushel, nor drink alone from that fountain of joy. He must tell to the world the happiness of his soul, he must let his heart speak aloud of what that heart has felt in the shadow of the Eternal City. For it is not with the idle curiosity of the tourist, nor with the business-like method of the archæologist, it is with the faith of a child, the fervor of a convert, and always, of course, with the eyes of an artist, that he makes the round of the churches in Rome and of the sanctuaries of Switzerland. At the feet of the Virgin of Einsiedeln, he pours out his feelings in this prayer for his two sisters: "O Virgin, I have two sisters, two saintly children, two white doves still hidden in their mother's nest; they sing and they smile in their blessed ignorance, but the hour is coming when they will set their foot on the threshold of serious life. Virgin most prudent, preserve them from the bitter wind that causes young flowers to wither away; preserve them from sterile tears and from the grief that brings shame with it; keep them humble and pure, loyal and faithful to the end of their life."

To his younger brother Eugene, come back to the fold three years after him, he writes this significant programme of life, from which he himself never swerved: "Oh! my dear child, what a sweet happiness for you and me to be working together for the glory of that holy religion which has been to us, we may say truly, the bread of body and soul! As far as I am concerned, I am fully resolved to give to this cause my whole life, the best fruits of my intelligence, to make it the sole aim of my efforts and labors. I know I will have no position in the world, no bank account,

but I will have my duty done, the manna of heaven for every day, the water of the torrent to drink from, and a few years less to spend here below; that is enough to satisfy anyone. Do not say I am speaking like a madman; all the wisdom of the world cannot change these facts: namely, that I have to break away from the world and fight under the banner of God. I have seen many things here on earth. I have trod on the carpets of those who are the kings of the hour, and I have read their care-worn souls; I have spoken with the sailor on the sea, with the farmer in the fields; I have seen in Rome the living miracle of mankind; the mountains of Switzerland have made me wonder at the splendors of nature, but I have seen nothing so beautiful, so miraculously admirable, as a heart burning with the love of God!"

And that was Veuillot's heart. During his half-century of life as a journalist, in the heat of controversies, in the haste of daily improvisation, he, no doubt, made many mistakes. He at times overreached the mark and dealt blows to his adversaries, including priests and bishops, with no gentle hand, but no one ever dared to question his motives: "To the faith that had invaded and conquered his soul," says Father Longhaye, "he gave unswerving allegiance. He subordinated to it his whole mind, all his knowledge, present and future; persons and things, history and politics, science and literature; he judged everything in that light; he brought everything to that central point." It is faith consulted in all things, ever cloudless and always uppermost, that makes the admirable and almost supernatural unity of the life of him whom Jules Lemaître terms "The great Catholic layman of the nineteenth century."

The fifty-five volumes which compose Veuillot's works fully bear out this somewhat sweeping statement. The eight volumes of his correspondence, for instance, besides being a storehouse of information on the religious history of France, bear witness to the fact that, from the day of his conversion, Veuillot was at all times, in the intimacy of his private life or in the heated debates of public questions, seeking to guide himself by Catholic principles. The following quotations are taken exclusively from that correspondence.

Love for the ceremonies of the Church, and ability to shape one's spiritual life according to the various phases of the liturgical year, is surely an infallible sign of a deep-seated Catholic sense. Veuillot possessed that love in the highest degree, and the most

modest service in a country chapel was enough to fill his soul with religious delight. The eternal beauty of the Psalms appealed particularly to his heart: "I followed the whole office," he says, "in giving an account of 'a delightful Christmas night,' and I really don't know why I don't spend my life singing Psalms, for I cannot conceive anything more beautiful. There one would learn good politics, good literature, true love. The weather was worth a poet's description: the moon veiled with a light mist, not to hide itself, for sure, but to give a chance to the stars, shining like smiling eyes, all the trees powdered with hoarfrost, the earth merrily crackling under foot. I fancy it was all like this during the night of the *Gloria in Excelsis.* Oh! when shall I see another Christmas night like that? At any rate I thank God for giving me that one: 'O ye cold and heat, bless the Lord; O ye dews and hoarfrosts, O ye ice and snow, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever!'"

The celebration of these feasts was once the common blessing of all the people of France. It is so no longer. The work of moral vandalism, which sought to uproot the faith, and deprive the poor of their greatest consolation, made Veuillot burn with indignation. Just before one Christmas day he wrote to his daughters: "Do you weep when singing the *Rorate? Jerusalem desolata est! Consolamini, cito veniet salus tua!* I feel in my heart an inexpressible grief and sorrow when I think that they have taken away those sublime things from the soul of the people, but I feel an equal joy when I think that we, at least, are all on our knees at the foot of the Cross, prostrate before that insulted glory and that despised love. Let us hold on firmly and bless the rabble who spit upon us. Their insults are like a shining snow that adorns us far better than the winter frost adorns the leaves of the holly. Ah! this is true silver, silver that perishes not!"

During a stay at Plombières, he witnesses the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and receives the Benediction, "In the midst of the public square, in the good dust of the good God."

The famous Abbey of Solesmes, with its imposing buildings in a picturesque region justly called the garden of France, was for Veuillot a favorite resting place. The monks were his friends, and he was nowhere so perfectly at home as when among them. In that Abbey he worked and prayed, and he wrote some of his most charming letters. To the Viscountess de Pitray (Olga de Ségur), one of his most faithful correspondents, whose "dear,

bad handwriting he was always longing to gaze upon," he wrote: "I have adopted the régime of the place for rising, retiring, and everything else. I go to matins, to complin, and to High Mass. I only indulge in the luxury of a few meditations a day in the garden, which is cheerful and prosperous looking, with a vista of several miles of open country, a river in the distance, and an army of singing, chirping birds; there, while musing on my stupid old sins, I take a bite at white and black currants, rosy strawberries, and all kinds of red fruits recommended by Dr. Purgon.

"Believe me, this sort of life would suit me forever. I wish I could change into a living reality the good joke which you have just played at my expense, you who are such a dignified mother. Your recent letter was addressed: Dom Louis Veuillot, Benedictine Monk! The Brother who handed it to me smiled significantly as if to say: 'For a serious man you seem to have rather light-headed friends in the world yonder.' I answered the smile and said: 'It is from a lady!' 'Ah! the ladies,' said he, and with a sweeping gesture of his hand he sent you down and down to the very bottom of purgatory, there to stay until doomsday. Well, I advise you not to worry much about it; to be valid the verdict ought to be ratified by the Father Abbot, and even then you might appeal to the Pope. And now, madame, and my friend, I lay aside my frock for a moment in order to kiss your hand. Nothing could be more contrary to monastic rules, but you are well worth it. *Deus det nobis suam pacem!* "BROTHER LOUIS."

To a friend who seemed to grieve over his daughter's entering the Good Shepherd Convent, he says: "My dear friend, weep as much as you please, I congratulate you. Servant of the poor, that sounds good, but servant of the poor sinful women, that sounds better still. Just think of it! To run barefooted through thorns and briars to find the lost and scabby sheep! I have five daughters; I would willingly distribute them among various religious families: one Carmelite, one Little Sister of the Poor, one Ursuline, etc., and if they all wanted to become Good Shepherd Sisters, I would not say 'Oh!' nor 'Alas!' And yet God knows how I love them. Our children do not belong to us any more than the fruits to the tree. When they are ripe, they fall off. Happy those who fall into the hands of God! Happy the Virgins who follow the Lamb! Happy the father whose daughter is sheltered in the shadow of the cloister!"

To a soul in distress he writes: "All that God wills is good. We have only to say amen to it. And we will not know how to sing the true song until we sing it to that tune! Amen! Amen! Who could believe that so short a refrain is so hard to learn by heart? But we shall succeed if we try long enough! I read to-day the beautiful saying of a saint, dying on Easter Sunday. As he was asked: 'How are you?' he answered: *'Crucifixus. Alleluia!'* I leave you on that word; there is food in it for more than one meditation."

The following fragment is from a letter to a young seminarian, and seems a leaf from the correspondence of a saint: "Pray, then, O you guardians of the sanctuary. I shall pray for you that God may preserve and make fruitful in your soul the vocation to be an apostle. Oh! how that vocation, beautiful at all times, appears more beautiful still in a time like ours! It is the great plough passing over the world, digging in every direction deep furrows for the seeds of eternity. Prepare your arms and your hearts for the coming harvest. You will bend down under the weight of the sheaves; or perhaps you will die at the hands of the enemy, who will come upon you, in an attempt to destroy the divine harvest."

To a lady of high rank who had just secured permission to have Mass offered in her home, he wrote: "You have a private oratory and I congratulate you. We must, when possible, have in our homes a reserved room for God. He is such an accommodating Guest, and He asks for so little! And, moreover, He repays us so liberally for whatever He asks. Every evening, when reciting the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin, I say three times for you: 'Cause of our joy, pray for us,' that you may desire and seek and taste and love only the pure and holy joys with which Mary's kindness shall inspire you."

The most intimate of his letters, to his family and to a few bosom friends, the letters that were not destined, at least during his lifetime, to go beyond the family circle, are, perhaps, from our point of view, the most admirable. Some few extracts have been already given in the preceding pages, enough, I hope, to whet my readers' appetite, and make them hungry for more. Therein the loving husband, tender father, and incomparable friend, shows himself exactly as he was, not clad in the steel armor of daily polemics, but at home, among his own, in the gentle surroundings of every-day life. When these letters were published for the first time, they were to many a revelation and a distinct surprise. Was it

really possible? The dreaded fighter, the Catholic Bluebeard, the bulldog of Christ (as he was amiably termed by his enemies), the man who boasted of slaying at least one Philistine every morning before breakfast, was a man, after all, like any other man, cheerful and tender, with a big heart capable of the warmest affections, of the most durable and most disinterested friendships; all the time and everywhere a Christian, forsooth, but one who could, without ever forgetting he was the soldier of Christ, laugh and make merry, indulge in jokes and puns, enjoy a good meal and describe it with gastronomic enthusiasm.

"I went to show my tobacco box to the Jesuits," he writes to his wife in 1850; "they asked where I got that marvel, and I said it was the gift of a kingly hand. 'What King? Louis-Philip? Henry V.? The Pope?' No, Reverend Fathers, Madame Veuillot!"

To a most intimate, but rather timid friend, who did not always relish the tone of Veuillot's polemics, he said in a teasing mood: "I can see you, in the solitude of your distant Burgundy, reading the *Univers* with the terror of a hen which, unknown to herself, has been hatching ducks. Where are they going? They will get drowned, for sure!"

"Dear brother," he writes to Eugene, "the present letter is to inform you that I have absolutely nothing to say. I just want to kiss you and to spend four cents (the price of a stamp)." He writes home just to rest himself after working "like a white man," like the poor laborer who, after breaking stones in the hot sun, stops for a while and gets a drink from the fountain in the grass, under the shade of the beautiful trees."

Sometimes he writes to wife and children to tell them he will arrive home as soon as the letter itself. "Papa will be waiting for you with arms stretched out, on the stairs landing. Come quick and laugh aloud. Come and kiss me! come and laugh on my heart!"

The conversion of Eugene did not fail to tighten the bonds of affection between the two brothers. "Let us pray God to unite us in His service in the same bivouac, and we will not feel the hardships of the war. We need two pens, but one inkstand will do for the two of us."

During a journey through Savoy, he was ten days without receiving a letter from his wife, "his sweet Mathilda." "Dear Mathilda, do you intend to write to me but once a week? I would

fain write, not once, but several times a day, just to make you feel how often I think of you. You would surely cry if you knew my bitter disappointment when told there was no letter for me to-day. I visit several churches every day, and everywhere I ask for some special favor for my wife and child; not an hour passes that I do not give you before God some new proof of my love.....I have formed beautiful resolutions: First. To love you more than ever. Second. To give up drinking coffee. Third. To become a better Christian and to serve God more ardently, lest my thirty-fourth year be as empty as the others before."

After the birth of Mary, his eldest daughter, his joy knew no bounds. "The first merit of this dear little person is that she had the good idea of coming into this world on a Saturday, during the month of the Blessed Virgin.....We took her to the church two hours later, and there she received with perfect good grace the name of Mary, and accepted the salt of wisdom without making any face.....Oh! what gratitude I feel towards our Almighty and tender God, Who bestows upon the feeble hearts of men such duties and such joys! Oh! how I wish I were a saint to obtain from God that this child be a saint!"

It is with his sister Eliza, the faithful companion of his lifetime, his "secretary and cashier," and the second mother of his children after the premature death of his wife, that he indulges without restraint in "small talk." It is insignificant, at times, and now and then nonsensical, but charming withal, betraying, as it does, the most attractive side of a man's character. To her he complains about "these women of his household (Eliza herself and his two daughters), these three women who know Latin and forget to put a razor strop in his trunk!" Oh! his trunk! That was his nightmare, his "bête noire." He would prefer, so he informs us in the same letter, to kill all the Philistines in creation, rather than to have to build up that shaky pile of indispensable but unruly and unmanageable clothes and utensils. "I really think I will be packing trunks in purgatory: Oh! my! what a hard penance it will be!"

This family happiness, to which some of the foregoing extracts bear eloquent witness, was destined to be rudely shaken. For the great controversialist not only knew the bitterness of the daily conflict with political adversaries who were perhaps the friends of yesterday, but was also visited early in life by the most cruel sorrows which can prey upon a human heart. In less than three

years he lost his wife and four of his six children, three of whom were snatched away by death within the space of six weeks. Under the weight of such a grief, the souls that do not know how to look up to heaven through their tears are doomed to despondency and despair. For Veuillot these trials, crowding, as they did, one upon the other, were the triumph of his faith. The letters he wrote during this dark period of his life have perhaps no parallel in the annals of human sorrow, and they would do honor to the pen, let us say rather to the heart, of a St. Augustine or of a St. Ambrose.

"God be blessed for all! I know why He has been so merciful to my little Teresa and so hard towards me. I needed a warning. I have received it. I hope I will profit by it. My heart is more deeply wounded now than it was when, running in haste to the bedside of my little daughter, I found her dead in her crib, having lost even those sweet looks which I knew and loved so well. And yet, I would not want to be freed from my sorrow. I beg God to keep it alive in my soul, for it is a salutary burden and a purifying flame. I am better now than I ever was in time of joy; joy puts us to sleep on the brink of the abyss; sorrow obliges us to think constantly of God."

After the death of his saintly wife, although his grief was beyond description, his first act was to adore the Hand that struck him, and his first words were words of resignation and Christian fortitude. "Let the Holy Will of God be done and His Holy Name eternally blessed. A saintly life has been crowned by a saintly death. As to me, I deserve it all, and this terrible blow is also a grace. Thanks to her who is no more, I am not consoled—I do not want to be, I cannot be consoled—but I am strengthened, and my heart is full of thanks as it is of tears. Pray God to increase my courage and to leave me my sorrow."

His first daughter Mary died far away from home, and even the supreme consolation of seeing her on her deathbed was refused him.

"Our little Mary was snatched away by a contagious disease in a few hours, I should rather say in a few minutes. For a long time I could not even cry: but I was able to bow down at once before the justice of God. Yes, I do say justice, and this is the proper name for it. I know what I am and what God owes me, and His mercy is infinite.....Our joy has been taken away from us; nothing is left us of this child, not even a grave; we shall

not even have the consolation of kissing the ground that keeps our treasure."

Again: "My little Gertrude also is dead. The severity of God which keeps me away from the dying bed of my children, did not permit me to arrive in time to see her pass away. Death has extended its hand over those dear children, and God gave it permission to take two of them. Let Him have pity at least on my poor sister, who suffers like a veritable mother. As to me, I am a sinner; crushed under the Hand that strikes me; I recognize it; I adore it; I bless it; but that Hand alone can give me the strength I need in order not to sink under the burden of sorrows.

"How could I fail to bless God? How could I fail to hope that those pure victims will efficaciously pray for me to the spotless Victim? And yet, I weep; but my tears are not hiding from me the clear view of the mercies of God. I love Him the more; I am resolved to serve the truth better than ever; I feel I am raised above myself. Oh! my God, let me enjoy for a long time that bitter but purifying balsam!

"When I learned the death of my Mary, after a minute of indescribable grief, I went to kneel down before her empty bed. Alone with God alone, I examined my whole life and made my general confession. On leaving that spot I did not dare to weep, and when Gertrude followed I was never tempted to cry out: 'This is too much!' Pity me, indeed, pray for me, but, if you have any mercy on me, do not praise me! There are souls which God deigns to adorn, mine is one of those which He deigns to cleanse.

"No, I am not crushed. I am only on my knees. God knows what He is doing: He is just, He is merciful. I have only to bless Him. The future before me is a gloomy one, but I know I am only a traveler, and the harder the voyage, the sweeter shall be the repose. Pray for me, not that my sorrow be allayed, but that I should bear it like a Christian. I feel that the ploughshare which is tearing up my soul prepares the ground for the seeds of eternal life, for seeds of faith, hope, and love."

Are we to conclude that this Christian fortitude had dried up in his heart all the sources of real human sorrow, and that the undaunted Catholic athlete could look with an impassible face on the grave of his wife and children? Such a judgment would be grossly unjust to him, who was a most tender husband and a most loving father. Let us listen to this last fragment of a letter

still wet with tears: "During the procession (in the Mother House of the Little Sisters of the Poor) I suddenly saw Eliza and my two daughters leaning against the wall of the cemetery. The sight of these children reminded me of the others: Mary who had spent some days in this house; Teresa, godchild of the Little Sisters; Magdalen who died in their arms, and Gertrude who loved them so much. My heart, as though overcome by a sudden storm, burst out in spite of me, all the tears I had driven back for two months past gushed forth, and I would have wished to have rolled myself on the ground and to have died on the spot. My brother who was by my side understood the storm in my soul, and his sighs answered mine. There is no happiness left for me in this world! Let us pray for one another! May God preserve you, dear wife, and may you never know what goes on in the heart of a father, when he weeps over his orphan children!"

Such was the man whom his adversaries were wont to represent as a heartless controversialist, as one who never dipped his pen in the milk of human tenderness, but wrote only with vinegar and gall. That he struck hard at times; that his pen was usually a sword, sharp and flashing, wielded by the vigorous hand of an experienced fighter; that he loved, as he puts it himself, to "slash and scar the insolent face of heresy," no one even slightly acquainted with his polemical works would care or dare to deny. But to make him a sort of *condottiére* of the pen, to bring into sharp relief the pugnacious side of his character and leave all others in the background, is a proof of painful ignorance or of deliberate injustice. Open at random the two volumes of *Letters to his Sister,* or such delightful collection of vignettes as *Historiettes et Fantaisies, Çà et Là, Corbin et d'Aubecourt,* and after smiling, laughing, and weeping with Veuillot the man, the brother, the essayist, you will, no doubt, ratify the verdict of a critic, who thus summed up his impressions after a prolonged contact with Veuillot's works: "I have been listening to the beatings of a big human heart; I have been breathing the perfume of a great Christian soul."

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

IX.

FROM 1523 onwards More became still further involved in public business, not only of a political but also of a theological nature. On the death of Sir Richard Wingfield in July, 1525, he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Though not yet promoted to his highest office, he seemed to feel that the sun of his worldly prosperity had passed its meridian, and that the shadows of approaching catastrophe were already lengthening. He clearly understood the character of Henry VIII., and foresaw a direct conflict of principle between his master and himself. At this time the King was showing him unusual signs of favor, but More was not to be deceived; such signs were rather for warning than enjoyment.

> And for the pleasure he took in his company would his Grace suddenly sometimes come to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time unlooked-for, he came to dinner, and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck. And as soon as his Grace was gone [continues Roper], I, rejoicing thereat, said to Sir Thomas More, how happy he was whom the King had so familiarly entertained, as I never had seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace walk once with arm in arm. "I thank our Lord, sir," quoth More, "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within his realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France.....it should not fail to go."

More's promotion and the King's unusual familiarity were not unconnected with his Grace's desire to enlist More in the cause of his divorce, a matter at this time entirely occupying the royal mind.

At this period of his life, Sir Thomas More appears, according to many of his biographers, to change his character. Up to

now he is set forth as the apostle of the New Learning, the friend of Erasmus, the despiser of ignorance, and the hater of corruption in high places; a man at once humane, liberal-minded, "honorable, learned, and enlightened, and the very soul of equity." But from this point onwards these same biographers of his find a sudden change for the worse. He becomes blind, perverse, and bigoted; an intolerant defender of decayed ecclesiasticism; a hater and indeed a persecutor of all who differed from the doctrines of the Catholic Church. But, on the other hand again, they can but admit the splendid fearlessness and integrity of his opposition to royal licentiousness, and his heroic martyrdom in defence of the old spiritual as against the new secular supremacy. Are we then to admit this paradoxical judgment on More as final or are we to question it? "How two such absolutely contrary characters could be united in one man is something more than a paradox," wrote Dr. Gairdner in 1908, "it is a moral impossibility."*

More's period was one of religious and social restlessness, and the causes of this restlessness were historical, moral, and intellectual. The discovery of America, the fall of Constantinople, the invention of printing, the newly-recovered treasures of classical literature and art, opened up with tremendous suddenness undreamed of prospects of business enterprise, of travel, of intellectual and artistic enjoyment. Such blessings, indeed, came upon a Europe too unprepared to use and enjoy them as they should have been used and enjoyed. A double re-action was set up in a society unready for such rich and novel experience, and people went to opposite extremes in their acceptance or refusal of it. I think it may be claimed for Sir Thomas More that he of all his contemporaries took up a central and balanced position, both with regard to what was new and what was old in the world of his day. A sweet reasonableness, and a profoundly spiritual criterion of life, gave him the just measure of things both new and old. What was good for the soul of man was good for the society of men—*for him a spiritual good was always of social value,* and this, I think, is the consistent keynote of all his thought and action. It gave him an orderly system of ideals, in which the natural and supernatural never clashed, because they were one and the same.

For Sir Thomas More life and religion had each a public and visible side, a side that was orderly, institutional, and impressive because spectacular. Church and State were fruitful partners in

*James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England,* vol. i., p. 507.

the social scheme. He could not conceive of a polity in which there was no effective and obvious spiritual power, softening the inequalities of class, ability, and circumstances, promoting a generous leaven of charity, resting upon an unquestioned faith. He had taken the measure of man's earthly and probationary existence; he knew that it was not an end in itself, but a means to an end which used, while it transcended, all its perishable and material values. Apart from religious faith, what steady and spiritual criterion of social good could be found for a man who had but a few short years to live in so small a compass; mere pleasure was self-destructive, mere toil was brutally exhausting, mere reasoning ended in cynical denial, and none nor all of these things together could sufficiently check the natural selfishness of human nature; could guarantee human liberty or even secure a minimum of social order and stability.

More's objection to heresy and his eagerness to suppress it is justified again and again in his controversial writings by its disastrous effect on social stability, quite apart from its more directly spiritual effect. More did not confuse, as many do now, public ideals as set forth by the Church with private failures to realize these ideals. He recognized that while the Church provided the former, it could not guarantee the latter. The Church was divinely appointed to set forth and explain the ideal of perfected human nature which had been lived out by our Lord Himself, and she could never fail in her commission; she was also appointed to protect and provide the means and graces which were necessary for the following of that ideal; but more than that she was not commissioned to do. Whether each individual soul, endowed as it was with free will, corresponded with the ideal was, in the truest sense, its own affair. So More, while as well aware of the human frailties of Catholic churchmen and laymen as the most zealous of the Protestant reformers, clearly distinguished between ideal and practice, his faith was unaffected by scandal, never for a moment did he doubt the Church's ideal or refuse her sacramental help; and, further, he was reasonable enough to believe that a nation which did these things would lose alike its spiritual life and its social vision.*

*That venerable and eminent scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, has just published a small volume on the social condition of England. He gives various statistics as to over-crowding, insanitation, long hours, low pay, high mortality, lack of food, air, play, and rest among the poor; he points out that legal justice is practically denied to them; he finds that adulteration, bribery, and gambling

"More saw what was at stake," writes Dr. Gairdner, "and endeavored, so far as he could, to save even the King from the effects of his own recklessness. But his chief aim was to save religion itself from insult, and public morals and social order from being subverted by the perversity of heretics."*

With this hint at the secret of More's consistency, we may now go on to examine the evidences of his actual thought and conduct during the troubled year which led to national apostasy.

In 1521 Henry VIII. published his book against Luther, which was called *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum.* More's share in it was merely to arrange an index. Luther replied, but with such scurrility as to prevent the King from taking further part in the controversy, but More was evidently asked to do so, though very much against his will. He chose the pseudonym of William Ross, and adopted a temper of mind and a form of expression that were something of a match for Luther's own. This was unfortunate, as he himself realized when he complained that he could not clean Luther's mouth without befouling his own fingers. Fisher had done the more respectable part of the business by replying as a theologian to Luther's contentions; it was left for More to administer personal chastisement, and having once undertaken the distasteful task he did it thoroughly, though not without apology to his more refined readers. He considered the work as of merely occasional value, and probably hoped that its real authorship would be left in mystery. At the end of it he confesses that it is the kind of book which only those should read who have already been influenced by Luther's own. He apologizes for its tone quite frankly. "I doubt not, good reader, that your fairness will pardon me that in this book you read so often what causes you shame. Nothing could have been more painful to me than to be forced to

are the chief characteristics of modern business; that luxury, not to say debauchery which rivals that of the worst pagan times, is frightfully prevalent among the rich, while moral degradation, as shown by the steady increase in death from alcoholism, suicide, and premature birth is invading all classes. He concludes that Parliament, which should give active and practical expression to the social conscience, is responsible for these things, but, alas, it does anything rather than that, "anything rather than the immediate saving of human life and abolishing widespread human misery.....and all for fear of offending the rich and powerful by some diminution of their ever-increasing accumulations. No thinking man or woman can believe that this state of things is absolutely irremediable; and the persistent acquiescence in it, while loudly boasting of our science, or our national prosperity, and of our Christianity, is the proof of *a hypocritical lack of national morality that has never been surpassed in any former age.*" More judged wisely of the future.

Op. cit., p. 510.

speak foul words to pure ears. But there was no help for it, unless I left Luther's scurrilous book utterly untouched, which is a thing I most earnestly desired."*

But there are passages in this work which are deeply spiritual, and indeed prophetic in their wisdom. Luther's teaching, says More, has led to the contempt of the Mass; to the neglect of the Liturgy; to the abolition of prayers to the saints and prayers for the dead; and what are the early fruits of such impiety?

> These wretches, "made perfect in the spirit," have abandoned the festivals of the Church in order that they may give themselves every day to bacchanalian festivities. Virginity and married life are equally dishonored, while polygamy and even worse things are tolerated and excused by the impious doctrine which declares that wicked men are what they are by the predestined will of God. O illustrious Germany, can you doubt, when they sow such spiritual things, what kind of corporal things they will reap? Indeed the thistles, as I hear, are already showing an ugly crop, and God is beginning to make known how He regards that sect, when He does not permit the priests who marry to take other wives than public prostitutes. And these bridegrooms, first sunk in infamy, and then ruined with disease and want, and giving themselves up to robbery, His justice is at last punishing with public executions. Would that His anger might stop short in the punishment of these dregs of men; but unless it is propitiated it will go farther. *For many princes see, not without pleasure, the apostasy of the clergy, gaping as they do after the possessions of the apostates, which they hope to seize as derelict. And they rejoice to see obedience withdrawn from the Sovereign Pontiff, conceiving then the hope that they may dispose of everything, and may divide and dissipate it among themselves at home.*

How very accurately More foretells the direct political consequences of the Reformation—*the rise of a purely secular power,* aristocratic, covetous, oppressive, and brutal, acknowledging no spiritual or social obligations, without justice, mercy or fear. He also predicts its more disastrous and revolutionary effects two years before the outbreak of the peasants' war.

> *But they (the princes) need not doubt, but that the people in their turn will throw off their yoke and deprive them of their*

*It is unnecessary for me to make further reference to this matter, which has been dealt with very fully by Father Bridgett in his *Life of Sir Thomas More,* pp. 209-222.

> *possessions.* And when they shall come to do this, drunk with the blood of princes, and exulting in the slaughter of the nobles, they will not submit even to plebeian governors; but following the dogma of Luther (about Christian liberty), and trampling the law underfoot, then, at last without government and without law, without rein and without understanding, they will turn their hands against each other, and like the earth-born brothers of old, will perish in mutual conflict. I beg of Christ that I may be a false prophet.*

This answer to Luther (1523), and the Letter against Pomeranus (c. 1626), were written before the Reformation tenets had made much headway in England; but More understanding the trend of the King's thought with regard to divorce, and anxious to avoid entanglement with so unsavory and dangerous a matter, turned his interests and occupation as far as possible away from the Court. From this time until his death, the saving of his country from the effects of the Reformation was the main object of his life and prayer. We must clearly understand that More was zealous to defend a state of society altogether different from our own, one indeed of which we have far too dim a recollection. In the England of 1525 "Church and State" were as certainly united and as certainly distinct as partners in marriage. I may be allowed the comparison, because it illustrates the real relations of Church and State in pre-Reformation times. The Church was one institution and the State was another, but in their mutual intercourse and relationship they provided alike for the energy and stability of social life. What was hurtful to the one was hurtful to the other, and *vice versa;* heretics assaulting the authority of the Church were a danger to the State; rebellion against State authority brought weakness of the Church; but of the two heresy was the more fatal, as being not only an attack upon authority, but an attempt to dissolve the very principle upon which all authority rests.

When More became Lord Chancellor it was his business as the highest officer in the State to resist heresy and punish heretics, and this, clearly, for the reasons given above. We who have been brought up in a Protestant country find it really difficult to realize the conditions of pre-Reformation life, for the strong and living bonds which publicly united the religious and the secular powers have been broken. Religion has long since ceased, in any real sense, to be an affair of public importance, and the modern State can

*Bridgett's translation. *Op. cit.*, pp. 217-219.

find no proper place for it either as superior to or in subjection to itself. In 1525 things were very different.

We are now in a position to ask what amount of heresy existed in England at this time. The answer is simple. Until Henry VIII. himself became a heretic, heresy in England was a very small affair. "Hitherto," writes Lee to the King in 1525, "blessed by God, your realm is safe from the infection of Luther's sect, as for so much that although, peradventure, any be secretly blotted within, yet for fear of your royal majesty, which hath drawn his sword in God's cause, they dare not openly avow."

Of course there had always been disbelievers of this or that particular doctrine of the Church, but as yet there had been no public assault upon Church authority, no question as to the universal jurisdiction of the Holy See. As Dr. Gairdner, the latest, the best-informed, and the most impartial student of this period, points out, at this time the discussion of theological matters

> by mere laymen was accounted rash and presumptuous, though there was nothing to prevent reverent inquiry on the part of a layman who consulted a competent spiritual adviser. The essence of heresy was not erroneous thinking—for all men are liable to that—but arrogance, tending to contempt of the decisions of learned Councils and the most approved judgments of ancient Fathers. The Church offered no obstacle to thoughtful inquiry by which her tenets might be carefully tested, explained, or developed; but she did not love rough treatment of things sacred by men ill-qualified to handle them.
>
> It is this state of matters [he continues] which we find now so difficult to realize. *The right of private judgment* in religious matters is recognized and claimed by everyone; *the right of pronouncing very rash judgment on very insufficient grounds.* Everyone may think as he pleases, and the uneducated layman, who may give one hour a week to thoughts about theology against forty which he devotes to the state of the markets, has but little misgivings on the question of faith and works, or even perhaps as to the mystery of the Real Presence. Whatever theology may say upon these subjects, he believes his own view to be pure common sense.

People of More's time were logical, and were as unwilling to rely on an ill-informed private judgment in matters of religion as people of our own day would be unwilling to rely on an ill-informed private judgment in some delicate and difficult scientific matter. If people were as intent on religious as on scientific prob-

lems, they would soon awake to the absurdity of "private judgment."

An examination of the nature and extent of the heretical opinions held previous to Henry VIII.'s apostasy, will show how much they differed from what followed after that event. What was known as Lollardy in the fifteenth century and in the early part of the sixteenth, was "not by any means a 'higher criticism' impugning Biblical and Church authority by the use of reason, but really a sort of Biblical superstition exalting the written word over human reason and Church authority alike. It was the belief of 'known men' in their own infallibility as interpreters of Holy Writ, and the treatment of human reason as the enemy of faith that made zealots think themselves superior to all exterior authority whatever."*

As to the prevalence of these views, in London, the most populous diocese in the country, the number of heretics summoned before the Bishop from 1510 to 1522 is thirty-nine. Of these, thirty-seven abjured their heresies and returned to the Church. The remaining two abjured but relapsed, and being a second time led to trial were afterwards burned, but not until they had made their peace with the Church. From 1523 to 1527 there were four more cases of heretics who returned to the Faith, thus making a total of *forty-three cases against heretics in seventeen years,* two of whom suffered extreme penalties, and all of whom returned to the Church. Up to 1527, then, no impartial examination of evidences will lead to a conclusion that there was a strong or widespread movement against Church authority.

The charges brought against these heretical people are enumerated by Foxe, the Protestant compiler of the well-known *Book of Martyrs.* He omits, however, certain "horrible and blasphemous lies against the majesty and truth of God," for the curious reason that those charged with using them asserted themselves to be guiltless in this respect. For the rest, according to him, they are accused of refusing reverence to the crucifix; of putting doubts into the mind of a friend at the point of death as to whether pilgrimages or images served any spiritual purpose, or as to whether the Pope could give pardons; of asserting that there were six Gods, with irreverent explanations; of denying the Real Presence and the holiness of saints' days; of saying that St. Paul's Church was a house of thieves because the clergy were not liberal in their alms-

**Lollardy and the Reformation,* vol. i., pp. 516, 517.

giving, or that the Church was too rich; or, again, that heretics had been harbored, or that erroneous books had been read. But these charges were denied, and those accused of them set free. Only at the close of this pre-Reformation period do we get any charges of a fresh nature, as, for instance, that some are accused of favoring Lutheran doctrines, or of irreverence to Our Lady. But what is most important to observe is that *very little is said against the Pope, and even what little there is in no way questions his spiritual authority.* "The nearest thing we find to the modern Protestant position," writes the Anglican historian quoted before, "was very far indeed from a repudiation of the actual jurisdiction of the Church, and of its existing Head. It was needless speaking against a jurisdiction so firmly established. *Only royal power could possibly shake that, and the idea of royal power being so exerted was the last that would occur to anyone at this time.*"* This, as I have said, was as late as 1527.

In this same year, More accompanied Wolsey on an important mission to France.† Considering the momentous questions at issue, of which More must have had some first-hand knowledge, and of which mention will be made later, it seems more than probable that on this same occasion he acquired an insight, clearer than ever before, into the fatal possibilities which threatened his country and his Faith. The great imperialist victory at Pavia in 1525, when Francis I. was captured, left the Roman court at the mercy of Charles V., and the Pope practically his prisoner. In July, 1526, Moncada captured the Papal palace, and the Pope fled in terror to St. Angelo. In May, 1527, the Holy City was itself sacked, with accompanying horrors that shocked the conscience of Europe. "All the churches," wrote Cardinal Como who was present, "and the monasteries, both of monks and nuns, were sacked. Many monks were beheaded, even priests at the altar; many aged nuns were beaten with sticks, and young ones violated, robbed, and made prisoners; all the vestments, chalices, silver, were taken from the churches.....Cardinals, bishops, monks, priests, old nuns, infants, pages, and servants—the very poorest—were tormented with unheard-of cruelties—the son in the presence of his father, the babe in the sight of its mother. All the registers and documents of the Camera Apostolica were sacked, torn in pieces and partly burnt." Another witness writes to Charles V.: "Our men sacked the whole Borgo, and killed almost everyone they found.....The Church

*James Gairdner, *A History of the English Church*, vol. v., p. 58.
†*Letters and Papers*, vol. iv., nos. 3,216, 3,337.

of St. Peter and the Papal palace, from the basement to the top, were turned into stables for horses." He concludes with a statement which shows most unmistakably how greatly the balance of European powers, both religious and political, was upset, and that even kings were wondering what would happen next. "We are expecting to hear from your majesty how the city is to be governed, and whether the Holy See is to be retained (in Rome) or not. Some are of opinion it should not continue in Rome, lest the French King should make a patriarch in his kingdom, and deny obedience to the said See, and the King of England and all other Christian princes do the same."*

Now More went to France with Wolsey, who was to discuss this very question, and also to disclose to Francis I., "in a dark and cloudy manner," the "secret matter" of Henry's wish for a divorce.† In a letter of July 1st, Wolsey says that he is not a little troubled that the King should question his zeal in the "secret matter;" there is nothing he is so desirous to advance, and he gives a theological reason in justification of his master's intention. In all things which concern the King's honor he protests that he will be constant even if others fail.‡

On July 3d he starts with a brilliant train, consisting of certain lords, spiritual and temporal, together with Sir Thomas More, Sir Henry Guilford, Sir Francis Bryan, Stephen Gardiner, and an accompaniment of nine hundred horsemen. He was invested with unusual powers, as "King's lieutenant, and not as an ordinary ambassador, combining for the time in his own person the highest spiritual and temporal dignity of the realm." Setting out from Westminster, he passed through London and over London Bridge, with the evident intention of marking the public importance of his mission, for it was more usual to go down the Thames. His first business was to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then to interview Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and so to France. On July 5th he reports to the King his meeting with Warham, who seems willing to follow his instructions, but Fisher was not so amenable. "I told him," writes Wolsey, "the whole matter of the proposed marriage between Francis and the Princess Mary, *and of the objection made by the Bishop of Tarbe* (on the score of the invalidity of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Katherine, the Princess Mary's mother, who had previously been the wife of the King's

*Quoted in Pollard's *Henry VIII.* from *Il Sacco di Roma*, pp. 471, 499, 517.
†*Letters and Papers*, vol. iv., no. 3,350.
‡*Letters and Papers*, vol. iv., nos. 3,217, 3,231.

brother, the deceased Prince Arthur), and the investigations to which it had given rise, as to the dispensing power of the Pope, etc., *for which I was sent into France;* thus declaring the whole matter to him as was devised with you at York Place. I added that some inkling of the matter had come to the Queen's knowledge, who casting further doubts than was intended had broken with your Grace thereof after a very displeasant manner, saying, that, by my procurement and setting forth, a divorce was purposed between her and your Highness."*

Whether or not it was by Wolsey's "procurement and setting forth" that the divorce was first suggested to the King, the whole miserable business was now set in train. Wolsey, not only out of pure devotion to his master's interests, but for the very safety of his high but precarious position, was committed to this disastrous course. But it was no easy matter, even apart from theological considerations, to bring it to completion. Charles V. was Queen Katherine's nephew, already informed, and, as was quite natural, very strongly opposed to it. Wolsey's policy was therefore directed to counteract Charles' powerful influence with the Pope, and in order to successfully accomplish this it might even be necessary under threat or compulsion to remove the Pope from Rome, where at that time he was nothing less than a prisoner in the Emperor's keeping. It must be clearly understood, and this has not always been clearly understood by Protestant historians, that in what immediately followed there was no attempt to weaken the Papacy either in fact or theory, much less to destroy it. Henry VIII. and Francis I. wanted to get the Papacy freed from imperial compulsion, and to effect this purpose all sorts of expedients were threatened. All this was done, at this time, for their own political and personal ends, and without any intentions consciously subversive to the spiritual authority of the Holy See.

The proposals, spoken of above, which after the sack of Rome were communicated to Charles V., had evidently a diplomatic backing, and we can now see why. On July 14th we find Lee writing to Wolsey that in certain letters which he had seen "it was expressed that the French King had intended to offer you the papality or patriarchate of France, as the French would no longer obey the Church of Rome. Buclans said to me, 'My lord Cardinal much desired to have the legacy *per inferiorem Germaniam.* If he will have it now, or the patriarchate, I doubt not he shall have it.' I

*Letters and Papers, vol. iv., nos. 3,217, 3,231.

refused to report this, *saying that you would little esteem that thing.*"*

What Wolsey readily wanted is clear from his own letter to Henry of July 29th.

> Daily and hourly musing and thinking on your Grace's great and secret affair, and how the same may come to good effect and desired end, as well for the deliverance of your Grace out of thrauld, pensive, and dolorous life that the same is in, as for the continuance of your health, etc.....I consider the Pope's consent must be gained in case the Queen should decline my jurisdiction, or the application of the Cardinals be had. *For the first the Pope's deliverance will be necessary, for the other the convocation of the Cardinals of France.* The Pope's deliverance cannot be accomplished except by a peace between the Emperor and the French King, which is not likely, considering the high demands of the former. If the Pope were delivered, I doubt not he would easily be induced to do everything to your satisfaction. The Cardinals can meet at no place except Avignon, whither I propose to repair, to devise with them for the government of the Church during the Pope's captivity, *which shall be a good ground and fundament for the effectual execution of your Grace's secret affair.*†

On August 9th Wolsey writes to the King of his meeting with Francis, and mentions that the French King had saluted More and the other important members of the embassy. But of More's own feelings, thoughts, and actions during this time we have no evidence. He must certainly have talked with Fisher, when he stayed at Rochester, but the Bishop's lips were sealed as to "the secret matter." We cannot doubt, however, that a man of such acumen, living close as he did to the very centre of intrigue, understood the nature of Henry's wishes and of Wolsey's willingness to gratify them. The technical aspects of the question would hardly, at this early date, have been within the sphere of his competent judgment, especially as he was a layman, and even theologians were yet doubtful as to facts, and divided in their opinions on the matter.

The embassy returned to England in September. Wolsey's plans for a General Council were not carried out. The King was probably not at all anxious that his minister should acquire further spiritual powers, for the Boleyn influence was waxing, and would soon be strong enough to bring about Wolsey's ruin.

**Letters and Papers,* vol. iv., no. 3,263. †*Ibid.*, no. 3,311.

LIGHT AND SHADE IN ALBANIA.

BY ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

THE Albanians have never formed that ethnical entity which can be called a State, but the tribes have certainly retained such common characteristics as entitle them to be considered a nation. At the bottom of their savagery, there must be some sterling qualities which preserved this nationality through the course of many vicissitudes under various conquerors. Greek, Roman, Servian, Venetian, and finally Turk held nominal sway over the untamable Albanian, but he fused with none, not even after the adoption of Islamism, which enabled him to claim equality with the lordly Turk.

The Albanians have been connected, and have often intermixed, with the Servian race, and Servians like to dwell on the facts that Scanderbeg was the son of a Servian Princess, Voyisava; that his wife, Danitsa, was also a Servian; and that all the documents he ever wrote were in the Servian tongue. The two races are, however, quite distinct, and have been warring with each other for centuries, more fiercely since the advent of the Turk in the Balkan Peninsula and the renunciation by the Albanians of the Christian creed. The number of those who remained faithful is computed at no more than one hundred and twenty thousand by the Catholic Bishop of Nansati; and Bishop Coletti of Sepia, in conversation with a Servian officer, gave it as eighty thousand, if Scutari were lost to Albania. Scutari is supposed to have thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Mohammedan, and only one-third Christian. It is difficult to estimate the population of any Turkish province, and more particularly that of a region wherein the Turkish gendarmes themselves dared not penetrate. Some authorities give five hundred and thirty thousand, and some one million two hundred thousand as the population of Albania, but Nelegoev, a Russian savant and explorer, admits that all figures given by himself, as well as by Austrians, are merely guesses. One thing is agreed upon: Albanians of the orthodox creed are so few as to be a negligible quantity in all schemes for the unification and reconciliation of the race.

Under the name of Illyrians, we first hear of the dwellers on the east Adriatic coast, in the time of Alexander the Great. They were included in the kingdom of Epirus, and, later, were the flower of the Roman Legions during the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, till they came under Servian rule. A Servian king, Vladimir, is interred in the monastery of Elbasan. They passed for a time under Bulgarian sway, and eventually fell to Byzantium. In 1343 the Servian King Stefan Dushan conquered them once more, and towards the close of the fourteenth century they fought with the Slavs and Venetians against the Turks. At the battle of Kossovo, in 1389, they fell in great numbers, but henceforth we do not hear of them among the ranks of those who resisted the conqueror till the advent of their great leader, Scanderbeg.

The fifteenth century is the heroic age of the Albanians. They had continued to form part of a Servian principality, Zetta, a remnant of the Empire destroyed at Kossovo, and were governed by the Catholic Balsha dynasty; but from 1443 to 1467 several tribes coalesced and took for their chief Ivan Castriota, father of George, after Alexander (Xander Beg). The feats of arms which make Scanderbeg's name imperishable are the greatest glory of the Albanians. His short reign, which was a military dictatorship, gave the Turks more trouble than they had had with all the rest of Christendom. Albania's name and fame expired with him, although it is certain that there was a strong Albanian contingent in the Venetian garrison that held Scutari in the Turkish siege of 1478. The most detailed account of the Christian tribes of Albania in modern times is given by a Servian monk, Dosithens Obradovitch, who traveled in 1788 through the mountains to which they had retreated before Turkish tyranny. He was everywhere well received, and spent several months with the Chromovites, a tribe numbering two thousand, who had neither church nor pastor, but still remembered the lessons of Christianity. They knelt to ask the monk's blessing as soon as they saw the cross on his breast, and showed their sense of the necessity for prayer by entreating him to stay with them, as none of the tribe knew well how to pray.

"We will take care of you," they said, "and you will pray for us when we go to fight. We will give you as much mutton as you can eat, and ground corn for your bread, and our young men will fetch cool water for you from the spring."

Dosithens explained that he was obliged to return to his monastery, where he would not forget them, and that he would do

his best to send them a priest. Trouble broke out soon after among the neighboring tribes, and the monk never had occasion to communicate with the Chromovites again.

The Montenegrin Servians and the Albanians of Malessia were constantly engaged in border fights till 1892, when a pact was made at Vinitza, a small village, to renounce the vendetta. One of each nation advanced hand in hand and threw a stone into the Drin saying: "So long as this stone lies at the bottom of the river will our pact remain." The relations between the two peoples have been friendly ever since, and the Malissoris, who rebelled against the ordinance of the Young Turks three years ago, found a refuge in Montenegro when their tyrants attempted reprisals. At the time of Bosnia's annexation by Austria, the Montenegrins could easily have occupied Scutari if it depended on the will of the citizens. The idea of uniting the peoples once more under one ruler had existed among the Krasnitsh, Gashi, Befish tribes of Albania and their cousins, the Montenegrin clans of Bielopavlitch, Kutchim and Vassoyevitch since 1833, when together they enabled Bishop Peter II. to wrest Podgoritza from the Turks. In the recent war the Malissoris fought under King Nicholas' banner, and made common cause with the Balkan Allies, while the Mirdite tribe maintained a more neutral attitude. The Mirdites are noted for fealty to their Catholic faith and loyalty to the Sultan.

This tribe represents the best elements of the Albanian nation and of the Catholics. The Mirdites claim descent from the early Dukajin tribe, whose chief, Leka, gave the famous code that regulates the blood-feud, or vendetta, which is still adhered to by Christian and Mohammedan alike. In 1467 the Mirdites fought with such fury against the Turks that they were left in peace for many decades, while their brethren were still persecuted. The dynasty which held them together owes its origin to the Pope, who, in writing to the chief of the Mirdites, gave him the title of Princeps, and expressed a hope that his son would follow his father's good example. This was enough to make the rulership hereditary, and it has remained so for three centuries.

John Marko is the legendary hero of the Mirdites. He lived for battle, and died leading a charge against the Turks. Most of his successors had the same fate. Marko's family enjoyed such prestige that other tribes made the Prince of the Mirdites their arbiter in thorny questions. The famous despot of Lower Albania, Ali Pasha Tepelen of Yanina, treated with the Mirdites

as with equals. More than once they helped to subdue their kin, the orthodox Albanians called Suliotes, and it was in the tent of the Mirdite chief, Lesh-i-Ziy (Alexander the Dark) that the Suliote leader, Botsarno, was slain.

Lesh-i-Ziy was then governing the tribe, in lieu of his nephew, Kola. He took part in many combats, fighting sometimes in the Turkish ranks and sometimes in those of their enemies. Finally he was taken prisoner by the Sultan; and Kola then assumed the power which rightfully belonged to him. Kola threw in his lot completely with the Turks, fought for them at home and in Asia Minor, and was covered with honors and distinctions. The three sons of Lesh, jealous of their father's fame, conspired to get rid of Kola, and obtain Lesh's release and reinstatement as chief of the tribe. This came to the ears of Kola, who caused all three to be slain in one night. Meantime, the Turkish government, having reason to be discontented with Kola, played him the bad turn of setting Lesh free, knowing he would work retribution. Lesh returned to Oroshi, his native place, full of the desire for vengeance, but he was met on the road by the Abbot Bishop and all the priests of the tribe, who conjured him to forgive Kola. Lesh was truly affected by the exhortations of the devoted clergy, and he consented not only to pardon the murderer of his children, but to embrace him in public. Uncle and nephew lived in amity for a time, but the consciousness of his failure to execute the first duty of the tribal law began to weigh heavy on Lesh, and he finally succumbed to the rule of Dukadin. One day after they had dined together, he stabbed Kola to death. This was as late as 1837.

The Albanians have always been a law unto themselves. An Austrian tourist, Karl Steinmetz, relates that he saw a noted brigand, Osman Mullah, walking freely in the streets of Jakovitsa, having returned from "perpetual banishment" in Asia Minor. The Turkish authorities were only too pleased that he left them unmolested. He had formerly slain nine soldiers sent to arrest him. In Jakovitsa every merchant and tradesman has a revolver on the counter, and a gun hangs on the wall within reach. The servant of the Catholic priest, says Steinmetz, was the sole survivor of a family of twenty-two members who had succumbed to the law of the blood-feud.

A stranger in these regions is viewed with mistrust, particularly if he wears a hat *(shapkali)* and not a fez. When accompanied by a "Faud," however, he is sacred, and treated as an honored guest.

The Fauds are a branch of the Mirdite tribe who have settled in the plains round Jakovitsa, and maintained their ground among the Mohammedans by practising such fierce retaliation for attack that they are now respected and unmolested. They never attack first; are quiet, industrious tillers of the soil, and known to keep their word, "bessa," inviolate. There are forty Faud families in Jakovitsa, all practising Catholics. It was a group of Fauds who elected to die with Mehmed Ali Pasha, because they had undertaken to be his bodyguard when he came to Jakovitsa to restore order, and although they were invited to save themselves and leave him to his fate—he was massacred by the Mohammedan Albanians—they refused, and were hewn down by his side, martyrs to the "bessa" they had given him. All Albanian Catholics are not of this calibre. Many hang to their faith by a mere thread, and pass from Catholicity to orthodoxy or Islamism, and back again as it suits them. The mentality of these oppressed and demoralized tribes is a poor asset for the re-conversion of the land to Christianity, and the hatred between Mohammedan and Christian is so deadly, that the prospect of a united state composed of these conflicting elements is not promising.

A Servian officer who took part in the Albanian campaign told me his Mohammedan guides stopped at the river Drin, and refused to accompany him any further. They had never crossed to the other side, and could give no information about the inhabitants, except that they were Christians. The Servians had to proceed with their own scouts in this unknown land, which was not entirely Christian, as they soon learned to their cost. The villages of Patchran and Pistoli, the first Mohammedan, the second Christian, existed side by side in mortal feud since the memory of man. A Servian scout came first on Patchran, and accosted an Albanian whom he saw cutting branches on the outskirts of the village. To his inquiry in halting Albanian: "Shum Turaka?" ("Any Mohammedans here?") he got the laconic answer, "Pak" ("A few"). He then asked if the Servian troops would be allowed to pass unmolested, and the Albanian said distinctly three times, "Po, Po, Po" ("Yes"). The scout then made sign to him to walk by his horse's side through the dirty narrow lane that formed the street of the village, and the Albanian did so. Four or five others now came forward, and corroborated the first man's assurance that the Servians were free to pass that way and purchase provender. Next day an entire squadron acting on this informa-

tion rode through the village, and was fired at from every door and window. The instant a soldier fell the Albanians darted out and hacked him with knives, which gave the Servians a chance of retaliation. The rest of the troops soon came up and bombarded the village to the great joy of the men of Pistoli, who now appeared on the scene and wreaked the vengeance of centuries on their foes. They begged the Servians to allow them to wipe out Patchran for ever, but promised that the fugitives from the burning village would not be slain on their way to the nearest Mohammedan centre. In the Balkan War there have been several striking examples of Mohammedan readiness to sacrifice life for the sake of the place in heaven which awaits the slayer of a "giaour" (unbeliever). This scout told me he frequently saw a Mohammedan deliberately court death by shooting a Servian soldier, knowing that the moment after he would himself be riddled with bullets. The two creeds survive in Albania by mutual avoidance of contact. The Mohammedans are always the aggressors, and, as a rule, it is they who terrorize. On the river Matsi, north of Durazzo, a number of marauders were singled out of a crowd of prisoners in the Servian camp by the Catholic priest of the place, who detailed the outrages they had committed on his flock. At his behest all were executed.

The hamlets of Kosmatch and Ashti near Scutari are another instance of Albanian "fraternity." The Catholic Bishop of Alessio, in his visits to Ashti, was obliged to make a long round, so as to avoid the environs of Kosmatch, a nest of Mohammedans. The men of Ashti and Kosmatch shot at each other whenever they met, but this duty was obviated by the use of different paths to the valley below when they left the shelter of their villages. After the defeat of the Turks near Alessio, the Servians advanced quickly to seize Kosmatch, but they found it a mass of smoking ruins. The men of Ashti had been before them, and the Servians were incensed at the destruction of large stores of hay that would have been of value to the cavalry convoy. The Servian commander was amused at the effrontery of the plunderers, who offered to sell him the flocks they had driven off at the approach of the victors; but a more equitable arrangement was made with regard to these spoils of war by the mediation of the Bishop. All the inhabitants of Kosmatch had fled to Scutari, imperfectly surrounded at that time by the Montenegrins, except one family consisting of an aged man, his wife, and a grandson of eight, who already described himself as a "Turk." The Mohammedan Albanians invariably call themselves

" Turks," and are thus designated by their Christian compatriots. This family was given the protection of a Servian guard, and made itself useful in many ways to the troops of occupation, its only fear being to fall into the hands of the men of Ashti.

The Servian detachment at Kosmatch had strict orders not to engage in any combat while their numbers were so inferior, and this quiescence encouraged the garrison of Scutari to make raids on Ashti for food supplies. The Servian commander, finding Ashti could become also a point of strategic importance for the enemy, resolved to destroy it, and warned the villagers to remove their belongings, and remain behind the Servian positions until the fall of Scutari. They did so, compensation for their ruined dwellings being distributed as usual according to the advice of the Bishop. The burning of an Albanian village is an easy matter, for the walls of the houses are of mud and the roof of thatch. There is little or no furniture. Burning each other's villages is a favorite pastime of Mohammedan and Christian Albanians, but the damage done is not considerable.

The Malissori tribe in these regions do not call themselves Albanians but " Catholics," so that the name has come to be considered as a kind of nationality. The men have a cross tattoed on their arm and the women on their breast. At the approach of the Servian troops the Malissoris ran to meet them, calling out " Catholic! Catholic! " and rubbing back their sleeves to show the hidden cross. Throughout the period of occupation they behaved as friends and allies, doing every good turn but that of helping in pitched battle. The Servian relay post between Durazzo and Alessio was, on one occasion, attacked by the " Turks," and eight cavalrymen were besieged in a hut for several days. The Catholics who heard of it ran at night to inform the Servians at Durazzo, and a relieving force was dispatched, which arrived just in time. The besieged postmen were not only hungry, but had used up their ammunition in keeping at bay the Mohammedan Albanians who tried to set fire to the hut.

The Servians got full appreciation for the manner in which they preserved order, protected life and property wherever they were quartered, and paid for whatever they requisitioned. In a speech by the Bishop of Nansati on February 15th, the Servian commander was thanked for his generosity and prudence in dealing with the Albanians. A sum of money, gift of the Servian Red Cross Society, was distributed by the Bishop and his four assistant priests to the families whose homes had been destroyed by Risa

Beg, then Governor of Scutari, and on this occasion the recipients cheered loudly for their "deliverers." The Servians soon realized, nevertheless, that the clergy of Albania owed allegiance to Austria, and that the blood shed by Servians for the freedom of Albania would not alter that allegiance. Austria has certainly done much for religion among the Catholic tribes. In the village of Nansati there is a handsome church built by the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose features are supposed to be reproduced in the picture of St. Francis that hangs over the altar.

An Albanian Bishop is a fine military-looking figure, generally under forty, with a smart gold-braided cap, moustaches brushed upward at the points, dark purple soutane, and an authoritative mien. He is sure to speak fluent Italian, and to be a highly-cultured man. His orders are strictly obeyed, except in the remote parts of his diocese, where they may still come in conflict with the retributive laws of Dukadin. The Servians were much impressed at the ecclesiastical discipline, unknown to themeslves, evident among the Catholic Albanians, as well as at the regular attendance at Mass of people who came miles over the mountains, and had to start long before dawn. The celebration at Easter was imposing in Alessio, in spite of poverty and primitive conditions. The Albanian flag (a black eagle on a red ground, above a white cross) waved from the little church spire, and the bell rang loudly after a silence of centuries. The church is a modest structure, dating from 1240, but well preserved. Over the altar is a fine old painting of the Annunciation, which has a rent in the middle, due to a Turkish sword slash. This rent is a reminder that the cross on the Catholic Albanian flag must be replaced by the crescent, or simply eliminated, if there is to be any pretense of harmony in the new autonomous Albania.

The women enter the church first, and kneel on the stone floor in front of the altar. The men have low wide stools on which to squat as well as kneel. Mass is said in Latin, and at its close an Albanian hymn was sung with fervor on this occasion. Father Seraphim, the officiating priest, told the strangers that it was called "Vai in Kagnout," which means "The Sorrows of Jesus," and the first verse runs thus:

Krushti dashtom mekouop
Ci fay tur kush tesflernoy.
(Dear loving Lord Whom I bound
With cords as is done to thieves.)

After the hymn came the sermon, which treated of the Resurrection, and the preacher also alluded to current events, advising his flock to be peaceful, patient, and confident, for these virtues were especially suited to their circumstances. Permission was asked from the Servian commander for the congregation to fire off their rifles in honor of the day. It was given on condition that there were to be no shots on the road home, as there was danger of rousing and irritating the Mohammedans in the environs. The firing was done outside the church door, Father Seraphim leading off with the first shot, as delighted as a child. Such volleys were never heard before in Alessio, except during the Mohammedan feast of Bairam.

An Albanian of Nishli, named Zef (Joseph) Mala invited a group of the Servians to visit him, and they proceeded to his village in the course of the afternoon. The houses were similar to those of the Mohammedan Albanians on the other side of the river Drin, poor structures of two stories, the lower for cattle, the upper for the family. The latter is reached by an outside staircase, and consists of but one apartment. Through the defective plank floor the odor of the stables ascends and vitiates the air. There are no windows, but light comes from loopholes in the wall, which serve chiefly as gun rests whence to fire on the enemy outside. There is no chimney, so that when fire is made in winter the smoke gathers in a thick mass near the ceiling.

It was at once evident that all Zef's household were Christians, for the hostess and her daughters and sons came with him to the gate of the enclosure to receive the guests. The interior too gave an impression of civilization superior to what the Servians had seen in Mohammedan dwellings. There were strips of carpet and cushions on the floors, a picture of St. Nicola on the walls, and plank shelves at one end of the room. Cigarettes and small Turkish bowls of coffee were served to the guests as soon as they had seated themselves on the cushions. The Albanians sat cross-legged on the floor, but not like the Turks, for they first knelt, and then let the weight of their bodies rest on their heels. The women did not sit, nor take any part in the conversation, which was carried on by means of an interpreter. Zef behaved with great politeness. He complimented the Servians on their victory over the Turks, and said Albanians would be forever grateful to them. He remarked on the similarity of many words in the Servian and the Albanian languages, and said the two peoples should henceforth live in amity. The Servian custom of the "Slava," celebrating the feast of a

patron saint, existed among many Albanian tribes. Zef himself celebrated the feast of St. Nicola after the manner of the Catholics in the villages near Prisren, who make a candle the height of the master of the house, and let it burn three days and three nights before the ikon of the patron saint. As many cakes are made as there are members of the family—male, of course, for the females do not count. When an Albanian Catholic swears by his Slava candle, it is the most binding oath he can take. Should he fail to keep it, his cattle must be slain, and not even his nearest relatives may address a word to him for three years. These are the penalties introduced by the pastors who are endeavoring to oust by degrees the Draconian laws of Dukadin. With the Mohammedan Albanians an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth continues to be the dogma of justice that governs their relations with each other.

The few months of the Servian occupation of Albania have brought these two Balkan peoples closer together, and laid the foundation for a better understanding in the future. The Bishop of Alessio, in bidding the Servian commander farewell, said that his flock had never enjoyed a period of such peace and prosperity as during the sojourn of the Servian troops among them.

POETS.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

VAIN is the chiming of forgotten bells
That the wind sways above a ruined shrine.
Vainer his voice in whom no longer dwells
Hunger that craves immortal Bread and Wine.

Light songs we breathe that perish with our breath
Out of our lips that have not kissed the rod.
They shall not live who have not tasted death.
They only sing who are struck dumb by God.

WAHWOUNI.

BY "OLIVER."

I.

IT fell to my lot to place a balancing weight of stones in the bows of the canoes before launching them again on the lake. This last leg of our course would take us diagonally across four miles of exposed water to our permanent camp, so cosily hidden under the pines on the other shore of Baskahegan. Peol had all morning been predicting a stiff wind when the day would be older, so that it behoved us now to hasten our departure; for the crossing of the lake in a birch canoe was at most times a matter of luck or chance, so well known were its winds and cross currents. Hitherto we had been following a sheltered shore, on the surface of a mirror which the lea of a close forest on our left created in the calm of early morning; but outside, on our right, we could already perceive a ruffling of the water, with now and then the hint of a white cap.

We had come a good distance—counting in a troublesome portage—and breakfast had been a welcome and restful meal. Peol was now busy collecting his "cookin' tools" preparatory to our departure. Thus it fell to me, as I have already observed, to fit our boats to the venturesome voyage ahead of us. A birch canoe is a parlous and precarious support when waves run high; she must balance to a hair, or there is likely to be a catastrophe; to steer her at all in a head wind she must hold well to the water at the bows. If she be allowed to ride high in such circumstances, no man living—no, not even Peol—can keep her on her course. So I chose the counterpoising stones with care from the beach, where they lay waterwashed since the prehistoric days when the Abenaki first camped on Baskahegan.

As we swung out I was gratified to note that the old chief—at no time an easy mentor in the exactions of a canoe—after a few strokes settled down to work, evidently satisfied with the set of his boat. He took the lead, as usual—if there was going to be a rough time I should be quite content in his wake.

The freshness of early morning was over everything; the sun shone intermittingly, however, through level clouds which appeared to hurry across the sky; the great plane of water ahead darkened ominously, rising up to meet us as we left the shore behind us. On our left, the leafy verdure of the forest, from the sky line down to the drab and narrow beach, made a slope of velvet carpet which in the joy and greenness of its colors no human weaver could imitate. Away off, on the other shore, a diminished perspective of forest showed a flatter and more habitable region, and there our camp awaited us.

Peol was evidently anxious to get across. He plied his paddle with a vigor which I could easily interpret, but not so comfortably emulate; I could imagine him reaching our quarters far ahead of me, and, meeting me on the beach, inquire with great pretense of curiosity where I had been. Much to my own mystification, however, my canoe kept steadily in his wake, while his plunged and labored heavily; still there was as yet no wind to signify.

"Eat him too much breakfast for one good Indian," he threw at me, as my bow nosed in on him. "This old canoe is surely sick."

Now I knew that his was a new canoe, and that he was much attached to it for its seaworthy qualities.

"Perhaps she's down too heavy by the head," I replied; "I may have weighted her too heavily." For I could now see how sluggishly she rose to the sea—to me she appeared waterlogged.

At this moment a gust of wind which had strayed somewhere from the hills behind us on a frolic, came down upon us, but being of uncertain mind, as most lake winds are apt to be, lost its bearings and struck up slantingly across the bows. I had all I could manage to keep my course, Peol's bark wriggled precisely like a snake which hides itself in the grass. This was the signal for the play of winds to begin. They circled, they squared, down the centre, up the sides, changed partners, bowed, rested, and renewed the dance. The white caps followed, and then the inrush of greater waves; my canoe tossed about so willfully that I could hardly tell which end of my paddle was in the water. Still I held my course, and my gunnels ran even with Peol's. Suddenly with a snap, like the crack of a whip, a wedge of wind came between us, and actually pushed me backward. I could feel the impact like the powerful pressure of some unseen hand. My canoe backed away in the stress as if she were some living thing frighted; there was indeed

something unusually mischievous, nay malignant, in the purposes of the wind. As for Peol, when I recovered headway sufficiently to take heed of him, he was in the very centre of a maelstrom, if I may employ the word. His canoe had slanted so far from her course as no longer to be easily brought back to it, held as she was by the wind across her bow, although Peol was making a desperate effort to bring her to. Spume and spray shot up around him, drenching him, I could see, and no doubt falling into his boat.

I hastened as best I could to his succor, if succor he needed. The grimness of the fighter was on his face, but behind it an utterly unchecked amazement. I could see the question in his eyes and on his lips. What under high heaven had come over his boat? Like some wayward creature, she refused to answer his efforts, countervailing as they must have been to the pressure on her bow. And all the time the winds fought around us, and sought in their blind ways to send us to the bottom.

"Here's for the shore," I shouted at the pitch of my voice —it would be just like Peol to fight there until he was upset. I knew that if I turned back he would have to do so; we were both in real danger. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, I turned the bow of my bark shoreward and rode in on the combers. Peol followed, as I knew he would, and thus in a few moments we were back almost where we had started from.

"That was a close one," I cried cheerily to him as his canoe splashed heavily on the shore by mine. I knew he was feeling humiliated. "What can be wrong with your canoe?"

"Bewitched, I think. I know of nuthin' else. She won't ride, she won't bail, she won't steer—just lie like a log in the water and shake her head. Fit only for a trout stream," he wound up in utter disgust. Having thus relieved his feelings, he added in a milder tone, "We have to catamaran or stay here without dinner."

The most commonplace observer could at once infer that the old chief had no thought of missing his dinner; for he was soon, axe in hand, among the young saplings seeking two suitable poles with which to parallel our canoes, catamaran fashion.

In the meanwhile I directed my attention to his canoe, to solve if possible the mystery of its vagaries. To this end I began to remove the stones from the bow. I was so occupied when, as I turned to drop on the ground a peculiarly shaped stone which had at the outset attracted my attention, my action was arrested by a cry of alarm from Peol. He was close to me by this time, a pole

in each hand; he seemed to have uttered the cry without knowing he did so. I dropped the strange stone to the ground, and looked from it to the Indian. It might have been some poisonous reptile, so disgustedly—and yet not without alarm—did Peol fix his eyes upon it.

It was a common bit of feldspar, rudely fashioned into the form of a truncated pyramid, not more than six inches in height; had its base been strictly circular, the diameter would not have exceeded eight inches. Apart from its unusual shape, there was one other curious thing about it: in the flat top a round well had been sunk, obviously to hold water—there was still some in it. I turned to Peol for an explanation, and then stopped to lift the stone.

"Stop!" he cried in no uncertain accents. "I know it now. That's one devil stone—one devil of the old time. He lives in that stone; *aoutem* they call him long ago. He come out sometime and tell my people when trouble come, where good huntin,' how to fight the enemy. Sometimes good, sometimes bad—no tellin'."

"He was pretty vicious a moment ago," I could not forbear remarking, "if it was he who raised all that pother on the lake."

"Yes, he bad now," Peol admitted, still keeping at a respectful distance from the stone. "He want to drown me because we disturb him and take him away from his place here," making a gesture towards the shore.

"And so this is the wretch who has been raising all the sea and wind against us," I exclaimed sarcastically. "What do you call him?"

"They call him Wahwouni in the olden time," Peol answered. "Because he never forget. This lake is his lake—Baskahegan, spirit lake. He live here, no man know where till you find him—better lose him quick." There could be no mistaking Peol's earnestness.

"Wahwouni? That's a sweet name for such a vicious spirit," I remarked nonchalantly, bending over, and at the same time making the sign of the cross on the stone. Peol understood my action, but shook his head. "It takes prayer and fasting to drive that devil out," he muttered. "He too long time there."

Now whether it was imagination or the wash of the waves on the canoe that made the sound, I clearly heard a hiss, subdued but sharp, and what I might for lack of a better word call

bitter. Likewise it may have been only the nuance of a passing cloud, but a shadow passed over and out of the stone, leaving it pallid and dry. As I said, this may have been pure imagination in me. I now picked up the stone, and, judging it politic to make light of the Indian's superstition, I inquired the purpose of the hole or circular depression in the top. "Is that his eye, Peol, do you believe?"

"That holdem water," he answered, retreating with most ungraceful agility when I held the stone out for his inspection. "Our sorcerer see things there—things which going to happen. He readem future, he readem past, all in that little pool. I lookem in there I might see things, too, things I no like to see. My fathers saw queer sights in that stone, perhaps I see 'em too. Throw him away, lose him quick," he entreated. "We have no time to waste if we cross the lake." With an outward show of bravery and indifference, he proceeded to the work on hand, but I could see him keep a sharp eye on the stone.

I had no idea, however, of losing my find so quickly. It was not every day that one picked up a stone with such marvelous powers, and such a singular history as this. I proposed that we should carry it into camp with us. As to any present preternatural power which Wahwouni, this spirit stone, might possess, I was openly skeptical. I knew that in the minds of the superstitious the idols of the Orient still retained their mysterious power, which was generally of a malignant cast. Moreover, I had the words of the Psalmist that the gods of the heathen were demons; still I could not bring myself to admit that possibly this instrument of a blind superstition could at this day still work evil. It was a curio, and I would keep it.

But I had not reckoned with the superstitious repugnance of my guide. He refused to be coaxed or cajoled into accepting the stone as a shipmate during the hazardous run across to our encampment. It had already come near sending us to the bottom; it had put enmity in his heart against his good canoe, which was like a wife to him; it had turned him back in shame, broken in spirit, overcome by the waves of a lake which he had crossed in all weathers since he was a boy—no, he would have none of it. Now that he knew the reason of his defeat, that his mind was relieved, and that he could look himself in the face again and not be ashamed, he would take no new chances.

"If you still want him," he concluded, "leave him here, and

get him when you go home. Wahwouni, now that he's found, do no good lying round here. How can I tell you long story about him and him listenin' in camp?"

This naïve intimation that he would reward me with a story if I were generous enough to respect his wishes, was, as he fully expected, a conclusive argument in his favor. Peol's stories were ever too good to be missed on account of a mean conjuring stone, especially as the stone itself would, no doubt, figure in the narrative. Already I could picture the camp fire lazying under the pines, Peol sitting comfortably with his back against a log, his belt and hunting knife dangling within reach overhead, while the shadows gathered and the departing sun was hidden from us, except where its farewell shafts spread over the lake like a benediction, and gentled the waters. An owl might interrupt from the forest near us, or perhaps a cawquaw rustle in the underbrush, but I should listen in great contentment of spirit, for Peol's tales of the ancient days, "before white man come to spoil good huntin'," were replete with quaint and savage interest. Nevertheless I hid Wahwouni in my sweater when his back was turned, and religiously sat upon it during our trip across the lake. Much against our expectations, the crossing was made without trouble or incident. Our canoes, like well-matched steeds, behaved admirably in harness—Peol's bark rode the waves like a thing of life. For the time being, obviously, our demon had lost his grip.

II.

Peol was at some pains to admonish me that his story was dangerously out of season. It was a tale to be told by the winter fireside only, when the spirits of wood and wold were closely imprisoned in the frost and ice of grass and flower and tree; it was no talk for an evening in August, beneath listening pines and the water lilies not yet closed for the night—not to speak of the sinister and vindictive demon of the lake, whose servants these lesser spirits were.

Altogether he gave the impression that he was venturing on dangerous ground, and was rudely ignoring tribal comity towards the spirits. A misgiving in turn now possessed me. What if this Wahwouni—who never forgot an insult—should deliberately walk in on us—or rather out on us, for in my hurry I had placed him

on the edge of my washstand in my tent—and punish Peol's temerity?

Out of deference, then, to the spirits the Indian related his tale *pianissimo,* as it were; for the old chief, despite his Christianity, was every whit as firm a believer in those old-time credulities of his tribe as any of his pagan ancestors had been. From them no doubt he had inherited this inalienable superstition; for in line of direct and legitimate descent he represented one of the noted families of the Abenakis; his forbears had been chiefs and leaders time out of mind, and he himself was still chief and sagamore, official depositary likewise of tribal history and what we are pleased to call folklore.

I will put his story into such English as I can command. Peol's English was quaint and commatic, so that what this tale may lose in picturesqueness of diction may be atoned for by its greater clearness and intelligibility. Again, I may be forgiven too if in places I skip portions of his narrative, with the hope thus of not tiring my readers unduly, for Peol was apt to be specific in his descriptions of trails and movements with which the reader can have no concern. So we sit around, in every posture of comfort, and listen while he calls up unwritten memories of the olden days.

"The winter had been a presage of unaccountable things; out of the ordinary in the contrariety of its unseasonable mildness. There was little snow and much rain, with a tantalizing uncertainty between whiles as to whether it meant to snow or rain. In consequence the lakes and rivers refused to freeze over; hunting and trapping became impossible; and more than one life was sacrificed to accident. Happily the larger game did not retire to the hilly country, so that moose and deer were plentiful on the plains. The unseasonableness of the weather might therefore have been neglected as an omen, had it not been for the strange aspect of the sun. It was that which depressed our old men. In the mornings he rose sluggishly, as if dragging himself unwillingly out of bed, and often with strange illuminations of bloody red; throughout the day he ran his course in a leaden sky, now with the burning heat of August, again like a painted fire which gives no heat.

"Here was, indeed, a distressing and significant presage of evil to come. To increase the general anxiety, the forests which in summer delighted the eye with their greenness, blackened as if death had touched them as he passed. At first, roots and shrubs and trees, misled by the prevailing mildness and goaded by those un-

natural swells of heat, sent up sap and then burgeoned and blossomed into leaf, only to have their premature offerings blackened and killed by intervening frosts. Not disheartened by this first mischance, the poor things, under the inflammation of a succeeding spell of heat, again removed their leafing; to be again set back, their sap wasted, and their lives put in jeopardy. Blackened and decrepit, they saddened the outlook; only the evergreens and the few hardwoods which bud late remained to soften the mourning of the forests.

"In the tribe, too, many unnatural occurrences came to awe and dismay the weak of heart. Dreams of frightful augury were of nightly occurrence; strong men died suddenly, without warning; children were born of monstrous shapes, so that their mothers disowned them; while over all the land brooded the dark expectancy of impending tragedy. As a climax to the general distress, runners brought in tidings of a woeful plague among the Micmacs, and that our other allies, the Malicetes, were stricken with some strange distemper. Report said that the salmon were dying on the shores of the Ouigoudi. Rain had long ceased to fall, the earth, parched and thirsty, glowered in the sunshine of spring when it should have smiled and rejoiced; rivers knew no rush of great waters, and our lakes seethed and muddied from the bottom.

"There was a great outcry for the *aoutmoin,* or sorcerers, to consult the spirits; but the sorcerers were helpless, for the spirits refused to speak. The chiefs were anxious to know what to do. Should the tribe remain in its present position or retire to its great hunting grounds far away in the depths of the northern woods? Still no answer came. The young warriors and all who loved novelty and adventure clamored for the change, but the old men clung to their homes and refused to go. So by general consent it was left to the head chief, who was also the great *aoutmoin,* and knew the spirits best, to call up the demon of the tribe—men dared not call upon him heedlessly—and ask his guidance.

"Thus it happened that the devil stone, Wahwouni"—here Peol made a silent gesture with his pipe to the farther shore—"was brought."

At this conjuncture a most untimely racket arose within my tent, the flap of which was held back. A sharp squeal, followed by a muffled fall, frightened rustlings among the spruce bows that formed my bed, brought me to my feet. I hurried within, drawing

the flap close after me; somehow I had a premonition that Wahwouni was bestirring himself. Sure enough, he was down on the ground near the door, beneath my feet, while the saucy flirt of a privileged tail and the cunning glance of two sharp eyes discovered to me the cause of the disturbance. A large gray squirrel, which had grown to be a pet with me, in its search for a stray bit of lump sugar, had unwittingly upset Wahwouni from his precarious eminence. Hastily bundling him among the blankets, and making a pretense of chasing the squirrel, I made noise enough to acquaint Peol with the cause of the disturbance. Still I could not divert my mind from the thought that Wahwouni had tried to come out and interrupt him.

"They brought out Wahwouni"—Peol resumed, having relighted his pipe in the meantime, "from the sacred recess where he was kept, and with him the framework of the conjuror's hut in which Nadoga, the chief, would consult the spirit. On such a day of expectancy the whole tribe assembled. It was a serious occasion, and one which might not occur again within the span of a man's life. From all the outlying encampments, therefore, men hurried in so as not to lose the spectacle. Babies at the breast were brought that it might be said in later days that they were present when Wahwouni spoke last to his people. My grandmother told me that her great-grandmother had told her mother how shaken and terrified old Nadoga the sorcerer was that day—as well he might, for Wahwouni had a reputation for temper and violence; a sorcerer consulting him was likely to be left unconscious for hours afterward. He bade his family good-bye in a sorrowful frame of mind, and, with Wahwouni on his arm, entered his conjuring hut. Around, at a respectful distance, the chiefs and warriors were gathered in circles according to dignity, and behind them the women and children.

"Nadoga was lost to view amid the stillness of the people. In a little while those who were nearest could hear him talk as if to himself. For some minutes there was silence, and then he groaned loudly as if his heart would break. Then he appeared to rouse himself; the sides and corners of the hut began to quiver and sway; a seething sound like the falling of water on a red-hot stone followed; vapor-like steam mounted through the opening at the top; the structure danced round and round in circles; and finally flew into the air as if thrown by some mighty hand. Nadoga lay on the ground in full view, unconscious, while from the stone

at his side a white vapor arose, which quickly enveloped him. The crowd, awe-struck, fell on their faces, from chief to stripling, and from out the steam cloud came a voice—which was not the voice of Nadoga:

"'Seek ye, O children of the seashore, another home far from the rumbling of the sea, for there comes a spirit whom we cannot resist. I would save you from his power, for he would make women of you. Plague and death have come to the Ouigoudi and to the shores of the Micmacs, the earth is drying up, the sun shines in anger, the rain has forgotten to fall, because of his coming. Save yourselves, O Abenaki, before it is too late.'

"The voice was dying away, in a moment the presence would be gone. Then did Mauwesta a daring deed, which won him renown in after years. Rising while still the echoes of the spirit voice were carrying on the breeze, he put the question which was in every mind:

"'O Spirit, when shall we return to these homes of our people?'

"Like the echo of a voice in the summer evening when the speaker speaks lightly, forgetting that any one listens, came the answer:

"'When a virgin maid of the Abenaki shall lead great warriors by a thread, and bring their scalps to your knives, then shall you return with joy,' the voice trailed off into the wail of a child, and floated on the breeze to the depths of the forest.

"The multitude lifted their heads with a sigh, which traveled from rank to rank. The cloud was gone; Nadoga stood erect, rubbing his eyes like a man who had awakened from a deep sleep. Suddenly his hands went out before his face, as if he would shut out something he did not wish to see. 'Canoes! Canoes!' he cried, 'four abreast—O men of the Abenaki, must a woman die to save us?' And then he fell like one dead, and they carried him away. But the stone, Wahwouni, still lay upon the ground.

"Some of the knowing ones afterward claimed that they knew from Nadoga's sorrow that day who the maid would be; but that was after the fact, when it is always easy to know things.

"I am mighty glad," said Peol in an altered voice, as if he no longer courted secrecy for his story, "I am mighty glad to be quit of Wahwouni henceforth in this story. I have not felt well since I began to tell it—sort of uncomfortable as if he were somewhere near threatening me."

And I was in turn glad that Wahwouni was well wrapped in

the blankets. No doubt he had heard Peol's tale, nevertheless, so far. What form his vengeance may take against the old man, I cannot foresee, but I have a steady premonition that he will do something awkward.

III.

"Which route the tribe took to reach its new hunting grounds in the north country, does not matter much to this story," Peol resumed. "It is not likely that, with the plague among the Malicetes, they would go by the Ouigoudi, although that trail, which they called the Medoctic, was a favorite one. On the shores of the lake which is now called Squawpan, they built their council house. There they dwelt in the heart of a country overspread with lakes and streams, resting one arm on the Ouigoudi, the other on the Allegash and Penobscot. The rivers were full of fish, the forests abounded in game, rain fell in generous showers; and while the women missed their garden vegetables, another year would bring abundance. Thus the tribe settled down to their new life, away from the rote of the sea which they loved. The country, it is true, was not unknown to them; it had been theirs for centuries, and so all the more resignedly they now accepted it.

"But always they grieved for the homes they had left, particularly the aged people, who could not so easily accept new things and changes. The decree of Wahwouni barred the way, however, together with fear of the plague, the rusting of the land, and the strange spirit which would make them women. Still the longing could not be driven from their hearts. The strange and what appeared impossible condition, on the fulfillment of which their return would be permitted, gave still less hope of speedy relief. No enemy was in sight, whose defeat and destruction at the hand of a young girl would verify the prophecy. North and west of them the Hurons and Algonquins held the ridge of highlands to the great river and beyond, but these tribes never had been their enemies. How then should their emancipation be effected? And so the outlook for an early return was disheartening. Still the life of the tribe went on unbroken. Children were born, and men died, and love-making on the shores of the lake never ceased in the evenings when the maidens drew water from the springs.

"To keep the minds of the people occupied, scouts were sent among the Hurons and Algonquins to discover whether any war

spirit possessed these tribes against the Abenaki, but no such spirit could be found. The Hurons rather were incensed against the Mengwe of the west, who had been making bold forays against the Andastes of the Adirondacks, and had even encroached on the Huron hunting grounds. But these were rumors which had but little interest for our people. Within their own confederacy they were known as the fence around the bear trap—they kept the hostile tribes of the south at bay until the other allies—the Malicetes and Micmacs—could come into the fight. So they dismissed the story of the raiding Mengwe—if they gave it thought at all—and busied themselves in security with their home affairs.

" Besides, winter was now close at hand, and the hunters were making ready for the season's work. Some would take their families with them, others would leave them behind, the unmarried men would hunt and trap in companies; to all it was a time of hurry and preparation. At this moment when the thoughts of the tribe were so fully occupied, came in runners, breathless with a wonderful tale of men with white skins—white as the frilling bark of the birch, who had come in great canoes like council houses and met the Micmacs. They were dressed in strange garments, and their canoes spouted fire and thunder. They had come from the sea to the mouth of the Ouigoudi after crossing the bay of waves, and were now in the waters of the Abenaki building an encampment.

" This alarming news spread like fire in dry brush. The warriors hastened to the council hall to learn the meaning of the incredible tale. In their presence the runners repeated their tidings of the wonderful events which were happening down by the sea in the ancient seats of the tribe. The assembly listened in dumb surprise. Was this tale true? Could it be true? Nadoga questioned the messengers. They adhered to their story, and added that rumor among the Malicetes said that the Micmacs had welcomed the newcomers because their chief, Membertou, now one hundred winters old, had met such white men in his youth, and made a treaty of peace with them; the strangers had renewed the pact, and given the Micmacs presents of great worth.

" The disquieting fact remained, nevertheless, that the newcomers, however peaceable they might be or acceptable to the Micmacs, were about to occupy Abenaki territory. The hot blood of the tribe grew hotter at the thought. The younger warriors boldly proclaimed their intention to return in a body and dispossess the invaders; the older men temporized and urged the need of

counsel and more definite knowledge. All turned to Nadoga, priest of Wahwouni, who had suffered this injury to the tribe.

"His words were reassuring. Had not their guiding spirit—who never failed them in times of difficulty—had he not sent them to their present hunting ground expressly to save them from the stronger spirit of these strangers? for all could now see whom Wahwouni meant. Obediently they had left the homes of their fathers to come into this wilderness, where the cry of the sea reached them only in their dreams. Would he not see to it that these strangers should not prosper in Abenaki territory? Nadoga believed he would. Wahwouni had not lost his power to employ the chills of winter and the mischances of disease. Leave the matter with him. In any case winter was on; when spring came they would know better what to do.

"This wise advice prevailed. The tribe scattered to their winter vocations; but by every fireside the character and purposes of the strangers afforded constant material for conjecture and discussion to the exclusion even of the problem of their return to the sea. No further tidings came of the strangers; ice and snow held both Frenchmen and Abenaki each in his own place."

I nodded assent to Peol's last statement. It agreed fully with the records of that dreadful winter which the inexperienced French passed on the Saint Croix. No Indian was seen by them, until in early spring a stray Micmac wandered in upon them in time to teach them the virtues of an infusion of spruce as a remedy for the scurvy. The old chief ignored my gesture of approval—did he not know every tradition of his tribe, and were not these traditions true? The tone of his narrative now changed, however; it had been serious as became such serious subjects.

Did I remember Guesca of the birchbark temper? Guesca of the panther fight? sister of Malpooga? the Guesca of other tales? Why, surely I remembered her; how could the memory of that Abenaki maiden ever leave me?

"The thought of her warms me here," said the old man, putting his hand to his heart; "greatest maid or woman our tribe ever produced."

And then I understood how stupid of me it was not to have known that she lived and flourished at the time of Peol's story.

"She was a girl of eighteen or nineteen about this time," he continued, "and knew her own mind in many things which young girls are uncertain about. Nature evidently had set her apart for

great things; for her pleasures were not in love-making like other girls of her age, but in the serious concerns of life, in the councils of the wise men, in the planning of good hunting, in fearlessness of danger. Hers was the blood of great chiefs, and her tribe was dearer to her than life. So that when Wahwouni's strange oracle set men's minds a-thinking, their thoughts ran at once to her as to the hope of the tribe. Nadoga's ill-concealed grief gave further direction to this expectation. One thing was certain always: Given the occasion, Guesca would risk and lose her life for her tribe.

"Guesca, of course, heard this public gossip, and lightly bantered her grandfather, Nadoga, because neither he nor Wahwouni was in a hurry to provide the opportunity she wanted. Nadoga always looked grave when she rallied him about the prophecy, and in turn he reproached her that she had no lovers. In sober fact, the old man was anxious to see her married—in this one regard I fear he allowed his personal feelings to override his duty towards the decree of Wahwouni. He brought in eligible suitors on every occasion he could decently use; he chided her mother and scolded herself for her indifference; even when Guesca, bored by this persisttency, deliberately refused to entertain the old man's suggestions and dismissed the suitors of his choice, he did not lose heart. Under one pretense or another, he planned a trip into the Huron country, and took her with him, hoping that some young chief of that tribe might catch her fancy. But she returned heart-whole from the experiment, whereas Nadoga's plans resulted in unforeseen embarrassments to himself and possible danger to the tribe. For the Huron youths were so taken with her bearing that they followed her back in such numbers, and were so insistent in their purposes, that it required all Nadoga's diplomacy to get rid of them without exciting their permanent ill will towards his tribe. As to Guesca, she dealt out no honied words or half-truths to these suitors—she was born by the sea and was a daughter of the seashore; she would marry no man whose home was far from the sound of its waves. In this she was upheld by the young people of both sexes within the tribe. In fact, her loyalty to her old home, with the implication of a certain return to it, warmed all hearts towards her. Should there be a break with the Hurons, they would gladly defend her right to choose her own husband.

"Still there was real danger of a misunderstanding with the Hurons that might lead to war. Need I say that some of our people, misinterpreting this incident, confidently expected that out

of it would come a realization of the prophecy? Why not let it run into war, and thus perhaps open a way to their long-looked-for return? Nadoga was honestly embarrassed.

"Spring was now well on, when young men make love, and the Hurons were sending a final embassy of their best chiefs, in order to make a last effort to induce the recalcitrant maid to marry one of their bravest warriors. Nadoga suddenly disappeared, and with him Guesca. Word was given out that he had gone into the wilds to consult the spirit regarding the attitude of the tribe towards the white men down by the sea. Guesca had accompanied him to do his cooking. They were not to be followed on any pretext. Mauwesta and his son, Malpooga, were also in attendance, but only for the purpose of supplying game and food. No trespass on the mystic rites which Nadoga was performing would be allowed. Thus did the ancient sorcerer plan relief for himself and for Guesca from the importunities of the Hurons—not that the Abenaki at any time feared the Hurons, but that a misunderstanding at the time would have been particularly unfortunate, seeing that our tribe had in mind the greater question of how to view the white men. So Nadoga disappeared, and with him his granddaughter, but the maid did not care how the Huron took her absence.

"Nadoga carried the girl with him to Ouigoudi, within the sound of whose turbulent waters he would perform his conjuration. In his absence a strong faction of the tribe began to urge a massacre of the forthcoming embassy of Hurons. Mauwesta knew that heart-hunger for their old hunting grounds inspired such treachery, and so he forgave it; but to set at rest all such conspiracies, he counter-planned and organized a flying column of warriors with which to safeguard his daughter and his father's safety. They bivouacked near the river, but well out of sight and hearing of Nadoga. Guesca knew, however, for Malpooga could keep nothing from her.

"The Ouigoudi, even in our day, is in springtime a raging flood of unbridled waters. The noise of its rushing waters is then the hum of a great city. On its bank Nadoga chose to erect his wigwams and set up his divining hut. Thither too he carried Wahwouni, and daily cried out to the spirit, but without avail. Guesca fished and carried on the household duties, with now and then a ramble or a turn in her canoe along the shore where the current ran gently. Malpooga came and went, carrying game, while Mauwesta and his warriors watched in patience. In the night they drew

closer to the river, and lay, a line of sleeping warriors, under the stars.

"In the bend of the Ouigoudi, where the river turns like my elbow, Nadago had set up his encampment. Below him, a score of miles distance, the river dropped from its bed to lower depths full eighty feet beneath, making a fall so great that to be caught in its grasp meant certain death. Giant trees, going over that awful precipice, were twisted and broken, the rebound on the rocky bottom splintering the ends of them like brooms. And yet the roar of that infinite rush of water was through some magic of the hedging chasms subdued and modulated to a deep undertone, over which the pitch of the lighter sounds for miles above and below the falls raised their triumphant clamor.

* * * *

"Of that long line of protecting warriors no man was awake when the blow fell. Out of the murk of the night they came, those terrible Mengwe warriors, Mohawks on the warpath. Canoe was bridged to canoe four abreast; their landing was as silent as the padded steps of a panther. In a moment they surrounded both cabins. Nadoga's medicine availed him nothing in this his last hour. They struck him in his sleep—had they scalped him the Abenaki never could have made the proud boast, as they did in after years, that no scalp lock from their tribe had ever graced the wigwam of a Mohawk. Others dragged Guesca from her slumbers into the open, and shook her rudely; had they not needed information and a guide, her fate would have been as Nadoga's.

"Thus roughly awakened, the girl could not at first realize that she was in the hands of mortal enemies. She mistook them for Hurons, and started to shake herself free; such wooing was not to her liking. But fierce faces flared into hers, while an old warrior, his scalplock hanging to his shoulder, addressed her in a strange tongue. She understood him—she afterwards used to tell—much as we understand the speech of spirits in our dreams—in fact, at first she took it all for a malignant dream.

"'Who was she?' the fierce old man demanded. 'Where was her tribe? Were she and her father alone?' Without respite of time for her to reply, he continued, his rough painted face bearing down almost against her own, 'Did she know the river? did it run unbroken to the sea? why the sound on the night like the mean of dying men?'

"These questions he asked her in a voice which the noise of

the river drowned to all but those about him. When she answered him, his eyes and the eyes of the fierce men surrounding her bored into hers as if they searched the inmost secrets of her heart. Helpless she looked into the forbidding faces, and then to the dark line of canoes still filled with warriors. The billowy undertone of the distant falls, through some magic of the night, touched her hearing. Her resolve was taken; she would deceive them, and if possible lure them to destruction in the falls. What matter it if she died too? Wahwouni had so decreed in any case.

"'My tribe,' she answered in faltering tones as of one whom fear holds in leash, 'lives a day's journey down the river, but we have disowned them because they were unjust to my father'—here she made a motion in the direction of the other hut. They nodded, as if they approved of her feelings. 'I hate them,' she continued with a bitterness which they could not misunderstand. 'You great warriors will revenge my father's wrongs, and I will gladly guide you. The river runs unbroken to the sea like the lines on my hand. Fear not the sounds of the night: the river revels in the spring.'

"A groan from Nadoga's tent sent the blood to her heart. Had they killed the old man? All the hot temper within her rose at the thought. She was on the point of denouncing them to their faces, when at a sign from the old warrior she was carried bodily to the canoes. They placed her in the hindmost of the line, in what her eyes taught her was the guiding influence of the whole fleet. Silently, like a great serpent, the flotilla nosed its way into the river.

"Guesca looked back at the receding shore with sorrow, that Nadoga should die without a word of comfort from her. In the half-light she was startled to see him on his knees leaning heavily against the framework of his cabin, trying hard to steady himself. She could see his eyes settle on her, and then he threw himself face forward on the ground, while from his throat issued the dying war cry of the Abenaki. There was not one of her father's warriors whom that cry would not reach.

"This was indeed true. At the sound, every Abenaki was on his feet, alive to the alarm. Malpooga headed the rush for the river bank, and, heedless of ambush, was the first to the dying Nadoga. The others scattered at the command of Mauwesta to search for signs of the invaders. It did not take them long to learn that a large party had passed in canoes, carrying Guesca off a captive, and giving Nadoga his deathblow. He was still alive, but in the last throes. Mauwesta bent over him and caught

his dying words, 'Mengwe, Mengwe!.....the falls!' With that he was dead.

"Knowing his daughter's spirit, Mauwesta guessed her purpose at once. 'We will find the enemy,' he said in a few words, 'at the leaning pine, or at the bottom of the falls. Hasten by the shortest road, move slowly on the river when you get there. I will seek my daughter on the water.'

"Malpooga, though as yet only a stripling, anticipated his father's intention, and now appeared with Guesca's canoe. His father motioned to him to disembark. 'This is a man's job, my son,' he said. 'This canoe must go to the edge of the falls or over to save your sister. Your tribe will need you, for I may not come back.' Malpooga begged so hard to be allowed to share his father's risk that he was suffered to remain. One volunteer was needed for the dangerous trip, a man of stout arm and strong heart to wield the bow paddle; from the many who offered Mauwesta chose a close friend of his own.

"And thus the three bodies moved onward in the night: the Mengwe ahead drifting unconsciously to their fate, guided by the noiseless paddle of a stern-faced girl; behind them in the distance, covered by the darkness, a swift canoe followed, using every advantage of current to overtake them; while along the beaten trail which led to the falls coursed a band of Abenaki warriors in pursuit. Theirs was the shorter route, for the river doubled on itself in places.

"Guesca sat in the hindmost canoe. It had been cunningly inset into the line ahead, so that while it projected out behind sufficiently to give the steersman full scope for the play of his paddle, it was still tightly and strongly bound to the others. To give it greater guiding force, it was perhaps more heavily weighted than any of the others. Guesca counted six sleeping warriors at her feet.

"The Mengwe, trusting in their numbers, and vainglorious as they ever were, took few precautions against surprise. Guesca gathered from their conversation that they ran the river during the night only, lying hidden in daytime. She noted with satisfaction that from the outset they trusted to her guidance, deliberately composing themselves to sleep as best they might in their cramped and narrow quarters. The murmur of voices gradually fell off as time went by; the fiery old chief who at first had kept a vigilant eye on her, himself relaxed his watch and was now in deep sleep.

"This was well, for the undertone of the approaching falls could now be distinctly heard. Should any alert ear be listening, it must surely recognize that crooning sound. Guesca prayed to Wahwouni and to the spirits of the river to keep all ears closed. She realized that she was going to her death—death if the Mengwe awoke and discovered their peril in time; death in the falls if fate held them asleep. That her father was following fast to her rescue, she never doubted. Ever and anon she looked steadily into the darkness behind her for some sign of his approach. She watched too the right hand bank for the great pine which, projecting out as if it would fall into the river, marked the limit of safety. Beyond it no canoe dare venture and hope to escape the irresistible suction of the falls. Canoes travel faster at night than in the day—to Guesca the river banks seemed to fly past her.

"Still the Mengwe slept. Slowly on the right shore something dark loomed up; it took shape at last, so that she had no doubt it was the pine. Her time for action had come; these canoes bound together into one inseparable line, would move as one great bark to destruction. Bravely she held her place while the fatal pine grew momentarily more distinct; she would jump into the river only at the last moment. Now she felt the rocking and straining of the boats ahead; it passed like a tremor from bow to stern. She slipped her foot over the side to make the plunge—and there nosing itself at her elbow rode a silent bark with three figures in it. She drew the bow towards her, and noiselessly stepped into Malpooga's arms. Then, despite the common danger, flushed with the fires of resentment and victory, she stood up, and with all the power of her lungs gave forth the war cry of the Abenaki.

"The yell which went forth from the doomed flotilla was never forgotten by those who heard it. The rocking and swaying mass rushed onward, a hundred hasty paddles could not arrest its momentum. The rolling river bore it to destruction amid the cries of the Mengwe. The forward line of canoes perched a moment outwards above the awful chasm, and then took the inevitable leap to death; above the thunder of the cataract and the crashing of boats rang the despairing death yell of the Mohawks.

"A line of exultant but awe-struck Abenaki warriors stood on the right shore, and heard and sensed the dreadful fate of their enemies. Mauwesta had timed his approach, so that the rescue of Guesca might be effected at the critical moment. Swiftly now the two strong paddles forced their canoe backward beyond the danger

line; it was soon in safety near the shore. Ready arms were there to draw it into security, and Guesca stepped ashore beneath the shadow of the pine, having performed a feat which shall ever live in the memories of the Abenaki.

"In the morning when the mists had cleared away from the fatal basin of the falls, our men drew ashore, and scalped at their leisure one hundred and fifty dead Mohawks. No warrior claimed a single scalp; they called them Guesca's. Clinging to the battered remains of a canoe, a string of thirty scalps was found; Huron scalps they were; and then our tribe knew what had been the fate of the embassy which had been on its way to ask the hand of Guesca. They sent the scalps back with many words of sympathy; and from that day onward the Hurons and the Abenaki have been friends.

"Among the Mohawks to this day the tradition prevails of a great war party which went from them and down into the land of the Micmacs and never returned, being swallowed alive by the awful demons which inhabit those waters. But our people knew better, for they were in at the death.

"It was thus that a maiden brought many scalps to our hands in the olden days, and saved the Malicetes, our allies, from invasion. In all this she fulfilled the prophecy of Wahwouni, and opened the way with honor for the return of the tribe to its old home. What they thought of her, and how they greeted her, and after due decorum and sorrow had been shown to the dead Nadoga, what a feast they gave in her honor, when all the people had gathered together for the return to the sea—all this I will not stop to tell you.

"Strange it was that Nadoga should himself be the victim, when he had so sorrowfully looked forward to Guesca's dying for the tribe. Stranger still, that on the return to the seashore the white men were found to have vacated Abenaki terriory and moved over among the Micmacs. Wahwouni had killed some by frost and others by disease, as old Nadoga had promised.

"So that, you see," Peol concluded, "that stone we left on the other shore was great medicine in the olden times, and very dangerous to meddle with. Dangerous now" (we will let Peol end in his own speech), "for no man can tell whether the demon not still in him. I am of the blood and race of Nadoga and Guesca; that stone know me at once."

My watch showed midnight when Peol ended his tale. That

there were coincidences in it which were difficult to explain, I could not deny when I came to think it over. It was, therefore, with some gingerly respect that I laid Wahwouni away for the night in a corner of my tent. And still I queried what malfeasance it might work on Peol before morning.

Upon myself, however, Wahwouni's wrath was destined to fall. All night my slumbers were broken by the most distressing dreams, a veritable nightmare of malignant fancies. Now I was one of the doomed Mohawks slipping over the falls. I could hear my own groans; again I was Nadoga, scalped and suffering; while all through the night in a sort of waking consciousness, I was aware that near by, indistinct but bulky, stood a malignant figure seeking ever to injure me. It was a relief when morning came, and with it Peol and his morning coffee. His eyes showed that he, too, had passed a sleepless night. Had I heard the tramping and rampaging of a bull moose around the tents during the night? It had been so persistent as to keep him from sleep; he had risen to investigate, but could see nothing; stranger still, he found no traces of the animal now that morning had come. But he had found that my canoe had broken adrift during the night, and now lay with a hole in her bow from pounding on the rocks.

To the sinister Wahwouni I traced, of course, my evil dreams, Peol's disturbances, and the injury to my canoe—he was surely a malicious spirit. So, while the Indian was absent fishing, I carried the pyramidal stone to a woody recess, congenial by its darkness, and there in the bowels of a hollow pine, in which some wild beast made its winter lair, I left it. Should any of my readers by chance or of purpose come across this curious reminder of the ancient worship of the Abenaki, I pray him to beware of the malevolence which is contained in that demon stone.

New Books.

LUTHER. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorized Translation from the German by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. I. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

Father Grisar tells us in his preface that he intends "to give an exact historical and psychological picture of Luther's personality, which still remains an enigma from so many points of view .....to place his interior life, his spiritual development, and his psychic history well in the foreground." He has endeavored throughout to make his picture as lifelike as possible by quoting on nearly every page Luther's very words. Some may object, he tells us, to this continual quoting, but it gives Luther the fullest opportunity of defending or accusing himself, especially in matters which have been diversely interpreted, and on which he was somewhat uncertain himself. There is no danger of the reader's being bored thereby, for the reformer's originality of expression, and his vivid, drastic, and often coarse style retains one's interest throughout. As this book is intended for scholars and not for the edification of the young, Luther's words are given, unvarnished and unexpurgated, just as they appear in his printed pamphlets, his confidential letters, and his chats with friends and table companions.

Father Grisar makes a special point of refuting the many extraordinary Luther legends which have sprung up in the course of controversy, and appear both in the panegyrics of his friends and in the bitter attacks of his uncritical Catholic opponents.

The book is objective throughout. Father Grisar asks the question: "Is it really possible for a Catholic to depict Luther as he really was, without offending Protestant feelings in any way?" Without any exaggerated optimism, he answers, "I believe it to be quite possible, because honesty and historical justice must always be able to find a place somewhere under the sun and wherever light can be thrown, even in delicate historical questions." He expressly disclaims any idea of polemics, for he is writing not a Catholic estimate of the Protestant Reformation, but an impartial life of Luther. While he never forgets that he is a Catholic, he hopes that his personal convictions have never led him to misrepresent other people's doctrines, to commit an injustice, or even to

pass an unkind judgment. He asks the reader simply to see for himself whether every assertion made is, or is not, proved by the facts or by witnesses.

The English translation is to appear in six volumes. The first volume treats of Luther up to the year 1519. In the first five chapters, Father Grisar discusses Luther's early life and his novitiate in the Erfurt Priory; his studies and lectures at Erfurt and Wittenberg; the evil effects of his Roman visit; the positive and negative influence of Occamism upon his theological views; his ignorance of the best scholastics; his misinterpretation of Tauler and the German mystics, and the first shaping of his heretical views, viz., the imputation of Christ's righteousness; denial of all human freedom for good; the sinful character of natural virtue; the denial of merit; the persistence of original sin after baptism, and the identification of concupiscence with sin, etc., etc.

Father Grisar denies that Luther's new and heretical teaching was due to the direct influence of Humanists like Hutten, Crotus, and Mutian. On the contrary, full as he was of his one-sided supra-naturalism, he was forced to disapprove utterly of the Humanist ideal. Again, it is false to maintain that Luther's struggle against the old Church originated in his attack on indulgences, in his desire to reform the Church, or in the rivalry between his own order and the Dominicans. On the contrary: First, the question of indulgences was raised only subsequent to Luther's first great departure from the Church's doctrine; second, he was far more preoccupied in the beginning with the question of the theology of St. Paul and of St. Augustine than with the abuses of the Church, and, third, his erroneous teaching appeared prior to his controversy with Tetzel, and before he had even thought of the Dominicans, Prierias and Cardinal Cajetan. Jealousy against his adversaries, the Dominicans, afterwards added fuel to the flames, but it was not the starting point.

> The real origin of Luther's teaching must be sought in the fundamental principle which governed him, which was fostered by the decline in his life as a religious and a priest, and more particularly by his inordinate love of his own opinions, and by the uncharitable criticisms he passed upon others. This was his unfavorable estimate of good works, and of every effort, natural or supernatural, on the part of man. He made his own the deadly error that man by his natural powers is unable to do anything but sin. To this he added that the man who, by

> God's grace, is raised to justification through divinely-infused faith and trust must, it is true, perform good works, but that the latter are not to be accounted meritorious. All works avail nothing as means for arriving at righteousness and eternal salvation; faith alone effects both.

Father Grisar gives a number of reasons to account for Luther's becoming a heretic, "without perhaps at first being aware of it." Among them are the following: his meagre and superficial theological studies, which left him utterly unacquainted with the golden age of scholasticism; his faulty training in the decadent, nominalistic school of Occam; his growing antipathy to so-called holiness by works; his obstinacy and egotism, which made him credit St. Paul, St. Augustine, and the writers of Holy Writ with his own peculiar views; his false mysticism which made him travesty Tauler and St. Bernard, and clothe his new ideas in the deceptive dress of piety; his own morbid personal condition, which made him doubt about his own election, and fear that he was predestined to hell, and, lastly, his spiritual pride, which, as Denifle says, "made him despair of himself and despair of God's grace, which assists us to keep the law of God, that our concupiscence resists."

Chapters VI.-X. give a good account of Luther's heretical views as set forth in his Commentary on Romans (1515-1516) and on Galatians (1516-1517); of his life as Superior of eleven Augustinian houses; of his indulgence theses, and of his final "discovery" in the monastery tower of salvation by faith alone, and the absolute assurance of one's state of grace.

One of the most interesting chapters in the whole volume is the ninth, which deals with Tetzel and the indulgence granted by Leo X. for the building of St. Peter's. Our author is outspoken in his condemnation of the unworthy bargaining whereby Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop and Elector of Mayence, managed to secure for his diocese one-half of the total proceeds of the indulgence fund, in order to repay his indebtedness to his bankers, the Fuggers of Augsburg. He says:

> We cannot here refrain from drawing attention to a fact which stands for all time as a solemn warning to the pastors of the Church.....It was a transaction which certainly was unworthy of so sacred a cause as that of an indulgence, and which can only be explained by the evil customs of that day, the pressure applied by Albert's agents, and the influence of the avaricious Florentine party at the Papal Court.....It sup-

plied Luther with welcome matter for his charges, and with a deceitful pretext for the seducing of countless souls.

Of Tetzel, Father Grisar writes that, although he did not exactly shine as an example of virtue, the charges of immorality against him are as baseless as the reproach of gross ignorance. He was in no sense a great theologian, and as a popular preacher was forward, audacious, given to exaggeration, and noted for expressions that were strange and ill-considered. Luther's accusations against him of having sold forgiveness of sins for money without requiring contrition, and of having even been ready to absolve from future sins for a price, are utterly false and unjust, as the Protestant Paulus has very well shown. Even Carlstadt, after he had left the Church, admitted that Tetzel's indulgence sermons were Catholic in tone. Tetzel surely knew what an indulgence was, for he writes in his *Vorlegung:* "The Indulgence remits only the penalty of sins which have been repented of and confessed." ....." No one merits an indulgence unless he is in a truly contrite state."

Yet we must admit on the testimony of his own confrères of the time that he brought the pecuniary side of the indulgence too much in the foreground, and advocated in his sermons an opinion held by some scholastics, that an indulgence gained for the dead was at once infallibly applied to the soul for whom it was destined. Luther, however, was altogether wrong in declaring this opinion a teaching of the Church or of the Popes. Tetzel also taught the erroneous proposition that a plenary indulgence for the dead could be obtained without contrition and penance on the part of the living, simply by means of a money payment. But to consider Tetzel, as many do, the cause of the whole Reformation movement which began in 1517, is fanciful in the extreme. "Notwithstanding the efforts which Luther made to represent the matter in this light, it has been clearly proved that his own spiritual development was the cause, or at least the principal cause."

We are certain that this book will remain for all time the standard life of Luther. While utilizing in innumerable passages the scholarly researches of his great predecessor Denifle, Father Grisar now and then differs from his conclusions, and on the whole is more inclined to give Luther the benefit of the doubt in controverted questions. The volume before us is very well translated. We trust that the many *errata* will disappear in the second edition.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr, of the London Oratory. Vols. XI. and XII. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.00 net.

The latest volumes, eleven and twelve, in Pastor's *History of the Popes* covers the period 1534-1549. If one will even hurriedly recall the many events, of supreme importance to the Church, that were crowded into these fifteen years, it will not seem surprising that Dr. Pastor devotes two volumes, almost twelve hundred pages, to the history of that brief space of time. The spread of Protestantism in almost every country of Europe; the rise and growth of the Jesuit order; the Catholic reformation, culminating in the Council of Trent; the crusade against the Turks; the politico-religious activities of Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII., must all be told in such a work as that in hand. Furthermore, Dr. Pastor invariably—and very wisely—gives space for a rather thorough treatment of matters beyond the bare narrative of events. Indeed he is writing a history of the times, as well as a history of the Popes; and his occasional descriptions of human life, of the manners and customs of the period, are not the least important, and perhaps the most illuminating and interesting feature of the work. We dare say, therefore, that the author's principal difficulty, especially in view of the amazing extent of his reading amongst books and manuscripts, has been to condense the story of fifteen years into two volumes, and to make the fourteen volumes, as originally planned, suffice for the most-crowded and perhaps most-important and critical two hundred and fifty years in all the history of the Church.

At this distance from the early years of the Protestant reformation, it is difficult to understand how the leaders of the Church could have acted so supinely, when face to face with such a calamitous schism. What seems to us so obvious, was, apparently, to be learned by them only by means of repeated and accumulated disasters. Up to the time of the Council of Trent, the moral and disciplinary abuses in the ecclesiastical world, while somewhat less than in the days of the Renaissance, were yet serious enough to give an apparent justification to the Protestant claim for change. As a matter of fact, the spirit of the Renaissance was still a powerful influence. And, as Pastor says, "the new ecclesiastical tendencies were met by a vigorous opposition. Paul III. was himself the incarnate spirit of the times. His life, previous to his elevation

to the supreme power, had been far from exemplary. As Pope he seems to have undergone a moral revolution; but the mental revolution so necessary for him came about but slowly. He awakened but gradually to a full realization of the seriousness of what was being done before his eyes, and he was always inclined to permit, in his court, a spirit of gayety quite out of keeping with the lamentable condition of the Church in general. It is surprising, for example, if not shocking, to read that he encouraged the renewal of the carnival in 1536, 1538, 1541, and 1545, the very years when the schism in Germany and in England was attaining its complete strength. There was martyrdom in England and merrymaking in Rome at the same time. Again, Vergeno, the nuncio at Vienna, was compelled to labor hard to convince the Pope that conditions in Bavaria, and throughout Germany, were terribly sad. Paul III. did, indeed, come to a realization of that fact, but the wonder is that he had not learned it earlier. He was the closest man to the papal throne in several pontificates previous to his own; yet he seems to have awakened to an understanding of the hopeless condition in Germany only after his own reign was pretty well under way. The state of affairs in England he appreciated rightly only after Henry VIII. had given evidence again and again that he was in deadly earnest in his opposition to Rome.

Of course it must be admitted that the Pope was unfortunate in being obliged to deal with three such slippery knaves as Henry VIII., Charles V., and Francis I.; and he was, besides, too near the events to realize their meaning, but when all allowance has been made, it remains a melancholy fact that neither the Pope nor the Roman court seems to have understood fully that they were witnesses to a tremendous religious cataclysm.

Finally, the awakening came. The Catholic reform was undertaken. The two chief elements in that true reformation were the Council of Trent and the Jesuit order. The story of the attempts to convene the Council is painful reading. The story of the rise and growth of the Society of Jesus is thrilling, and altogether the most encouraging phenomenon in all that period. There is more immediate evidence of the presence of the Spirit of God in the undoubtedly supernatural success of St. Ignatius and his companions than in all the plans of the ecclesiastics for an impossible reconciliation with Protestants. Pastor says of Le Jay, the companion of Peter Faber, "he looked for salvation much more in a reformation of morals than in the contests of theologians." And

it is to the eternal honor of the Jesuits that they led the Church in effecting that reformation of morals. They lived and taught the reformation that was later demanded at Trent.

And there is the truly inspiriting fact that is evident in the history of that melancholy generation—God never abandons His people; He is ever with His Church. Ideals are never lost. Idealists, nay saints, will always respond to the call of the Church, even in times of greatest calamity. Companions to Ignatius seem to have sprung from the ground like the fighters of Roderick Dhu. The Jesuits gave the impulse. A score of other orders and societies leaped from the earth. The Church took courage. The true reformation began, and as soon as it grew to maturity, Protestantism stopped still in its tracks.

All this, and more, is evident to the reader of these two volumes. The story is told with all the well-known skill of that master-historian, Pastor. Of course, these volumes, with the rest of the work, are indispensable for students, and for all who would know Church History.

WINDS OF DOCTRINE. Studies in Contemporary Opinion. By G. Santayana, late Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

However strongly one may differ from Mr. Santayana's view of life, it is always a pleasure to read what he has written. In literary quality and mental distinction, there are few to equal him, as those who have read his *Sense of Beauty,* his *Poetry and Religion,* and his *Three Philosophical Poets,* not to mention the *Life of Reason,* already know. But this new book of his should attract the attention of thinking Catholics, for in a manner especially detached and impartial he reviews the various phases of religious and philosophical opinion just now popular in the English-speaking world. Standing high above the swirl of conventional thought, an intellectual ascetic with no personal or practical interests, he is content to observe and analyze it as an expression and revelation of modern life. "Our whole life and mind," he cries, "is saturated with the slow upward filtration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy. These epithets," he tells us, "may make us shudder; but what they describe is something positive and self-justified, something deeply rooted in our animal nature which, like every vital impulse, is pregnant with a morality of its own." Such a challenging accusation is typical of many more, and

there is enough truth in it to make us qualify it with searching thoughts of our own. Or take his very acute analysis of the mental instability so characteristic of all who are without some positive religious conviction.

> Moral confusion is not limited to the world at large, always the scene of profound conflicts, but it has penetrated to the mind and heart of the average individual. Never perhaps were men so like one another and so divided within themselves. In other ages, even more than at present, different classes of men have stood at different levels of culture, with a magnificent readiness to persecute or to be martyred for their respective principles. These militant believers have been keenly conscious that they had enemies; but their enemies were strangers to them, whom they could think of merely as such, regarding them as blank negative forces, hateful black devils, whose existence might make life difficult but could not confuse the ideal of life .....Everyone sincerely felt that the right was entirely on his side, a proof that such intelligence as he had moved freely and exclusively within the lines of his faith. The result of this was that his faith was intelligent (and may we add morally dynamic), I mean, that he understood it, and had a clear, almost instinctive perception of what was compatible or incompatible with it. He defended his walls and cultivated his garden.

How very clearly such a paragraph as this justifies the Catholic position, and to no one more than to the Catholic himself. Human nature is a limited thing, its very perfection is conditional on some wise limitation; we must have our walls to defend, if we wish to have our gardens to cultivate. Voltaire it was who counselled us to destroy our walls, and then to cultivate our gardens. Limitation is the basis of Catholic thought, just as humility is the basis of Catholic life. Outside the Church there is nothing but confusion of clear intelligence and the blurring of moral distinctions; there is no pattern of life; there is no energy to live it out. A book of this kind is useful, then, in so far as it goes now to one philosophy or creed, now to another, and picks up the separate pieces of the human puzzle which go to the making of the great Catholic plan.

We have no space to notice each of these brilliant essays in detail; they include a criticism of the Bergson philosophy, of Mr. Bertrand Russell's work, and of American contemporary life; also an appreciation of Shelley, and a very damaging examination of the

Modernist theory. According to Mr. Santayana, the Modernist Movement against the Church is wholly illogical. "To divorce, as Modernists do, the history of the world from the story of salvation, and God's government and the sanctions of religion from the operation of matter, is a fundamental apostasy from Christianity." It is merely silly, he thinks, for the Modernists to accuse the Church of being untrue to the sublime ideals of the Gospel. "They talk a great deal of development, and they do not see that what they detest in the Church is a perfect development of its original essence; that monachism, scholasticism, Jesuitism, ultramontanism, and vaticanism are all thoroughly apostolic; beneath the overtones imposed by a series of ages they give out the full and exact note of the New Testament. Much has been added but nothing has been lost." This essay should be carefully studied by Catholic apologists.

THE NAMES OF GOD. By Ven. Leonard Lessius, S.J. Translated by T. J. Campbell, S.J. New York: The America Press. $1.08 postpaid.

For the average believer the attributes of God are puzzling, inconceivable, dazzling realities, of which he cannot form clear, definite concepts; realities which are to be grasped and securely held by faith while we see things as in a glass, since they can be understood and appreciated only when we see Him face to face. The divine perfections, however, have often been favorite subjects of meditation for holy souls. They may have found them difficult, but they also found them full of meat and drink for the soul. What is meant by these attributes, and how they are in God, is simply and briefly explained by Lessius in that work of his which forms the first part of this translation by Father Campbell, and provides its title. Some of the author's pious reflections on the Divine attributes, put in the form of prayers, make up the second part of the work.

IN GOD'S NURSERY. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

A volume of quiet unusual short stories is this called *In God's Nursery*. They are written by C. C. Martindale, S.J., and appeared originally in the pages of the *Month*. Most of them deal with some ancient civilization, and their manner is unique. We have had ancient civilization portrayed for us often in fiction, to

be sure; *Ben Hur* and *Fabiola* and *Callista* had a host of imitators. But a novel like *Ben Hur* or *Fabiola* is one grand and splendid panorama of history—a long painting of glowing colors and vast distances. These little stories are bits of mosaic. They are dainty and delicate; it might at first seem petty in scope. But rather are they like a quatrain by Father Tabb, a tiny cup exquisitely fashioned to hold a dewdrop. The thought in each is single and crystal-clear.

Several of the stories tell of those almost forgotten little personages, the children of the far past. We meet the naughty little Greek boy, Theon, who sends a letter on papyrus to his father, to announce in bad spelling and worse temper that he wants a lyre, and " won't never " eat and drink if he doesn't get it. Much more appealing is the little Roman girl, Calpurnia the Less, who runs away from her nurse, and is terrified by the tales of a little boy she meets, tales of the revengeful ghosts, the Manes, and the ceremonies of bean-throwing in propitiation. She is reassured later, however, by her kindly Uncle Ovid, who reads to her the gentle epitaphs on the tombs along the Flaminian Way, and who even lets her witness the pretty ceremonies of the Parentalia. Gradually her fear of the dead is diminished; she learns to wreathe flowers for their graves, and to hope that they have found a " perpetual peace."

Throughout the story of Calpurnia the author traces the purest religious instinct among the Romans, and the vague but sure belief in a future life that was theirs as a part of their human heritage. And even prettier is the tale of six-year-old Manlius, who broke off the head of his sister Petronilla's doll, and suffered agonies of remorse after Petronilla had been sent to the temple to become a Vestal Virgin.

In the story called *Roma Felix,* the main idea of the author's mind is definitely phrased. I mean the idea of our religious kinship with the peoples of antiquity. More lights have been lighted for us, but they in their darkness were also struggling toward the same *" lux æterna."* In *Roma Felix* an Englishman reading the Eclogues in a garden in Sussex holds an interview with the shade of Vergil, and the two naturally fall to discussing philosophy and religion. At last the poet rises to depart, and says, with his gentle smile: " There were millions and millions of us, of one blood with you over all the earth, groping after God if haply we might find Him, *tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore,* stretch-

ing out their hands in longing for the farther shore. Well," he ended,

> "'*Attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus ætas*
> *Adventum auxiliumque Dei.*'"

THREE YEARS IN THE LIBYAN DESERT. Travels, Discoveries, and Excavations of the Menas Expedition. By J. C. Ewald Falls. St. Louis: B. Herder. $4.50 net.

The object of the Kaufmann Expedition was "to rediscover the highly important, long, and vainly-sought early Christian sanctuary in the Libyan Desert, the Tomb of St. Menas. St. Menas whose feast is celebrated by the Catholic and Greek Churches on November 11th, and by the Coptic Church on the fifteenth of the month of Hatur, was an Egyptian officer in the Roman service towards the end of the third century. His father was Prefect of Phrygia in Asia Minor. The young Menas was brought up a Christian by his parents, and against his will was compelled by his father's successor in the prefecture to enter the regiment of the Rutilaces. All went well until the persecution of Diocletian. It was carried on with great severity, especially against the Christian soldiers of the provinces. In due course the decree came to Kotyaion (now Kutahia), where in 1833 Mohammed Ali of Egypt concluded a peace with Turkey. Menas, who was stationed there, fled into the outskirts of the desert, where he lived a hard-working life of self-denial. Here a vision was vouchsafed him, which stimulated him to martyrdom, and prophesied the importance of his future sanctuary.

On the day of the riders' festival in the stadium of Kotyaion, just as the games were about to begin, Menas stepped boldly into the arena, and in a loud voice declared himself a Christian. The governor, a friend of his family, was most friendly to the popular young officer. He imprisoned him according to law, but did his utmost to make him abjure. As Menas remained steadfast, the angry governor eventually ordered him to be whipped with thorns or ox-hide, and his flesh torn with iron scorpions. As no torture could shake his constancy, he was at last beheaded, A. D. 296. His body was burned, although the Christians succeeded in snatching it from the flames, hoping some day to bury it, as was his wish, in his native Egypt. Soon after, some of the Phrygian troops were ordered to Cyrenaica, and the Christian officer, Athanasius, was given the command. He took the remains of the martyr

with him. At the lake of Mareotis, the first stopping place between Alexandria and Cyrenaica, a great battle was fought and won. When Athanasius attempted to proceed with the body of Menas, the camel who bore it refused to stir, and so the saint was buried on the spot. A church was built over this grave in the days when St. Athanasius ruled as Patriarch of Alexandria. All the bishops and priests of Egypt took part in the consecration of the sanctuary. As the church became too small for the innumerable pilgrims who came to visit the shrine, an enormous basilica was built on the site by the Emperor Arcadius. Later on the Emperor Zeno built a city and erected a palace for himself near the church, and established a large permanent garrison as a protection against the Bedouins.

It was this city and church which Monsignor Kaufmann of Frankfort, and his nephew who wrote the volume before us, located on July 7, 1905, after a long and persevering search. Backed by the moral support of the influential Schiess Pascha, the President of the Alexandrian Antiquities Commission, they obtained permission from the Egyptian government to excavate the ruins of what has been aptly called *The Egyptian Lourdes.* Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museum and other friends furnished the money, and the two archæologists spent the next three years unearthing the tomb of St. Menas, the Constantine Church, the Arcadius basilica, the baptistry and consignatorium, and the baths of Menas. In all the rooms of the baths water vessels were found, and many of the well-known Menas ampullae, on which were written invocations to the saint. Just as at Lourdes to-day, the pilgrims of this fourth century shrine bathed in the baths of St. Menas, and carried home some of the water with them to use in sickness.

There is an excellent chapter on the religion and customs of the Bedouins. The story of the three years labors of these two indefatigable savants keeps one's interest to the end. The book is fairly well translated, though now and again the careful reader will realize that it is a translation.

FROM HUSSAR TO PRIEST. A Memoir of Charles Rose Chase. By H. P. Russell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 5 *s.* net.

"This memoir of a friend" writes the author in his Epilogue, "was undertaken, not without hesitation, at the request of friends who are desirous of some such memorial of one who exercised so

great an influence for good, and hope that a memoir may in some measure help to perpetuate that influence."

In May, 1875, Father Chase, then a High Church Anglican clergyman, met Monsignor Robinson at the Hotel Schweizerhof in Lucerne. They discussed together the utter lack of unity in the Established Church, and Father Chase left for England, as he himself said, "absolutely convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church to his allegiance." He stopped over in Paris on his way home, entered the church of *Notre Dame de Victoire,* and there spent a whole day in prayer for light. Strangely enough, he rose from his knees feeling convinced that the Anglican Church was right. He spent the next twenty-five years in perfect good faith as a clergyman of the Church of England, until in 1900 the public denial of the Real Presence by the two Anglican archbishops convinced him that communion with the Anglican system was henceforth impossible.

He wrote in a letter from Milan at the time: "After all, though there are many saintly men and women in the Church of England, they do not represent her teaching—who can do that but her two archbishops who have denied the Real Presence, and the bishops who, without a word, acquiesce in their heresy? If the Church of England was the Catholic Church in England, every bishop, priest, and layman would denounce the archbishops as heretics. St. Ambrose, fifteen hundred years ago, writing from this same Milan, said: *'Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*—where Peter is, there is the Church.' But it has taken me a lamentable time to find that out—that there must always be a Peter in the Church to feed the Christian sheep." At the shrine of his great patron, St. Charles, in the Cathedral of Milan, all the clouds of doubt rolled away forever. The veil fell from his eyes, and the certainty of faith was his.

Every one agrees that Father Chase was a most winning and lovable man. His appearance was singularly striking and attractive. He was tall and dignified, of courteous bearing, of refined address, and with something of the soldier's manner still clinging to him. He had a strong yet loving disposition, and his cheerfulness won him countless friends and many converts.

When Cardinal Vaughan, realizing the great good affected by the special apostolate of the Paulist Fathers in the United States among non-Catholics, looked around for a man to carry on the same work in England, he selected Father Chase, making him

Superior of the Diocesan Missionaries of Our Lady of Compassion. The author says: "These missions to non-Catholics appeared at first to have been looked at askance by seemingly everyone except the Cardinal. Their results, however, have proved so encouraging as to have brought about a great change of feeling in regard to them. So true is this that priests all over the country are anxious for them, and other priests besides the missionaries established by Cardinal Vaughan are now giving them."

We recommend this book most highly, and feel confident that Father Chase's singleness of purpose, and his personal love of our Lord, will prove an inspiration to the clergy of both England and America.

EUROPEAN CITIES AT WORK. By Frederick C. Howe, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

This book is a study of the cities of Germany and Great Britain gained by personal contact with burgomasters, officials, and business men in Berlin, Frankfort, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Dresden, and Munich; and with the mayors and councilmen of Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and London. It is the result of many visits to Europe by the author, who went abroad to make municipal investigations for the United States Government and for the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Howe writes most enthusiastically of the cities of Germany. In most respects he declares them superior to ours. To his mind the chief reason of our inferiority lies in the American denial of home rule, our cities being in bondage to a higher authority, the State, to which they must constantly go for relief. They cannot enter on the smallest undertaking until a reluctant legislature has granted the required permission. Our cities are often obliged to spend $100,000 instead of a $1,000,000, because of the debt limit arbitrarily fixed at the State Capitol. They cannot independently regulate the public service corporations; secure better street-car or subway service; extend new territory; regulate the tenements or slums, or limit the height, style, and character of their buildings. Privileged interests, political bosses, and suspicious farmers have rendered most of our cities hopelessly incompetent.

Strangely enough, monarchial Germany seems far more democratic than free America.

> It assumes as a matter of course that the city should be as powerful as a private individual, certainly as powerful as a

> private corporation. And the things forbidden are relatively few. The city has wide latitude in the ways it can raise its revenues. It can adopt business, license, or real-estate taxes, and fix the rates that shall be paid. There is no legal limit to the tax rate.....nor are there any limits on the amount of money that can be borrowed, or the purposes for which it can be used.....The city engages in land speculation for profit; it owns farms and forests, docks and harbors, savings banks, mortgage institutions, and pawn shops. It loans money for house building, erects houses for its working people, owns opera houses, theatres, and exposition buildings, and operates wine handling businesses for profit. It controls the land speculator and plans his land for him; it determines the purposes for which the land shall be used before it is sold.....The cities prescribe where factories shall go, etc., etc.

The German city is governed by experts who devote their lives to it. They prepare themselves for city administration as they do for law, medicine or any other profession. They take special courses at the universities and technical schools, the better to fit themselves for town planning, sanitation, engineering, finance, and education. On graduation, they compete for a municipal post with candidates from all over Germany, for municipal administration is for the expert and not for the mere politician.

Town planning has received more attention with the Germans than with us. Within the past fifteen years almost every German city has undertaken a more or less ambitious planning project. Experts have been employed to lay out suburbs, plan city centres, locate public buildings; introduce new streets into old quarters, and to give advice on sanitation, housing, etc. The American rectangular arrangement of streets is generally rejected as monotonous and lacking in beauty. The main thoroughfares are often a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in width. The Germans have this advantage over us in town planning, in that the German city is often the largest land owner in a community. The building ordinances insist generally on a universal sky line as well as on a universal house frontage. The water fronts which with us are often given over to railway tracks, warehouses, and factories, are features of the German city's beauty, and are developed as promenades and parkways.

Municipal ownership has made great progress in Germany. Mr. Howe describes in detail its working in Düsseldorf, a town of over three hundred and fifty thousand. This city owns the gas

works, the electric plant, and the street railway; it speculates largely in land; runs a municipal mortgage bank and a savings bank; operates a pawn shop; maintains a labor exchange; carries on a wine business, and owns a number of restaurants. All this has been done not by socialists, but by hard-headed business men, who deem this the best sort of municipal investment. The budget of Düsseldorf is, however, very large—$28,250,000, or about $100 per capita, which is about five times the per capita budget of Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, or Chicago. Its indebtedness is about the same amount, but the city possesses assets of over $40,000,000, which not only earn the interest charges on the cost, but turn into the city treasury a substantial revenue for the relief of taxation.

Mr. Howe is not so enthusiastic about the British cities, although he grants they are generally honest and efficient. He calls special attention to the great extent of land monopoly. One-fourth of the land of the United Kingdom is owned by twelve hundred persons, another fourth by sixty-two hundred owners, while the remaining half is distributed between 312,150 persons. There are twelve landlords who own 4,500,000 acres. The land underlying London with its 7,000,000 people is owned in large part by nine estates. Incredible as it may seem, land as land pays no direct taxes for local purposes at all. In fact the land has not been assessed for taxation since 1692, when Great Britain was an agricultural country, and London was little more than a village. Such powers as the American city enjoys as a matter of course in condemnation proceedings, special assessments, the issuance of bonds, the management of water undertakings, the building of docks, and the opening of markets, do not exist in Great Britain.

We think that Mr. Howe might have devoted more than two pages on the many things which are being done better by the American city than by any other city in the world. But in his interesting volume he has pointed out many things that our city fathers could study with profit, even if we do not want the paternalism of Germany to rule supreme in these free United States.

THE DRIFT OF ROMANTICISM. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. More states in his preface: "The romantic movement, beneath all its show of expansion and vitality, seems to me at its heart to be just a drift towards disintegration and disease."

To prove this strange thesis, he discusses in turn "the morbid

egotism of Beckford; the religious defalcation of Newman; the æstheticism of Pater; the naturalistic pantheism of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp); the impotent revolt from humanitarian sympathy of Nietzsche, and the confusion of ideas of Huxley."

When one sees this most extraordinary group put forward as types of degenerate romanticism, one wonders how Mr. More is going to define the term. On reading his definition, we are conscious of the feeling of irritation which he professes to have felt while reading Pater. "If I had to designate very briefly this underlying principle which gives to historic romance a character radically different from the mystery and wonder of classic art, I should define it as that expansive conceit of the emotions which goes with the illusion of beholding the infinite within the stream of nature itself instead of apart from the stream."

The sane thinker is obliged to confess that Mr. More's earnest striving after an original synthesis is but a vain beating of the air. He fails utterly to prove his thesis, although occasionally he manages to give us a few critical estimates of some of the writers he discusses. Of Fiona Macleod he writes: "The simple fact is that Mr. Sharp, having got the trick of this sort of symbolic writing, found it delightfully easy, and indulged in it without restraint. Possibly he deceived himself into believing that to write without thought is to write with inspiration."

Of Nietzsche he writes: "His writing is too often in a style of spasmodic commonplace, displaying a tortured effort to appear profound."

The sum of Pater's philosophy was: "The admonition to train our body and mind to the highest point of acuteness so as to catch, as it were, each fleeting glimpse of beauty on the wing, and by the intensity of our participation to compensate for the insecurity of the world's gifts—in a word, the admonition to make of life itself an art."

The essay on Cardinal Newman best shows Mr. More's limitations. He is as capable of understanding him as the average layman is of understanding the intricacies of Hindu law. Newman, we are told, was seldom at his best as a letter writer, and therefore Wilfrid Ward in his *Life* "printed a good deal of unentertaining correspondence that was not necessary to an understanding of Newman's character." Of course Catholicism "if it did not silence, at least muffled his magic voice;" *i. e.*, from the viewpoint of style. We rub our eyes when we read the following: "Newman's con-

version was a failure in duty, a betrayal of the will. In succumbing to an authority which promised to allay the anguish of his intellect, he rejected the great mission of faith." In other words: "He might have accepted manfully the skeptical demolition of the Christian mythology, and the whole fabric of external religion, and on the ruins of such creeds he might have risen to that supreme insight which demands no revelation, and is dependent on no authority, but is content with itself." Or again: "He might have held to the national worship as a symbol of the religious experience of the people, and into that worship and that symbol he might have breathed the new fervor of his own faith."

Mr. More's theology negatives all notion of a divine revelation, and a divine teaching authority; his philosophy knows nothing either of logic or of objective truth.

No wonder then that he fails to understand Cardinal Newman's place either in literature or in philosophy. Why Newman should have figured in this volume at all is utterly beyond us.

In conclusion we might say of Mr. More's essays what he says of Nietzsche: "Most of his book is just the sort of spasmodic commonplace that enraptures the half-cultured, and flatters them with thinking they have discovered a profound philosophical basis for their untutored emotions."

SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS. By Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S. New York: The Cassell Co. $1.25.

Alfred Russel Wallace will ever be associated with Charles Darwin as the author of the *Theory of Natural Selection.* And now, at ninety years of age, this venerable scientist has written a little sociological manual full of vision and moral hope, in which he makes an urgent demand for the spiritual invigoration of civilized life. How is such a profound and collective realization of moral principles to be directed? *"No definite advance in morals can occur in any race unless there is some selective or segregative agency at work."* Where are we to look for such an agency? Before attempting to answer this last and vitally important question, he addresses himself to a consideration of the facts of historic and contemporary life. He asserts, in the face of a prevalent and shallow optimism, a few of the facts of human nature which Catholics have always and everywhere believed. There is no necessary connection, he believes, between the lapse of ages and the improve-

ment of the human race. Indeed there is a tendency to degeneration or recession directly an individual or a society abstains from conscious moral or intellectual effort; there is, in fact, a general weakness inherent in human nature which prevents automatic progress towards what is best. He holds that intellectual and moral genius is rare and infrequent, because the higher intellectual and moral powers are so rarely of a life-preserving value. May we not argue from this that they are given us for ends which transcend the needs of this present life, and are only intended to reach their fullest development and use in the life which is to come?

He also holds that "there has been no definite advance of morality from age to age, and even that the lowest races, at each period, possessed the same intellectual and moral nature as the higher." There have been risings and fallings, periods and places of improvement or decay; individuals in all ages of astonishing virtues or vices; now one and now another nation sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, now one and now another finding a precarious place in the sun. Coming to our own time, he points out how mechanical invention has enabled man to ransack the treasures of the world, and to produce an unprecedented accumulation of wealth. But with what results? "This rapid growth of wealth, and increase of our power over Nature, put too great a strain upon our crude civilization and our superficial Christianity, and it was accompanied by various forms of social immorality.....amazing and unprecedented." In the five following chapters he gives details of this social immorality, and sums up with the verdict that we are *" guilty of a lack of national morality that has never been surpassed in any former age."*

What is to be done? The remaining chapters of the book provide a basis of solution conceived on spiritual and scientific lines. Dr. Russel Wallace at first is careful to explain exactly what the *Theory of Natural Selection* really is and what it is not, where it holds good and where it ceases to apply. As applied to the brute world it rests upon two facts: (1) the great *variability* in all common and widespread species, and (2) their *enormous power of increase.* The great variability in these animal species allows the strongest of their number to adapt themselves gradually to the environment in which they are placed, while their enormous power of increase enables these same stronger members of each species to survive, while the weaker ones die out. In this way it happens that only the fittest survive. Now this process of Natural Selec-

tion obtains throughout the whole brute creation, and there is no other process at work there sufficiently powerful to check or supersede it. *But with man the case is entirely different.* The mistake of many eminent scientists, and of most popular scientific writers in the past, and even in the present generation, has been to apply the theory of Natural Selection to man without stopping to inquire how its action has been checked and even superseded when applied to human life. There is an absolute distinction between brute life and human life, says Dr. Russel Wallace, *a distinction which Natural Selection, as the basis of the evolutionary theory, can never account for.*

Man, according to Dr. Wallace, is possessed of a lofty intellect, and

> besides this lofty intellect is gifted with what we term a moral sense: insistent perception of justice and injustice, of right and wrong, of order and beauty and truth, which as a whole constitute his moral and æsthetic nature.....The long course of human history leads us to the conclusion that this higher nature of man arose at some far distant epoch.....at a time when by the influx of some portion of the spirit of Deity man became a "living soul."

What change, then, asks the author, has this higher nature of man produced in the action of the laws of variation and Natural Selection? A detailed answer to this question is given which may be summed up in the final conclusion, that in the realm of human nature Natural Selection has been very largely superseded by a higher form of selection based on the Christian law of life. The "survival of the fittest" gives place to "mutual aid." We select for moral and mental and not merely for physical qualities, and the highest of the former may co-exist with the lowest of the latter. But there are many who in theory or fact repudiate this higher Christian law,

> who are so imbued with the universality of Natural Selection as a beneficial law of Nature that they object to our interference with its action in, as they urge, the elimination of the unfit by disease and death, even when such diseases are caused by the insanitary conditions of our modern cities, or the misery and destitution due to our immoral and irrational social system. Such writers entirely ignore the undoubted fact that affection, sympathy, compassion form as essential a part of human nature as do the higher intellectual and moral faculties; that in the very earliest periods of history, and among the lowest of exist-

ing savages, they are fully manifested, not merely between members of the same family, but throughout the whole tribe, and also in most cases to every stranger who is not a known or imagined enemy.

The last part of this valuable little book is to my mind the least conclusive. From the outset, it will be remembered the author demanded " some selective or segregative agency " of a high moral order to raise the standard of spiritual theory and practice throughout the civilized world. He suggests that given economic equality between man and woman, family life may provide such an agency. But may we not ask him what spiritual agency will he provide to sweeten and elevate the family before it can achieve its high and proper moral mission to the world? Has God, Who made man a living soul, forgotten to provide an environment, an atmosphere, a standard and a city, visible to all the world, where man may freely choose to live and lead the higher life?

Urbs Jerusalem beata,
Dicta pacis visio
Nova veniens e coelo
Nuptiali thalamo
Plateae et muri ejus
Ex auro purissimo.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF INCOMES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Frank Hatch Streightoff, M.A. (Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.) New York: Columbia University. Longmans, Green & Co., Agents.

Following up a line of investigation in which he has already achieved both success and reputation, Mr. Streightoff now publishes a valuable monograph on the *Distribution of Incomes in the United States.* In the opening pages he discusses the question of what statistics are available and desirable, and his characteristically clear style makes his study especially useful to the amateur. The objective and painstaking nature of all his work promises many helpful contributions from him in the field that is coming to be associated with his name. It is a field which is becoming yearly more important, in view of the present tendency of legislation to concern itself with private incomes as matter of public interest. The author's complaint—and indeed demonstration—that the available information is deplorably insufficient, will help to

further the movement for more scientific and practical work on the part of statistical bureaus.

The upshot of the matter is this: "Knowledge of the distribution of incomes is vital to sane legislative direction of progress. In a form definite enough for practical use, this knowledge does not exist. No time should be wasted in obtaining this knowledge."

The writer has performed a useful piece of work clearly and thoroughly.

ALMA MATER, OR THE GEORGETOWN CENTENNIAL, AND OTHER DRAMAS. By M. S. Pine. Washington, D. C.: Georgetown Visitation Convent. $1.15.

This elegantly printed and bound book of school plays is offered to the public with every right to favorable consideration. There are eight dramas, all of which have been acted, revised, and perfected. They each and all won much applause from the varied audiences which attend college celebrations. The religious tone running through them only enhances their dominating romantic spirit. They are pleasant, workable, easily-prepared entertainments; never wearisome; sometimes of thrilling interest.

Such means of profitable relaxation can never be dispensed with, however rudely jostled by the bizarre contrivances sometimes intruded upon visitors to the more important academic occasions. Taste is purified, sentiment is directed into nobler channels, the eye is pleased and the ear charmed, whilst the intelligence is cultivated.

We earnestly recommend these dramas to all who would show our young ladies how true life is when inspired by bright and spiritual ideals.

THE CATECHIST'S MANUAL. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 75 cents.

This volume contains a well-written exposition of the various methods of teaching Christian doctrine, a book that should be of great service to all who aim at being competent catechists. The methods are treated concisely and clearly, both from the viewpoint of teacher and pupil, and embody many valuable suggestions. Pupils mentally deficient, or slow of comprehension, the dread of all inexperienced teachers, and frequently of experienced teachers as well, need a specially adapted course of instruction. Several methods of treating such cases have been carefully outlined. It

is a timely and much-needed book, and has the hearty endorsement of His Holiness Pius X.

MIZRAIM; SOUVENIRS OF EGYPT. By Godefroid Kurth. Paris: Pierre Téqui.

Mizraim is not a mere Baedeker guide book, but a scholar's literary account of a vacation trip made through the chief cities of Egypt—Cairo, Memphis, Luxor, Karnak, etc. We are entertained with brief but accurate estimate of Egyptian art; we learn a good deal of quaint Egyptian history; we traverse every nook and corner of the Museum of Cairo, and wander through the intricate passages of the temples of Luxor and Karnak, we enjoy an extended trip along the Nile. Ever and always our guide is declaiming against the modern cult of the ugly, and comparing the despair and monotony of pagan civilization with the hopefulness and progress of the Christian. Altogether it is a most entertaining and suggestive volume.

A WHITE-HANDED SAINT. By Olive Katharine Parr. London: R. & T. Washbourne. $1.25 net.

The author of *Back Slum Idylls* and *A Red-Handed Saint* attracted, especially by the latter, much attention and much praise. Her latest story is called *A White-Handed Saint,* and instead of a murderess led back to grace and developed almost into saintliness, as in the story parallel in name, we find in its pages a character of an innocence never stained by sin—a mystic of a very high type. On the day after his ordination, and before the anticipated first Mass, Percivale Douglas was hurt in a railroad accident, and his right arm suffered paralysis. Deprived thus cruelly of his dearest hope, he worked bravely in his poverty and physical helplessness to further his ambition of building a tiny chapel in honor of Our Lady. And his reward, though slow in coming, was "exceeding great." His soul is revealed very tenderly and beautifully by the young girl who is the story-teller. Her own conversion to the Church, through the medium of the "white-handed saint," and her love-story form the other half of the book.

The author chose a theme whose delicacy and fragile beauty made it difficult in the extreme; the soul of a mystic does not fall easily into twentieth century phrases. But she has succeeded surprisingly well. The most obvious criticism is that her touch is very, very feminine, but to some readers that will be a charm, and to few, perhaps, a defect.

THREE small volumes—companions in external appearance, in devotional character, and in the previous history of their contents—have been published recently by the Apostleship of Prayer. Father O'Rourke's *Fountains of the Saviour* is a series of sixteen studies of the Beatitudes, the example of John the Baptist, and the visits of our Lord to the home of Martha and Mary at Bethany.

The King's Table, by Father Dwight, sets forth in short, devotional conferences, the necessity and fruitfulness of receiving Holy Communion frequently.

In his *Heart of Revelation,* Father Donnelly describes different traits and tendencies of humanity—sadness, generosity, patience, contentment, etc.—as they were manifested for our instruction and encouragement in the Heart of Christ. All three books are decidedly instructive and edifying. Price, 56 cents, postpaid.

A HUNDREDFOLD is a simple, pretty little story, signed only as by the author of *From a Garden Jungle.* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.) The first half of the book is located in Belgium, but with the homeward return of the heroine, the scene changes to England. The will-finding, heir-thwarting theme, buried long ago with hoop skirts, bobs up again serenely, but since it is woven into a pleasant story, no one need object.

THE ROAD OF LIVING MEN is the latest book by Will Levington Comfort. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.) It is a story of romance and adventure, and again romance, told in the author's quite individual style. Incidentally it gives an intimate picture of China and the Chinese.

THE title, *Eucharistic Lilies, or Youthful Lovers of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament,* is given to a little book by Helen Maery. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.) It includes, among others, the stories of Tarciscius, of Blessed Imelda, and of the Little Flower of Jesus. Written clearly and simply, it will serve admirably as a help and inspiration to children preparing for their First Communion.

MEMORY AND THE EXECUTIVE MIND, by Arthur Raymond Robinson (Chicago: M. A. Donahue Co. $1.50 net), is an earnest little book, showing throughout a high purpose on the part of the author. He dwells on the importance of memory as a faculty, and the need of its greater development among men who would wish to cultivate "the executive mind."

Foreign Periodicals.

The Social Value of Frequent Communion. By Father Herbert Lucas, S.J. In a paper read before the Annual Conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, Father Lucas considered the existence of evils and abuses in the social and industrial world; the duty of Catholics to promote remedial measures; the fact that opportunities to fulfill this duty are only occasional, and that the best possible remedial measures, even if properly enforced, can only palliate or mitigate the evils. Therefore he reasons that the best positive contribution to the cause is the example of a fervent Catholic life, and the most efficacious means to help us set this example is the practice of very frequent, and, if possible, daily Communion. He places human selfishness at the root of the evils and abuses, and this cannot be eradicated by human legislation, since selfishness can always evade law. Modern society needs leavening. It needs the practical example of fervent Catholic lives to raise it above the plane of present-day individualism, and demonstrate practically the value of sacrifice and virtue. Taking Jesus Christ as the examplar, Father Lucas directs attention to the fact that He did not play the part, ostensibly, of a social reformer, but He set a supremely perfect example of a flawless domestic life; of an utterly self-sacrificing devotion to moral reformation, dogmatic teaching and works of mercy, and of an uncompromising fidelity to truth at the cost of cruel suffering and ignominious death. His example and His influence have nevertheless been the cause of all the best "social work" for the last nineteen hundred years. This conclusion Father Lucas emphasizes with comparison between mediæval and modern labor conditions, the one communal, the other individual. He then considers the value of good example; how its work is hidden; how following the one thing necessary, as did Mary in contradistinction to Martha, brings about the happiest results. The society of to-day tends pagan-ward. The proverbial good example and standing of a Catholic employer or employees exerts an influence powerful out of all proportion to their numerical strength. If fervent Catholic lives must be the leaven of society, so the Body and Blood of the Savior must be the leaven of Catholic

lives. It is the Sacrament of purity; of remembrance, calling to mind the sacrificial quality of the true Christian life; and of union with our Lord and Savior in the fullness of His Humanity and Divinity.—*The Tablet,* May 24.

The Missions of China. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. The proclamation of the new Chinese Republic was accompanied by an assurance that the new régime would not only tolerate but welcome and protect the missions; moreover, the President has shown his attitude toward foreigners by inviting Dr. Morrison Hart to act as his official adviser. The Prime Minister is a Catholic, converted by his Belgian wife. The Christians were asked to make the last Sunday of April a day of special prayer for the prosperity and progress of the nation, an official act completely abandoning the old attitude of professed friendship and secret hostility towards the missions; this proclamation is, therefore, not unworthy of comparison with the Peace Edict of Constantine. About twenty thousand non-Catholics, of different faiths and standards of membership, are at work, and they claim some 324,890 followers. This number is smaller than the number of Catholics in the single province of Chi-li. At the close of 1911 there were in China, 1,363,697 baptized Catholics, with 390,985 catechumens under instruction or awaiting baptism. These were grouped in forty-seven missionary dioceses or vicariates. There were forty-nine Bishops, 1,426 European and 701 Chinese priests, and 1,215 Chinese students for the priesthood. Out of 1,896 nuns, 1,328 were Chinese. In Chi-li there are families that have been Catholic for centuries. The principal communities of missionaries are the Lazarists, Franciscans, Jesuits, and the Society for Foreign Missions, though many others are represented. Thirty years ago the baptized Catholics of China numbered only 470,000. The great need now is for English-speaking priests.—*The Month,* June.

Suarez and Civil Authority. By Gaston Sortais. According to Suarez, civil authority is from God, and is conferred directly upon the people. They can reserve this power for themselves, as in a democracy, or transfer it to a single person or group of persons, as in a monarchy or an aristocracy. But when once they have made this transfer, they have no longer the right to recall the authority outside conditions stipulated in the original pact, unless the sovereign turns to his own personal profit what was intended

for the common good. Was this system of mediated divine right condemned by Pope Pius' recent letter against *Le Sillon,* in which he quotes from the *Diuturnum Illud* of Leo XIII. a condemnation of the view that all power comes from the people, and that sovereigns act only as delegates? No, because Pope Leo evidently did not intend to condemn a system supported by such great authorities by a mere passing phrase; because he did not use either of the terms, mediate or immediate, on which the controversy is based; and because he was concerned only with vindicating the Divine origin of civil authority against the so-called philosophers of the eighteenth century. The view of Suarez remains one which a Catholic may defend. Nevertheless his assertion that the people are the prime source of power has to meet the serious objection, that since the people must confer it upon some one to exercise it in their stead, it seems strange that God should give to them a power so precarious, a prerogative whose full use is almost always impracticable. —*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* May 1.

Liberal Judaism. By L. Cl. Fillion. Liberal Judaism, as seen in the writings of Claude G. Montefiore, is related to orthodox Judaism much as modernism is to Catholicism. It denies the historicity of the facts of Genesis; the revelation of the Law through Moses; the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch; the credibility of Old Testament miracles; the present binding force of the laws regarding unclean meats. It would replace Hebrew by the popular language in religious ceremonies; introduce organs into synagogues; allow the men to keep their heads uncovered, and the women to mingle freely in the body of the building. It holds strongly to the inviolability of the Sabbath, and celebrates the usual orthodox feasts. Upon social effort it lays great stress. The Bible, it says, has in all its parts dross mingled with its gold. Liberal Judaism does not believe in a personal Messiah, nor in the Incarnation, nor Redemption, either past or to come, but in the perpetual, endless, and universal progress of humanity. In this evolution the special rôle of Judaism is to preserve undefiled the monotheistic idea; the "imperfections" of Christianity and other religions are to be swept aside by liberal Judaism. Mr. Montefiore presents our Lord in a very sympathetic light, though regarding Him merely as a man, and this admiring attitude has subjected him to severe criticism from orthodox Jews.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* April 13.

Does the Church Grant Divorce? By B. Sienne. To recognize that a marriage was null from the beginning is in no sense the same as granting a divorce. This declaration of nullity is rather a proof of the Church's regard for the sanctity of marriage. The ground for the declaration of nullity in the Castellane-Gould marriage was the fact of its being entered into as something revocable at will. An essential element of a true marriage was, therefore, in the eyes of the Church, lacking. As is well known, the judges of the Rota act in threes. The decision of the first terna was against the declaration of nullity; that of the second in favor of it. The decision of the third group will be definitive. Such trials are not reserved only for the rich. On the contrary, the canon law guarantees them as a right, and, in case of necessity, without any expense whatever, to the poor. One of the first cases to be settled by the Rota was precisely of this kind.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* April 15.

The Gelasian Decree. Herr von Dobschütz, after a careful study of the famous decree of Gelasius, comes to the conclusion that the five parts of the decree constitute an indivisible whole, whose date is not earlier than Gelasius (492-496), nor later than Hormisdas (514-523). Moreover, he considers the document as the work of some private student of the first years of the sixth century. D. J. Chapman, however, does not entirely agree with these conclusions. In the present article, he endeavors to demonstrate that in spite of the fact that the document, as we now possess it, shows apparent unity, it really had a twofold origin. He believes that positive reasons, internal and external, support the evidence of those manuscripts that attribute the document conjointly to Hormisdas, Gelasius, and Damasus. He agrees with von Dobschütz that the date of the document is earlier that Hormisdas, and prefers a Gelasian origin.—*Revue Bénédictine,* April.

The Tablet (May 17): *The Bishop of Manchester's Protest:* From the protest of the Bishop against the marriage law of the Catholic Church, because it does not coincide with the civil law, this article shows that he does not hold the "continuity" theory of the Anglican Church. Concrete evidence is also given that the Liberal party holds the same position as the Bishop.——*Congress of Benedictine Abbots:* The Abbot of Downside writes on the Congress held at Monte Cassino in May to elect a coadjutor to the pres-

ent aged Abbot Primate, who, by special appointment of Pope Leo XIII., holds the office for life, as "the greatest meeting of Benedictine Abbots since mediæval times."——*Sedgley Park* gives at length the varied history of this school founded by Bishop Challoner, now celebrating its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. An account of the festivities in connection with the celebration is found in the May 24th issue.

(May 24): *The Way of Unity—A Modern Instance:* Father McNabb, O.P., cites the case of the Caldey Benedictines to show that he who takes up any line of the spiritual life whole-heartedly must, sooner or later, whether he will or no, come to Rome. The Caldey monks attempted to live the essential life of the Church while not belonging to its organization; they were not interested in controversy; they were purely contemplative: praying, fasting, laboring for God's glory and their fellowmen, yet they found that they must fall back on "the strictly Papal basis of authority." Father McNabb concludes with the statement that "if the claims of Peter are true, they must be supremely true."

(May 31): *The Hope for Peace:* The Powers have insisted that peace negotiations between the Balkan Allies and the Turks be speedily concluded. It is expected that, if Russia does not undertake the task alone, the Powers will force a settlement of the questions the Allies are disputing among themselves.——*Arma Virumque:* France is reaping the harvest of her campaign against religion in a failing of army enlistments due to decrease of population, and in anarchistic upheavals in the army. Still the campaign proceeds. Measures are contemplated to drive out religion by compelling attendance at lay schools, where religion is made the "butt of ridicule and insult."——Comment in "Notes" is made on the declaration of the Italian Ministers in the Senate to the effect that Freemasonry should be rooted from the army and navy because it is fatal to military discipline. The Italian Press concur in this opinion. The Roman Correspondent also treats this subject.

The National Review (June): The Earl Percy writes very strongly against *The Voluntary System* in military service. He reviews history to show its ineffectiveness.——*National Service Ideals* is two addresses by Field Marshal Earl Roberts in defence of a proposed law that would create a citizen army in England.——*The Future of the Balkan Alliance* speaks in a disheartening way of the chances for peace in the Balkan Peninsula. A fresh Balkan

war, thinks the writer, might be a blessing in disguise, as it would clear the atmosphere, and settle for some time the sore problem of Balkan hegemony.——Frank Fox, who ought to know because he worked in the Balkan War, says that the day of the war correspondent has gone. Owing to conditions imposed by the belligerents, his work is no longer possible.

Le Correspondant (June 10): J. Péritch reviews the different stages through which the question of war in the East passed before the Balkan War actually occurred, and discusses the plans for the future from the Servian point of view.——The origin and cultivation of art in the East, particularly in Greece, Assyria, and Egypt, is treated by R. P. Lagrange.——Maurice Vaussard sketches the life of Contardo Ferrini, the Italian Ozanam. Sometime professor at the University of Paria, Ferrini cultivated every branch of knowledge, yet remained the model of humility and piety. He was born in Milan in 1859 and died in Palestine in 1902. The process for his canonization was begun in 1910.——The dilettantism of Ernest Renan and his successor, M. Anatole France, forms the subject of an article by G. Michant.

Revue du Clergé Français (April 15): J. Bricout continues his exposition of the meaning of the Syllabus of Pius IX., showing how Leo XIII. and Pius X. reproduce its teaching.——Eugène Evrard writes on *Present Day Literature* as typified in new books by Maurice Barrès, René Bazin, Pierre Loti, and Adolphe Retté. ——*J. K. Huysmans,* by L. Laurec. As Gustave Coquiot's recent study shows, Huysmans was a recluse, egoistic and pessimistic; for thirty-two years a most regular, exact, and zealous official under the Minister of the Interior, at which time he wrote several of his books. He was unappreciative of the classic masters, Racine, Corneille, Molière, Dante, Goethe, Schiller. Touched by Catholicism on his vulnerable point, the love of art, he was driven to her bosom by disappointment with himself.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (May 1): E. Maugenot begins an examination and criticism of the views of M. Reitzenstein as to the influence of the pagan mysteries upon St. Paul.——Charles Pellet contributes extracts from a new volume on Lourdes by the Danish convert, Jörgensen.——The Report of the Society of Foreign Missions for 1912 shows that it is exercising an apostolate in

thirty-four missions of the Far East among 1,548,576 Catholics, 30,000 more than in 1911. It employs the services of 1,200 missionaries and 800 native priests.

(May 15): *Stoicism and Christianity,* by J. Calvet. From the years 1550 to 1650 moral treatises, tragedies, even sermons in France breathed the spirit of Stoicism rather than of Christianity. Humility and resignation were out of date; hope of indefinite progress, a victorious and active self-confidence suited the new age better. In Montaigne the man and the Christian try to live apart. Pierre Charron wrote an essay on *The Three Truths* to prove the necessity of a natural religion, the reality of revelation, and the truth of the Catholic Church. But though a priest, a friend of Bishops Comdom and Cahors, he was also Montaigne's friend; the author of *Wisdom,* a treatise which so exalted the powers of man apart from grace as practically to make grace useless.

(June 1): Dr. de Grandmaison de Bruno proves that the visions of Bernadette Soubirous were not of the nature of hallucinations. The supernatural element at Lourdes is further emphasized by the appearance of the miraculous spring, the physical cures, the miracles of grace and of charity, and the failure of searching criticism to relegate Lourdes to its former obscurity.

Études (May): *Cottolengo:* The little town of Cottolengo in the environs of Turin bears the name of the Venerable Joseph Cottolengo, who founded there the "Little House of Divine Providence," probably the largest hospital in the world. Around this institution, called by Pius IX. "la maison du miracle," grew up a city, a city of charity. Its seven thousand inhabitants are divided into thirty-four "families," fourteen of which are religious, who have come there to carry on the work of devotion so humbly begun by Canon Cottolengo.——*The Primitive Canon of the Mass:* By a comparative study of the various liturgical texts, the author arrives at the probable text of the second or, possibly, even of the first century.——*The Heart of Mary, Singular Vessel of Devotion,* by Jean Bainvel, defines devotion, and shows the exceptional and perfect character of the Blessed Virgin's devotion from the first moment of her existence.

Études Franciscaines (June): S. Belmond opens an exposition of the arguments of St. Bonaventure against the theory that the world is eternal, or was created from eternity, which Aristotle

and St. Thomas thought possible.——P. Dieudonné contributes an exhaustive analysis of two essays, one dogmatic, one historical, by Louis Caperan on the problem of the salvation of unbelievers.—— *England in India:* P. Symphorien tells of the effects on the natives of the educational facilities provided by the English Government in Bengal; the consequent division of the province; the change of capital announced by George V. at the Durbar last year, and the blessing of the banners of the " Connaught Rangers " by the Catholic Archbishop of Agra on that occasion.

Revue des Deux Mondes (April 1): *The Centenary of Frederick Ozanam,* by M. René Doumic dwells chiefly on his literary work and its influence on the thought of the day.——A series of articles on St. Augustine is begun in this number. The first one deals with his childhood.——Mme. de Stael, her salon and her relations with Napoleon Bonaparte, are discussed by the Conte d'Haussonville.

(May 15): In *A French House,* Louis Madelin, gives the history of the valiant de Vogüe family, which since the eleventh century has consistently shared the fortunes of France, and sacrificed everything for God and their country.——*The Salons of 1913 and the Salon Which is Needed* is an able critique of modern art, though the writer, Robert de la Sizeranne, makes the unwarranted statement that neither the United States nor Switzerland has ever produced an artistic genius. His argument being that " Art " is impossible in so-called free countries.

Recent Events.

France.

When the Briand government before its defeat proposed to increase the term of service in the army from two to three years, it seemed as if the whole of France without distinction of party or class would accept the proposal. Opposition, however, subsequently developed, not only on the part of the Collective Socialists, but also from among the Radicals, who are supporters of M. Barthou's ministry. When the further step was taken of keeping in active service for a longer term the men whose two years was on the point of expiring, the opposition took the form of something like a military revolt. Soldiers in garrisons on the frontier, as well as in Paris, made public demonstrations against this unexpected addition to their burden. They were willing to fight, but objected to being kept idling in barracks. This movement affected, however, a very small minority of the soldiers. It is attributed in part to the propagation of anti-militarist doctrines by the notorious Confederation of Labor, in part to an Anarchist propaganda. The government has seized upon large quantities of literature destined to be circulated among the soldiers. On the other hand, opponents of the new President, such as M. Clemenceau, have assured him of their determination to give whole-hearted support to the government's proposals. Certain modifications have been made to lighten the burden which the increase of that term of service will impose: for example, when a unit has attained to the fixed and determined strength, those beyond that number will be allowed to return home. But the government will not admit any substantial change in its proposals.

It is frankly recognized that it is beyond the power of France to have an army equal in numbers to that of Germany. There are conflicting statements as to the respective numbers of the two armies, but the most reliable statistics give to Germany a peace force of 681,000 men, whereas France has only 486,000. The difference between the peace strengths is thus 195,000 men. Germany, moreover, has a population of some sixty-five millions, which is increasing with normal rapidity, whereas France has only some forty millions, and this is not increasing at all. The only hope, therefore, for success in a conflict with Germany is based upon such a better training of its soldiers as will be given by the longer service.

France's weakness is largely due to the diminution of its birth-rate. This is recognized by the recent appointment of a commission to study the question, and to propose remedies. M. Bourgeois, who is looked upon as one of the wise men of the country, has pointed to this diminution as one of the two great disasters which threaten the future, in fact as the cause of the other of the two—the danger from the foreign enemy. A century ago, France within her present frontiers contained sixteen per cent of the population of Europe; to-day she has only nine per cent of that population. Yet the French abroad, in Canada and Algeria, increase more rapidly than any of the races that are their neighbors. The death-rate, too, is greater in France than in Germany or England. Legislation, M. Bourgeois declared, could furnish no adequate remedy: a moral crusade was necessary, the motive power of which should be the defence of their country.

M. Ribot, another very eminent statesman, takes an even darker view of the situation. "The country," he says, "is sick, and it ought to be proclaimed aloud. Alcoholism, tuberculosis, and the lack of an intelligent hygiene are decimating our country. The people must be informed of the peril by which it is menaced. All the efforts of the legislature and the government must be concentrated upon grappling with this peril."

As an offset to these dark pictures it may be worthy of mention that Father Bernard Vaughan, who has recently been paying a visit to France, declares that the Separation Law has proved one of the very greatest of the blessings bestowed on the Church in France during the past one hundred years. It has given freedom to the clergy to take a part in social and philanthropic movements; a freedom of which they are taking full advantage.

Some degree of alarm is being felt at the spread of the taste for gambling throughout the country. The national code of ethics in France does not forbid the State's deriving part of its income from the receipts of gaming tables. One hundred and forty-seven watering-places have authorized gambling houses which pay to the government a part of their receipts. Two hundred millions a year are said to be staked at these places of entertainment. Theoretically it is recognized by all that this is a great social evil, but neither the government nor the watering-places are prepared to make the sacrifice involved in their suppression. As a step towards remedying the evil, the government has introduced a bill to enable it to collect an increased tax upon the net takings, ranging

from fifteen per cent to forty-five per cent, according to their amount. Any more drastic measure, it is said, would only result in sending people to Monte Carlo.

Another of the evils affecting the French nation is the frequency of duels. No hope is entertained of their abolition, but the National Fencing Federation, and some of the fashionable clubs—for these seem to be the recognized authorities in this matter—have issued an edict that the advertising of affairs of honor must be limited to a notice of the challenge, and the publication of the result of the meeting. It is hoped by diminishing the publicity hitherto existing to lessen the number—a step, indeed, in the right direction.

One more must be added to the list of France's afflictions—the enormous increase of the national expenditure and the consequent addition to the burden cast upon the people. In the last five years two hundred additional millions have been voted by Parliament to carry out costly measures of various kinds, and although there has been an enormous growth of revenue, the deficits have been still larger. This year the excess of expenditure over normal revenue amounts to no less a sum than eighty-five millions. For the increase of the term of army service the expense will be very great. A loan of some two hundred millions for this purpose is about to be issued.

The government has announced a fairly extensive scheme of social legislation. A part of it is the introduction of a measure to facilitate the formation of companies in which capital and labor will participate as shareholders. The bill aims at enabling labor to take a share in the control of the industries in which it is engaged. Another bill lays down regulations for labor credit societies, and makes financial provision for their formation. By a third bill the civil rights of trade unions are extended in a considerable degree.

France has loyally coöperated with the rest of the Great Powers in the effort to preserve the peace during the recent crisis. It was indeed with considerable reluctance that the government took part in enforcing the demands of Europe upon Montenegro, and thereby supporting the policy of Austria. The desire for peace, however, carried the day. The visit of the King of Spain has removed any trace of bad feeling that had been caused by the Morocco question, and there is now some talk of Spain's entry into the Entente with Great Britain and Russia. This would then become quadruple.

Germany.

The marriage of the Emperor's only daughter, the Princess Victoria Luise, to Prince Ernest Augustus of Brunswick-Lüneberg, the only surviving son of the Duke of Cumberland, was the cause of the meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Germany and the King of England. Assurances were given, as is wont in such cases, that the meeting had no political bearing, and was a purely family affair. No doubt is entertained on this point, so far as the visit of King George was concerned, although even in this case it may have contributed to that better understanding between Great Britain and Germany of which there have been so many signs. The release of the Englishmen convicted of espionage is a pledge of the good will of Germany. But the Kaiser in Germany and the Tsar in Russia hold a much different position than that which is held by the King in England, and it is hard to think that they had no political conversation. What it was, however, the newspapers have not revealed.

Germany is still in the midst of the war-like preparations which have already been announced. The bills to legalize them and to pay the cost are before the Reichstag under discussion. This has not prevented the Kaiser's jubilee being celebrated as a peace festival. Our own Mr. Andrew Carnegie was at the head of one of the first delegations to present to his Imperial Majesty an address which congratulated him on having maintained for twenty-five years unbroken peace with all the world. It quoted the declaration made by the Emperor shortly after ascending the throne: "The peace of my country is sacred to me," and praised his majesty not only for his own peaceful forbearance, but for having inspired the same in others.

The proposals made by the government of Alsace-Lorraine to the Federal Council for the sanction of more vigorous measures of repression to be applied to the Press, and to the holding of meetings in the Reichsland, is considered by a large part even of the German Press to be a great blunder. Such a course is inefficacious if needed, and exasperating if not needed. But the government seems determined to carry the proposal into effect. It will, no doubt, tend to accentuate the less friendly feelings between the two countries, of which there have lately been several indications.

Russia.

Although the Tercentenary of the Romanoffs was celebrated with every manifestation of popular enthusiasm, it would seem that

the Tsar has not perfect confidence in his people. On his recent visit to Berlin he had to travel from St. Petersburg in an armored train, and extraordinary precautions were taken to protect him during the journey, and during his stay in the German capital. This was in marked contrast with the way in which his cousin King George of England made the journey, and serves as a reminder that all is not yet well in Russia. It is indeed true that she is just now passing through a period of greater prosperity than ever before. She is entering upon a new era of industrial activity. The national revenues have never been so great. Her population, which already amounts to 170,000,000, shows an unusual increase of 3,000,000. Through the wisdom and moderation of her statesmen, she has escaped being driven into war during the recent Balkan crisis. The Russian people were enthusiastic in support of their Slav brethren, and had to be held in check by the government. For the maintenance of peace under no little provocation, a debt of gratitude is due to the Tsar and his foreign minister, M. Sazonoff. It was owing chiefly to their urgent warnings that King Nicholas yielded up the possession of Skutari.

In one of the last of the celebrations of the tercentenary festivities, the Tsar told a deputation of peasants that Russia had grown great and strong through belief in God, the Emperor's love of his people, and the people's attachment to the imperial throne. The oldest village elder replied, addressing the Tsar in the second person singular: "Thou, lord, art our protection against all enemies. In thee is truth, in thee is mercy. Thou hast granted us peasants many tokens of thy favor." And yet with all these manifestations of external prosperity and demonstrative assertions of loyalty, the prisons of Russia are filled to overflowing, and political executions have multiplied tenfold. This indicates that beneath the surface there is no little discontent. Doubtless this is to be found more in the towns than in the country, and is due to that very fact of increasing industrial activity which is one of the manifestations of the existent prosperity. A town population is always more discontented and desirous of change than is that of the country.

There is reason to think that the Tsar himself and his present ministers are more ready to extend liberal institutions, and to give greater power to the people, than is a large number of the aristocracy, who are sunk deep in the defence of their own selfish interests. An attempt recently made to give greater powers to municipal governments in Poland by giving to them similar privileges

to those which have been granted to Russian towns, was resisted and considerably modified by that branch of the legislature which is more subject to reactionary influences. It is worthy of note that a warm advocate of the proposed change was a former Ambassador of Russia to Washington. He advocated the adoption of a broad-minded policy for the frontier regions, based on intelligent sympathy with local needs and susceptibilities. Only in this way, he said, could voluntary allegiance, the true bond of union, be created. Here perhaps may be seen another of the many instances of the influence of American institutions.

The Balkan War. On the thirtieth of May the Treaty of Peace between Turkey and the Balkan States was signed in London. This treaty is as important as any that have been made for the last three hundred years, perhaps in some respects more important; for it brings to an end that domination of the Turk over the Christian which has for so long cast a dark shadow over Christendom. The treaty had been prepared by Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, after consultation with the delegates of the Allied States and those of Turkey, and in collaboration with the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, who have been meeting for consultation even since the war began. Great credit is due to the British Minister. It is to his efforts that the chief credit must be given for having held the Great Powers together, and for having averted the war which the statesmen of two generations looked upon as inevitable on the death of the Sick Man. In the words of the *Tribuna:* "Sir Edward Grey will certainly be considered as the principal author and the greatest promoter of the Treaty of London, which closes one of the most important and difficult periods of European history. Sir Edward has earned the unreserved gratitude of all the Powers of Europe interested in the maintenance of peace and the limitation of the Balkan conflicts."

The treaty marks the practical extinction of the Ottoman power in Europe, and the end of a period in which the Crusades were only an episode. The way in which it was accomplished is as surprising as the result. The Turk has been dying for years, and the only question has been which of the Great Powers was to give him the death stroke. Their selfish jealousies held them back, and it has been left for the smallest and weakest of the European States to do without any aid from outside the work which

the whole of Europe failed to accomplish, and to do it in one brief campaign. The outcome is but another lesson in the fallibility of human judgment. Equally unexpected was the collapse of China in 1894 in her conflict with Japan, and the subsequent defeat of Russia by the same power. There are those who would not be surprised if a certain Great Power which has dominated Europe of late were to prove wanting if brought to the test.

By the treaty an area of some forty thousand square miles, of what for centuries has been Turkish territory, has been ceded to the Allies. That is to say, all the territory on the mainland of Europe west of a line to be drawn from Enos on the coast of the Ægean to Midia on the Black Sea. This leaves some five thousand square miles to Turkey, and includes Constantinople, the whole of the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, and the Bosporus. That Constantinople still remains in Turkish hands is due to that jealousy which has for so long been the mainstay of Turkey. Russia is said to have conveyed to Bulgaria her determination that the latter power would not be allowed to capture Constantinople. Sancta Sophia therefore remains a mosque.

The treaty provides also that Crete is to be ceded to the Allies, while the ultimate possession of the other Turkish islands situated in the Ægean is to be left to the decision of the Powers. Financial questions are to be settled by an International Commission, which is to meet at Paris. No indemnity is given to the Allies by the treaty.

Although the Treaty of Peace has been signed, no end of questions remain, and it is still doubtful whether the settlement of these questions will not involve further warfare. It is, in fact, said that one reason for the delay in signing the treaty on the part of Servia and Greece—a delay which was only brought to an end by a somewhat peremptory summons by Sir Edward Grey—was the desire of those States to keep the bulk of the Bulgarian forces occupied before the lines of Tchataldja in order that Greece and Servia might be able to seize upon certain districts. Before the war began, a treaty was made by Servia and Bulgaria, by which an allotment was made of the districts which should fall to the share of each in the event of the war being successful. The war was more successful than was expected, from which success the Bulgarians derived the chief advantage. The intrusion of Austria-Hungary, to which the formation of the new State of Albania is due, still further diminished the region which should have fallen to Servia. A very natural desire to have the treaty changed, to which Bulgaria would not listen, has led to a very warlike feeling in Servia against

Bulgaria. It is hoped that the intervention of Russia may avert an armed collision.

Between Greeks and Bulgarians armed collisions have actually taken place on more than one occasion. The Greeks seemed determined to retain the possession of Salonika. They are said to have entered into a treaty with Servia to deprive Bulgaria of certain districts. How the question will be settled is still uncertain.

That Crete will be annexed to Greece admits of no doubt, but what will be done with the rest of the Ægean Islands is not so certain. Greece claims the whole of them, on the ground of the nationality of their inhabitants and the capture of others. But Italy is in the possession of about a dozen, taken during the war with Turkey. She is under the obligation, by the Treaty of Lausanne, to restore them to Turkey. This she now has no thought of doing, nor yet is she willing to give them to Greece. It is in fact suspected that she intends to hold on to them.

The new State of Albania opens another series of problems. Its northern boundaries have been settled by the Ambassadors of the Great Powers during their sittings in London. But the settlement of the southern boundaries has brought Italy and Greece into disagreement. Italy wants to give to Albania a boundary which Greece thinks unjust, including, as it does, many districts inhabited by Greeks. Italy on her part fears that the demands of Greece, if conceded, would endanger the control of the Adriatic. Then the constitution of Albania has to be settled, and a ruler to be chosen. It is now seen to be doubtful whether any kind of order can be preserved in the new State except by at least a temporary occupation by troops of foreign powers. To what powers is this task to be entrusted? Meanwhile Skutari, the occupation of which cost Montenegro so much, is now in the possession of marines and under the governorship of a British Admiral. Montenegro itself, which was the first to declare war with Turkey, is the one State which so far has gained scarcely anything. Her sacrifice of Skutari preserved the peace of Europe: for there is no doubt that Austria-Hungary and Italy would have taken steps in alliance to deprive Montenegro of her prize—steps which probably would have brought Russia into the field.

It must not be thought that because Turkey has practically been driven from Europe, no more interest need be taken in her by practical politicians. The integrity of her possessions in Asia becomes now a European question. Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany have various political and commercial interests at

stake, and are mutually afraid of any one of their number getting an advantage. Although not so acute, the difficulties which Turkish rulers have had in the Balkans exist also in Asia. There are Kurds and Armenians and Arabs, each of them have national aspirations which the defeats of their overlords, the Turks, will accentuate. The Armenians—to whose shame it must be said that they now boast that they fought for the Turks in the recent war—are bringing their grievances to the front. Even the Arabs are showing signs of restlessness. The government is seeking by measures of decentralization to make concessions to these desires for a greater measure of self-government. But there are those who think that Europe will have to do for Turkey in Asia something analogous to what she did for a time in the Balkans—appoint a financial commission to control the revenue, and to supervise the administration of the provinces. The despotism of Abdul Hamid has had the usual effect of all despotisms—it has laid the people so low for the advantage of the ruler that no man can be found to be a saviour.

The conclusion of the war leaves the grouping of the Powers unchanged. On the one side there is the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy; on the other what is called the Triple Entente between France, Russia, and Great Britain. After the capture of Skutari by the Montenegrins, it is now admitted that war was on the point of breaking out. Austria-Hungary and Italy were bent upon taking action in common in Albania: its northern part was to have been the sphere assigned to Austria, while Italy was to have acted in Southern Albania. Avlona, the key of the Adriatic, would, had this plan been carried, have fallen into the hands of Italy. Little prescience is necessary to see that the common action of these two powers would soon have turned into a bitter conflict—a conflict which would have brought to an end the Triple Alliance. This was averted by the surrender of Skutari.

The war has inflicted severe wounds upon the Dual Monarchy. Had she acted at the beginning of the war with a venture-all audacity, and not have allowed Servia to enter the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, she might have succeeded in maintaining a dominating position. As it is she has lost every chance of reaching the Ægean. She has made enemies of the Slavs not only in the Balkan States, but within her own dominions; she has incurred vast expense which will weigh down still further an already overburdened people.

On the other side, the formation of Albania is to be attributed to her efforts. How advantageous this may prove is an open

question, especially when the jealousy of Italy is taken into account. The weakening of Austria is given by the German Chancellor as a reason for the addition to the peace strength of the German army. This in its turn has led France to add to its military power. And so everything works together for the increase of armaments. Nor is this movement confined to Europe: Great Britain's dread of Germany has led to the proposal of Mr. Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, to build three Dreadnoughts for the defence of the Empire. This proposal has just been rejected by the Senate. This rejection may lead to a fundamental change in the constitution of that body: it has hitherto been nominated; Mr. Borden proposes to make it elective. Such is the sequence of events.

The Concert of the Powers which still maintains an existence, notwithstanding their division into the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, has regained the respect which it lost at the beginning of the war. It was then flaunted and set at nought by the Balkan States—its threats and commands being alike slighted. It has, however, been so successful in the maintenance of peace between the Great Powers during a most trying time, that a deep debt of gratitude is felt for the influence for good which it has been able to exert. Its success is attributed to the fact that meetings of the Ambassadors of all the Great Powers were held in London throughout the whole period, at which all questions were discussed as they arose, and an opportunity was offered to come to an understanding. It was at these meetings that the creation of the new State of Albania was settled.

Belgium.

The long-deferred recognition by Great Britain of the annexation of the Congo by Belgium marks the complete triumph of the efforts of the Congo Reform Association to secure the suppression of the fearful crimes wrought by the late King in that region. With one exception all the reforms advocated by the Association have been carried out by the Belgian administration. The whole Leopoldian policy has been abandoned, the *concessionnaire* companies have either disappeared or been reduced to impotence. The revenues are no longer supplied by forced or slave labor, the rubber tax has gone, the native is free to gather the products of his toil, and to dispose of them in trade, and to buy and sell at his own pleasure. A responsible government has displaced an irresponsible despotism. Belgium, instead of deriving enormous sums of money extorted from the wretched natives, has expended over twenty mil-

lions on the administration of the country during a period of four years. The only point about which doubt is entertained is whether the legal rights of the natives to hold land is satisfactorily secured. Assurances, however, have been given by the Belgian government on this point, and so the last objection to recognition has been removed. Let us hope that the Duchess of Bedford's efforts to secure the reform of Portuguese methods of treating political prisoners may be equally successful.

China.

The prospects for the stability of the Chinese Republic are somewhat brighter. The Provisional President, Yuan Shih-kai, has made it clearly understood that he is determined to suppress at all costs all attempts at revolution. He has, moreover, been supplied with the means of which all earthly governments stand in need. The loan which has been for an extraordinarily long period a subject of negotiation, has been not only issued, but fully subscribed. Its success was indeed phenomenal. The part issued in London was taken up twelve times over within an hour and a half. This does not necessarily mean an expression of the confidence of the financial world in the stability of the present government, or even of the Republican form of government. For it is well known that China's need of money is so great that any substitute for the present would have to recognize the validity of the loan. It indicates, however, the confidence felt in the resources of China. Moreover, the financiers have their governments' express endorsement behind them.

An event still more worthy of being chronicled is the definite extinction of the trade in opium. In the British House of Commons the Under-Secretary for India recently announced that the Indian government had abandoned altogether the revenue derived from the sale of opium, and were no longer selling any to China. It was the first time in the modern history of India that they were selling not an ounce of the poppy. The Under-Secretary said he was very proud to be able to make that declaration. The chief credit, however, is due to the societies which have for so long been striving for the suppression of a traffic which has had for its support that greed of nations and of traders that has wrought such fearful evils in the Congo, and in such districts as the Putumayo. Great credit is also due to the Chinese Republican government, which in defiance of treaties refused to receive any more importations of opium.

With Our Readers.

THE year 1912 was a banner year for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith as shown by the report issued in the June *Annals*. The receipts for the past year footed up to $1,610,315.11, an increase of $155,469.78 over the amount received in 1911, and the largest ever collected by the Society since its foundation, ninety-one years ago.

As usual, France leads the Catholic world in contributing to this world-wide missionary organization, giving $621,366.19. The other countries that contributed the largest amounts come in the following order:

United States	$366,460.59
Germany	196,013.53
Belgium	71,246.23
Argentine	61,188.81
Italy	54,476.91
Ireland	52,736.96
Spain	40,855.08
Mexico	24,330.86
Switzerland	20,414.77
England	20,127.16
Chili	19,129.77

From those figures it appears that the offerings of the faithful in the United States increased by $85,226.21 over those of the previous year. France, England, and Germany made also a considerable advance, and Ireland nearly doubled the sum of its former contributions. This is certainly gratifying, and shows a growing interest in the work of the missions the world over, and more especially in this country.

The systematic conduct of the affairs of the Propagation of the Faith commands American confidence. Each year the Society presents a complete report of its receipts. When the allocations to the missions have been determined on and made, a complete report of the expenditures is also given to the world. It is the Catholic public that gives this money, and the Catholic public has, therefore, the right to know all about it. This is the policy and procedure of the Society.

When it is recalled that the Propagation of the Faith is the chief support of the Catholic foreign missions, and when it is further recalled that the Protestant missions receive an amount ten times larger,

it will be granted that those contributions are much too small to meet even the necessary expenses of our missions. We understand that they come mostly from the poor; let us hope that the time is not far distant when our wealthy Catholic brethren will open wide their treasures and sustain the hands that are consecrated to the Christ-like task of extending God's kingdom on earth.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON lately made the following criticism of Mr. H. G. Well's advocacy of the determinist theory of history: "I see by one of his original and suggestive lectures, republished in pamphlet form, that Mr. H. G. Wells is still hovering round the notion that future history may perhaps become a fixed and calculable thing, like the rotation of the stars. Everything that Mr. Wells writes is of value; but in this case my respect is solely for the doctrinaire, and not in the least for the doctrine. I should detest the doctrine if I thought it were true. I despise it, or even tolerate it, because I know it is false. But Mr. Wells has a way of putting even false doctrines so as to suggest the alternative of the true ones. He is a very transparent writer: and I mean the phrase as a compliment, for clear and flawless glass is not an easy thing to make. When he says that the action of empires or peoples might come to be foreseen like the changes of chemistry, he is fighting very fairly; for he is making the answer easy. If chemicals had a power of choice, it would be impossible to be certain that a chemical experiment would come off. It often doesn't come off even now. If a chemical element had ever been in a state of indecision, it would be impossible to predict what it would do. If an acid ever prayed not to be led into temptation, chemistry would not be an exact science. We can prophesy about these things because they are dead. We cannot prophesy about twenty million people who will be alive when we are dead. They will have the mixed motives, the sudden reactions, the unconscious prejudices, the desperate choice of the less of two evils, that we all know in our private lives—in short, they will be human beings. That is *my* prophecy about them. After that remarkable pronouncement, I put off the prophet's robe.

"But while I think it absurd and unimaginative to say that there is one separate and certain thing that must happen, I do not count it so absurd to say that there are four or five things, one of which will most probably happen. Human life is not a destiny; but it is a drama. And while a drama is quite undramatic if there is only one way out of the difficulty, it is generally most dramatic of all if there are only two or three. Humanity in the future will not merely move along a path of progress; which is as heathen and heartless as a maze

with no heart. But it will come to a cross-road; which is as Christian as a cross. There really are certain things that are all pretty probable, none of them impossible, none of them inevitable. We may become slaves. We may, by a rather more abrupt alteration, become free men. We may have a new religon. We may return to the old one. But among all these possibilities there is one that will strike many people as more serious than the rest. We may relapse into barbarism."

WITH pleasing seriousness the writer of *The Point of View,* in the June *Scribner's,* seeks to call the attention of his non-Catholic brethren to the dangers of that wide sea of latitudinarianism whereon they are wildly tossed by every wind of doctrine. He yearns for a sense of conviction and of definite principle, so rare to-day. He points out an evident danger of democracy wherein life is made a dead flat land, and there is no guiding star but the unstable, passing opinion of the crowd. We quote some portions of his thoughtful essay:

"What significance, the serious or the humorous, should be attached to our practice of putting weather-vanes on church spires? Old-fashioned meeting-houses with faded green blinds nestle among elms and maples; tall white spires still point heavenward, but many of them wear this smart device to tell which way the wind blows. Hamlet said he was 'but mad north-northwest;' are we but religious north-northwest also, or east, as the wind of opinion may blow? It is unpleasantly suggestive of faith rationalized, faith that is a matter of changing thought, not of steady, heavenward-pointing hope founded on something more solid than the play of mere intellect. The old-fashioned Catholic church does better, at least in the matter of the symbol on its spires; there shines the cross, against the blue of noon-day, or golden against gray gathering clouds; and there is no gain-saying, no evading, its unchanging significance.

"I am ardently democratic, but I am beginning to wonder if the spirit of demos has not eaten too far into our very bones. Must this constant endeavor to turn opinion to the changing public mind be a necessary outcome of democracy?.....

"We veer and shift too readily, trying to find the exact path of the prevailing mind. In the voting that I do, concerning, for the most part, educational matters, I cannot help feeling that there is often less clear-cut individual conviction on the part of the members of the voting body than desire to be one of the majority, to seem good fellows, to be 'in with the boys.' Yet the people considering educational questions are doubtless among the most enlightened in the country. There is a hasty glance round, when any new opinion is

launched, to see what the others are thinking; there is an unconfessed feeling that the important thing is to get the sum total of expressions. I do not like these questioning glances. It is well not to be too isolated, and he with whom no one agrees is doubtless insane, but I cannot help thinking that *vox populi* should hush itself now and then to see whether it really is *vox Dei*. We nowadays take counsel too much with our contemporaries, and do not admit our forebears sufficiently to those decisions wherein they still have a right to speak. As I look back on history it seems to me, as more than one thinker has suggested, that the majority have seldom found out anything, whether in matters spiritual or temporal, without the leadership of some nobler and more gifted soul. One man's unswerving faith in the fine and high outweighs, in the long run, ten thousand wavering voices from the shifting, unsure mass.....

"There is that weather-vane again! It keeps getting in my line of vision, as I look from the green hill to westward, as I come out from the sunken walk along the aqueduct, and see, beyond the grass-grown path and the deep-foliaged trees, its gilded letters shining significantly in the sun. I cannot get away from it! And it gives its inevitable suggestion of unstable force, enduring at most but a few hours. As I passed, on a clouded day last week, religion seemed nor'-nor'-east, while, on a sunny afternoon—it was but yesterday—faith was blowing due south. How it whips about in a real gale! When will the churches take off their weather-vanes, and leave their spires pointing to the north star?

ONE page from actual life is worth many volumes of academic and theoretical discussion. How will it be possible for government to deal with a generation that has never been trained in the principles of religion and morality? A State that goes unconcernedly on its way thinking that it need have no care for the religious training of its children, is surely headed for the rocks. Many who have been long asleep are waking up. Perhaps this story from every-day life will arouse many more. In one of New York City's Police Courts an eleven-year-old schoolboy, when asked what would happen to him if he told a lie, said he did not know, and showed no concern about the matter. The boy was a witness against another boy charged with theft. The Magistrate declared he could not hold the prisoner, because the sworn testimony of the boy, who did not know or care what would happen to him if he told a lie, might not be received. Turning to the prisoner the Magistrate said: "You ought to be very thankful to the inefficient public school system of this city for your discharge. Certainly it is a sad commentary on the system when a boy nearly twelve

years old is unable to answer the question I've asked.....We spend $40,000,000 a year in public instruction and here's a specimen."

An Assistant District Attorney suggested that the boy might not have understood the question. The Magistrate replied:

"Understand the question! Just go out and ask the business men of the city what they think of the public school graduate. Why, they're hanging out signs now which read: 'Public school boys and girls need not apply for this position.'"

The boy said he had attended a public school for five years.

A TIMELY and important pamphlet in answer to the charges made against the Catholic Church by the *Christian Herald*—charges which we have already considered in THE CATHOLIC WORLD—is a reprint of an article from the *Marian* by J. P. McKey, C.M. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained from Rev. D. J. Downing, C.M., St. Vincent's Mission House, Springfield, Mass. It sells at three cents a copy; four cents by mail. A reduction is allowed when ordered in quantities.

AN evidently modest correspondent has sent us the following verses, asking us to publish them anonymously, and in the department of With Our Readers. We think his request merits a favorable answer.

TO MARGARET.

(Five years old, and born blind.)

Two gardens fair, enclosed
  From earthly ray,
Her virgin eyes await
  Their marriage day.

They spurn all lesser love,
  Though dark the night;
Content that their first Love
  Is Perfect Light.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Way of the Heart. By Mgr. D'Hulst. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. $1.50. *The Wedding Bells of Glendalough.* By Michael Earls, S.J. $1.35 net. *Mystical Contemplation, or the Principles of Mystical Theology.* By Rev. Father E. Lamballe. Translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A. $1.00 net. *"Behold the Lamb."* By Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cents net. *A Wreath of Feasts.* By Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Happiness and Beauty. By Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan, D.D. 60 cents net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

Vesperale Romanum. $1.80.

DUFFIELD & Co., New York:

Unexpected Affinities. By Susan Taber. $1.25 net.

JAMES A. DENT, New York:

John Wesley's Last Love. By Augustin Leger.

GEORGETOWN VISITATION CONVENT, Georgetown, Washington, D. C.:

Alma Mater, or the Georgetown Centennial, and Other Dramas. By M. S. Pine. $1.15 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Twenty-Eighth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

The Beauty and Truth of the Catholic Church. Vol. III. By Rev. Edward Jones. $1.35 net.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., LTD., London:

Life and Times of Calvin. Translated from the Dutch by Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A. $3.50 net.

CARY & Co., London:

The Book of Hymns, with Tunes. Edited by S. G. Ould, O.S.B., and W. Sewell, A.R.A.M. *2 s. 6 d.*

G. LYAL, London:

Homely Thoughts on the Parables of The Tree of Good and Evil and The Tree of Life in the Light of Religion. By John Coutts. *2 d.*

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:

Les Entravées. Par Nöel Francès. *Carlyle.* Par Louis Cazamian. *2 frs.* 50.

LIBRAIRIE HACHETTE ET CIE, Paris:

La Jeunesse de Wesley. Par Augustin Leger.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Congrès Eucharistique International de Vienne. *3 frs.* 50. *Louis Veuillot.* Par C. Lecigne. *3 frs.* 50.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

Matutinaud lit la Bible. Par Abbé E. Duplessy. *2 frs.* 50.

THE

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THE NEW MOVEMENT IN FRENCH LITERATURE.

A CATHOLIC RENAISSANCE.

BY JOSEPH L. O'BRIEN, M.A.

A STUDY of the political history of France of the last thirty years gives a Catholic student little hope for better things from the "eldest daughter of the Church." For that history is little more than the continuous record of a brutal and relentless persecution of Catholic truth and Catholic ideals, which aimed at nothing else than the utter destruction, not of Catholicism, as our Protestant friends complacently imagine, but of Christianity itself. The ideal of the French politicians has been a new state in which God would be eliminated and humanity deified; in which the "lights of heaven would be extinguished" and the lights of earth be man's guides. With devilish ingenuity they reversed the Gospel precept. "Destroy first the kingdom of God," they cried, "and all things else will be added." We Catholics who have Christ's promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against His Church, have no fear of the outcome. But withal we are grieved and depressed when we reflect upon the cruelty and injustice perpetrated upon the Church in the name of liberty.

Turning from the political history to the literary history, the same epoch presents quite a different picture; one which buoys up hope after the depression caused by the political retrospect, and which may be taken as an indication of brighter days to come. Within the past thirty years French thought has passed through a

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revolution. The story of this revolution is told in the literature of the period. The strongest current in this literature has been a gradual inclination toward Christian ideals, and to-day, for the first time in two centuries, the principles underlying the work of the "masters of the hour" in the world of French letters, are Catholic. This may seem a strange thing to say of the literature of a nation which has always professed the Catholic religion, even if it has practiced that religion indifferently. But none the less it is true, as a most casual reading of the history of French literature will prove. Even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when France withstood the ravages of the Protestant revolt and clung to the old faith, religion had little influence on literature. The Muse of literature in France has ever followed willingly in the train of her "pagan seducer." In the past religion seems to have undervalued the services of literature, and so with the enemies of religion she allied herself. With what terrible results to both religion and literature we well know. Literature, in France, succeeded in doing what the Protestant revolt had failed to accomplish. Wedded to the philosophy of a Voltaire and a Rousseau to a great extent, she undermined the faith of the nation and wrought a work of death. All through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries literature in France was a veritable plague—a Black Death—for faith and morals.

Call to mind a few of the masters of French literature of the last century who have won renown not only at home, but whose work is well known in other countries. Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, Dumas, Zola, Gautier, novelists; Baudelaire, Musset, de Lisle, poets; Sainte-Beuve and Taine, critics; all of whom, when not openly combating faith and morals, were at least ridiculing and contemning them. Clustered around these luminaries were a thousand satellites only too anxious to reflect the sentiments of their masters. The result of their work is evident in the France of to-day. France dangerously wounded and bleeding—France almost morally paralyzed—but not yet dead. She is struggling to free herself from her terrible bondage. And her liberation seems at hand.

It is our purpose to sketch the rise of a new movement in French literature, and to try to determine some of its causes. This movement is distinctively Catholic, and as such has been persistently overlooked by the majority of writers, when treating of French literature in the most prominent reviews published in the

English language. They as yet cling to the delusion that the France of to-day is the France of yesterday; that Catholicism has been choked out of the life of the nation. Such writers complacently ignore the Catholic influences which are now making themselves felt in English literature. We cannot therefore expect them to recognize similar influences working abroad. For such recognition, Catholics have learned by experience to look to the Catholic press.

The most commanding figure in French literature for the closing decades of the nineteenth century was Ferdinand Brunetière, one of the keenest literary critics France has known. Brunetière, single-handed, cut away much of the undergrowth of schools and philosophies, which had choked not only morality but art itself out of French letters, and infused new life into a literature dying of dry-rot. His life and work furnish us with a striking example of the "évolution religieuse" of modern French thought. Born in 1849, Brunetière received his classical education at the Lycée of Marseilles, in an atmosphere, if not anti-religious, at least irreligious. The philosophy of Victor Cousin and Jules Simon, a practical liberalism mixed with a disdain of positive religion, was the official philosophy of the state schools in France—the philosophy of the baccalaureate—at this time. The young Brunetière, a brilliant student and by nature a thinker, like all young students of his generation, absorbed this philosophy, and moulded his ideals into the indifference which was its aim. But as he advanced in years, the theoretic agnosticism which he had imbibed in his youth gave way to practical atheism. Comte, Spencer, and Darwin became his masters. "I have spent," he tells us later in his life, "thirty years of my life to turn them into blood and bone."* From Marseilles, Brunetière went to Paris and entered the Lycée of Louis-le-Grand, where he continued his literary and philosophical studies. After the war of 1870, in which he did military service, he took up his residence in Paris, determined to devote his life to literary pursuits. For some years his way was hard and thorny. As private tutor in a school which prepared young men for the baccalaureate examination, he managed to eke out a living. Teaching all day, he worked far into the night preparing himself for the battles he was to wage on the fields of literary criticism.

In 1875 Brunetière, after several unsuccessful attempts, gained

**Discours de Combat.* 1st series.

admission into the exclusive number of contributors to the powerful *Revue des Deux Mondes,* and by 1880 his name as a critic was firmly established. From that time until his death in 1907, he was the arbiter of elegance in French letters.

His first great work as a critic was to slay the dragon of naturalism, which was in full power when he took up arms against it, and which was exploited with consummate skill by Zola. Despite the philosophic systems in which he had been trained, and though he himself may not have been fully aware of it, the underlying principles of Brunetière's work, *Le Roman Naturaliste,* are Christian. They are far from the teachings of either positivist or determinist philosophy. Such propositions as: human nature is fallen; man has a free will; man is responsible for his actions which are not mere fatal resultants, are the foundations of his attacks upon naturalism. Here in the first great work which comes from his pen, we find application of Christian standards to literary criticism. Brunetière was far from being a Christian. He had a long way to travel, and many years were to pass before he made an act of faith, but a break with established ideals and an inclination toward something radically opposed to them is betrayed in this book. In it the young critic revivified a standard which had fallen into decay in France, and with that standard exposed the purulence of naturalism. Zola's star died out under the light of the rising Brunetière, and the way was opened for novels which aimed at being something other than a "slice of life."

After ridding literature of the influence of Zola, Brunetière occupied himself with Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists. In 1878 the "intellectuals" of France planned a celebration in honor of the centenary of the death of Voltaire, in which they hoped to deify the father of French emancipation. Voltairism had been momentarily eclipsed by romanticism. The anniversary of his death was an opportune time to restore the man and his work to their former glory. With this end in view the celebration was planned and carried out, but it was far from fulfilling the expectations of its promoters. When all was over the position of Voltaire, "the patron saint of irreligion," was shaken. His cult instead of gaining in worshippers had diminished, and the man, such as he really was, was better known. With terrible precision, rigorous logic, and undisputed documentary knowledge Brunetière exposed Voltaire. In a famous article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* Brunetière drew a parallel between the lives and

works of Voltaire and Bossuet, and showed to which of these two men French literature was most indebted. Brunetière, falling under the influence of Bossuet and defending his ideals, became more open in his attacks upon the decadent schools of philosophy dominating literature.

Renan was another of the popular radical philosophers to fall as Brunetière advanced. In his younger days the great critic had yielded for a time to the lure of Renan's skepticism, and knew from experience the failure of this system to satisfy the needs of a soul which was not totally blind. He was also aware of its blighting effect on literature owing to its instability and vagueness. In the same relentless method with which he had dealt with Zola and Voltaire, Brunetière attacked Renan, not without signal success. "After having killed the naturalism of Zola, Brunetière by his attitude helped more than any one else to kill the skepticism of Renan."*

No modern literature was so affected by the school of "art for art's sake" as was the French. This fallacy inspired some of the most telling pages of Brunetière's work. Against its defenders he held that art is not free to do as it pleases, but that the artist, like every other man, is bound by the moral laws. The poet, the writer, is not merely a maker of harmonious lines or a designer of beautiful verbal pictures. His words clothe his thoughts—in his work a philosophy is reflected. For his thoughts and reflections the writer is responsible. If they are false, then his work, regardless of its formal merit, is false. Here Brunetière lays down a fundamental principle of Christian criticism. In applying it he throws his tremendous influence on the side of morality in its continual campaign against a soulless literature, and inspired that campaign in France with new vigor.

Brunetière's work was crowned with the highest success. His career as littérateur was most brilliant. As director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* as professor at the Sorbonne, as member of the French Academy,† and as a powerful and prolific writer—some thirty volumes touching on every side of French literature flowed from his pen—the extent of his influence can hardly be estimated. He stood for all that was great and good in literature, and impressed his views on his countrymen. He found French litera-

**Ames d'Aujourd'hui.* Par François Vincent, p. 376.

†Elected in 1894. His rival for the seat was Zola. By its choice the Academy repudiated Zola once and for all.

ture blighted by naturalism and atheism, and spent his life in combating these forces. When death stilled his pen, a new idealism, a Catholic idealism, had burst forth. The debt the new school owes to him time alone will tell.

We have seen that the philosophic opinions of Brunetière underwent a radical change. This change is shown forth in his works. Did it affect his life? In November, 1900, addressing the Catholic congress of Northern France in session at Lille, he himself answered the question. He had long searched for the truth, and at last he found it. "What I believe," he said, "what I believe, not what I suppose, nor what I imagine, not what I know, nor what I understand, but what I believe.....go and ask of Rome."* His submission to the Church was the logical outcome of his study. He had sounded the prevailing systems to the depths, but he found them delusions. Only in the doctrines of the Church did he find that stay which can support the honest soul. He died in 1907, in his fifty-eighth year, after devoting the closing years of his life in making known to the world the treasure he had found. He was regretted by all, and he died the acknowledged master critic of his time.

François Coppée,† poet, novelist, and dramatist, member of the Academy, and one of the most popular of French writers, stands out prominently in the development of the new idealism. During the early years of his poetic career, Coppée was a disciple of the school of poetry which arose in France along in the '60's, known as "Le Parnasse," from the publication *La Parnasse Contemporaine,* which was the organ of the school. If not the greatest of the "parnassiens," Coppée was "the most popular and the most widely read."‡ His ambition was to write poetry which could be read and enjoyed, not only in the salons, as was the classic poetry, nor again in the cenacles, as was the romantic poetry, but also in the great world of every-day life. And he succeeded admirably in fulfilling his ambition. The great popularity his work enjoys is due in large part to his choice of subjects. He broke away from the perpetual melancholy note of the romantic poets, and found his inspiration in the common walks of life. His poetry of the "daily life" brought him in touch with the common people from whom he had sprung, and attracted their attention. They became enthusiastic readers of his work. Not

**Discours de Combat,* II., p. 43. †Born 1842.
‡*Journal des debats,* 24 mars, 1908.

only his poems, but also his dramas and novels were eminently successful, and they extended his influence to all classes of readers. At an early age he fell a victim to the skepticism of his times, and drifted away from the Catholic faith, in which he had been brought up. Despite increasing success and worldly honors, there remained a void in his soul, which he tried, in vain, to fill. He could find nothing to replace the faith which he had deserted. With grieved heart he saw whither the Muse of poetry had strayed without that guidance which Truth alone can give. In 1892, addressing a circle of young littérateurs who had invited him to speak to them, he betrayed the secret aspirations of his soul. He expressed to them the hope that from among their ranks a poet would arise who would reconcile the modern world with the Christian ideal. "I have not the faith," he continued. "I am not a Christian, but I am under the impression that such reconciliation is necessary."

Five years later Coppée was to avow his Christianity to the world. He returned to the Church from which he had long been a stranger, but the love of which had never altogether died out in his heart. Smitten with a malady which brought him to the verge of the grave, the poet in his hours of desolation and suffering confronted himself with the problems of eternity, of which in the hardihood of his youth, and among the honors and successes of life, he had little thought. In his earnest soul grace worked the miracle, and the shackles of his past life fell from him. He arose from his bed of sickness a Christian knight, sworn to devote his remaining years "pour Dieu et pour la France."

Although most of Coppée's writings antedate his conversion, there is little in them which is offensive. He was never a scoffer. "One may meet in my books some few pages—which I disown and detest—where I have spoken of religious things with a foolish levity, at times even with a most culpable boldness; one will look in vain for a blasphemy." Thus he writes in *La Bonne Soufrance,** looking back on his writings after his return to the Church. The few books which he produced between 1897 and 1908, the year of his death, are written in the same charming style which was ever characteristic of him, and are replete with the fervor and glow of faith. They were inspired by one motive—to help those of his countrymen, "for whom doubt is not the smooth pillow of which Montaigne speaks.....For a long time I was one

*Preface, p. 7.

of them, I suffered from the same malady. I offer them the remedy which has cured me."*

Coppée exerted a far-reaching influence on the popular mind. The immense circulation of his books, the articles written in his later years, and contributed to one of the great Paris dailies, brought his ideas to the notice of thousands who were far from Christian influence, and who could not be reached by the usual means. He created a public well disposed toward the new idealism in literature. What Brunetière had done in the intellectual world, Coppée repeated with no little success in the common every-day world.

Few names in contemporaneous French literature are better known than that of Paul Bourget,† psychologist and novelist. Many years of fruitful labor in the world of letters have won for him an unrivalled prestige. Some few years ago when this eminent Academician made his submission to the Church, "philosophic" Europe gasped for breath. Tolstoy, the idol of literary Philistinism, wrote from his Russian retreat apropos of Bourget's rejection of modern philosophy: "I am particularly surprised by the fact that such men as Paul Bourget and his friends can, in 1910, still speak seriously of Catholicism in France after Voltaire, Rousseau, and so many other thinkers. Nothing shows more clearly the frightful decay into which these men have fallen." But what Tolstoy and his followers failed to perceive, Bourget and his friends not only perceived, but courageously acknowledged. The ideals of Voltaire and Rousseau had collapsed. They were incapable of satisfying the aspirations of the soul, or of inspiring it with motives worth an effort. Psychologists were wont to explain the conversion of Verlaine, Retté, Huysmans, and Coppée on the ground that they turned to Catholicism in search of new sensations, after exhausting all that philosophy and the world had to offer. They were poets, *névroses,* men of imagination rather than of intellect. But when Bourget, a psychologist whose power of cold analysis had been applauded for years, and Brunetière, whose scientific criticism had become world-famed, rejected as worthless the various schools of thought which were in vogue, and returned to Catholicism, no such explanations were forthcoming. The high priests in the temples of literature were deserting the altars of false gods. The fanatics shrieked, but the sober-minded began to think and to follow their leaders. The example afforded

*Preface, p. 5. †Born 1852.

by men of the calibre of Brunetière, Coppée, and Bourget has been the force which gave thousands of their countrymen the courage to be true to their convictions. "Exempla trahunt" is especially true of the vacillating and undecided temperament characteristic of the French.

This unprecedented awakening of Catholic idealism which has asserted itself in French literature in recent times, drives home to the world one very important lesson. Philosophy, which was to re-establish a new heaven on earth, has collapsed. Philosophy which was to answer all the whys and wherefores which torture the unanchored mind, has not kept its promises. It has drifted into hopeless confusion and leads nowhere. All the schools of philosophy which have followed in the wake of the Renaissance and the Protestant revolt, have done nothing to ease the human smart. And men have grown weary of waiting. They are sick of delusions. They search for relief from the shattered world which lies about them. And from amidst the ruins they catch sight of the one system which has stood strong and firm against the shocks of two thousand years, and which fearlessly proclaims: "I am the Truth." Is it to be wondered at if they turn to it for light? No nation placed fonder hopes in modern philosophy to bring about a new order of things than did France. None has suffered a greater disappointment. Hence the unrest. Hence the revival of the faith which for two centuries the philosophers of the nation blindly sought to destroy.

This collapse of philosophy and its pretentions is the great cause of the religious renaissance which to-day is sweeping throughout the land. "People who thirty years ago would have been fanatic materialists and fervent devotees of irreligion in the train of Robin and of Littré, snapped their fingers at science and felt their souls warm under the breath of a new-Christianity."* "Never," laments the anti-clerical *Mercure de France,* "never since the time of the Reformation has such a curiosity about everything that pertains to religion been evident."

Although the movement which so unexpectedly made its appearance in French literature at the close of the last century is as yet in its infancy, it has impressed itself upon the life of the

*Lanson, *Histoire de la Littérature française.* 12 Ed. Lanson seems to mean by new-Christianity (neo-christianisme) a sort of agreement with the will of God without believing in Him. On the next page he tells us that new-Christianity soon split up, some going over to Catholicism, others returning to the pursuit of relative truth. Lanson's book is rationalistic throughout, and as such his testimony to the religious unrest is valuable.

nation, and has been supported by many of the ablest writers of the day. Bazin, Bordeaux, Victor Favet, and Baumann have supplanted the Zolas, Daudets, and Maupassants of a generation ago, and are producing novels in keeping with Christian ideals. These writers are among the most widely read in France at the present time, and the work of all is of exceptional artistic merit. René Doumic and Victor Giraud, keen, sharp critics, are continuing the work of Brunetière. Theodore Wyzewa, by his excellent translations of Jöergensen's famous Franciscan trilogy and of Monsignor Benson's works, has put before the reading public of France two of the greatest Catholic writers of the day. Georges Goyau and Paul Thureau-Dangin,* writers on social and historical questions, have produced books well calculated to stimulate the interest of their readers in such subjects. These few names represent the leaders of the movement at the present time. Around them is clustered a host of lesser lights inspired by the work of such masters, and filled with the traditions of Brunetière and Coppée. With such forces the work of reconstruction is pushing rapidly on.

Outside of the avowed Catholic writers, Maurice Barrès, Henri Levedan, Jules Lemaître, and Pierre Loti stand as if undecided with what current to cast their lot. Barrès and Levedan are apparently Catholics in all but name. Of late years their work reveals marked Catholic tendencies. Lemaître, friend and admirer of Coppée, not long ago said to a friend: "Ah, I love the priests, the religious. I love all that you love, you Catholics." Christian heart, pagan head! Such is Lemaître at present. Like Loti he has passed through all the pangs of uncertainty and doubt, and is as yet drifting on the waves of discontent. Perhaps ere long they will find the way so well indicated by Coppée.

The greatest glories of France date from the times when France was Catholic. "La douce France" was ever Catholic France. The mighty wave of Catholicism which to-day rolls on with increasing strength, shows the struggle the soul of the nation is making to reassert itself. This effort is general. It has effected every domain of activity, save one. Especially in literature—a nation's perpetual examination of conscience—has it wrought a notable change. When we least expect it, it may extend itself to the political world—always the last to yield to a reforming influence, and bring home to French politicians the meaning of a word they have as yet to learn—liberty.

*Died Feb. 24, 1913.

THE LAVINGTON OF MANNING.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

CARDINAL MANNING in his Anglican days was, as all the world knows, Archdeacon of Chichester. He was also Rector of Lavington. There are three Lavingtons in Sussex, widely scattered, carrying diverse prefixes, almost indiscoverably small, and equally beautiful. The village associated with the Cardinal is called East Lavington, or, more properly, Woollavington. It lies close to the high South Downs, on the northerly and landward side. Four miles from a railway station and nearly three times that distance from a town, it is very much "on the road to Nowhere," and in consequence has what is to-day a rarely blessed fate in remaining unprofaned by touring motors. A large manor, a little church, a few cottages, comprise it. Ash and beech woods, interspersed with evergreens, climbing an abrupt slope, wave high over it, and a clear brook tumbles along its wayward channel at their feet. Enchanting paths on every side lead to the patches of breezy plain on top of the Downs, whence on a fine day you can see the Isle of Wight, and yachts and warships riding in the Solent. All about you, up there, lie the round mysterious hillocks, the *tumuli* which the ordnance maps show like the bosses of a belt far across these historic coasts of the southern counties; graves of lonely grandeur heaped over West Saxon chieftans, or over primeval warriors dead long before the Heptarchy came into being. Over them, like a never-ceasing shower from mid-April to mid-June, pours the heavenly music of countless nightingales. In all England is no more characteristically English scene than rolls outspread in undulating pasture, coppice, and harvest, to the violet-misted horizon. The ground above Lavington is some seven hundred feet high, and with so many neighboring forest glooms, it is hard to believe oneself in a detimbered ancient land, and not among the virgin hills of New Hampshire.

Lavington House is a comfortable, spacious, rather plain stone manse, set in the middle of its several hundred acres. Like most English enclosures, it has always had a public right of way clear across it, between Graffham and Duncton. Close to the Hall

nestles the pretty Early English church, "blossomed high in tufted trees." The estate has a long but very tranquil history. For over two hunderd years it belonged to a family who, as legal patrons, could nominate their incumbent, and at various times supplied the needed ecclesiastic from among its own members. In this family, it is said, the succession in the male line always failed, save once: and that was when the Rev. John Sargent, son of John, became both squire and rector in the year 1805. He died in the summer of 1833, just as Newman came back, fever-shaken, from Sicily, to his old comradeship with Hurrell Froude, and his "work to do in England," and just as Keble mounted the pulpit-stair of St. Mary the Virgin's in Oxford, to sound the tocsin of the great Movement. Mr. Sargent was a Master of Arts of Cambridge University, an old-fashioned Tory, a Low Church evangelical, who had no sympathy to waste on the religious changes close at hand. It was a joy to the villagers when it became known that Mr. Sargent's curate, a young Fellow of Merton College, was to succeed him in the living, and pursue on a larger scale his super-intelligent and profoundly unselfish ministrations among them. He was already greatly loved; much was expected of his career from those who best knew him; in 1833, as always, he looked more like a spirit than a mortal man. His name was Henry Edward Manning. Readers of his noble survey, called *England and Christendom,* may remember a movingly beautiful passage, referable to cherished Lavington, about "the little church under a green hillside, where the Morning and Evening Prayers, and the music of the English Bible, became for seventeen years a part of my soul."

Mr. John Sargent and Mary his wife had two sons, both of special promise. The elder predeceased his father by four years, having died aged twenty, in 1829. His brother, Henry Martyn Sargent, a boy of seventeen, became the heir of Lavington, and, true to the strange fate which seemed to overhang the men of his blood, lived only long enough to reach his majority. There were four sisters left to mourn him, all of them modestly famous for their loveliness of face, form, and character. One after another, they all married clergymen. The history of these marriages has no little interest, both to modern Anglicans and to us who are aware how convert Anglicans have strengthened the parching life of the Catholic Church in England. The eldest Miss Sargent, Emily, married in her father's lifetime Samuel Wilberforce, who already stood before his university as something more than the dis-

tinguished Liberator's son, and was soon to be widely known as the Bishop first of Oxford, then of Winchester. His brother, Newman's dear Henry Wilberforce, engaged himself promptly to another of the Sargents, and was afraid to tell Newman! (The inner circle at Oriel, who had come into close touch with that fiery reformer, Hurrell Froude, were strongly celibate, and looked upon matrimony as an outright defection from the cause.) The youngest daughter of Lavington House became the wife of George Dudley Ryder, a son of His Lordship of Coventry and Lichfield, and himself not the least attractive in this group of high-minded friends. And Caroline, aged twenty-one, third of the Sargent girls, six months after her father's death in November, 1833, was quietly married by her brother-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce, in Lavington Church, to the Rev. Mr. Manning, the incumbent; and a bright day it long remained in the memory of the parishioners, who had reason to cherish both bridegroom and bride. In an atmosphere of very strong mutual affection, unbroken for many years, all these young kinsfolk began their linked and varied and idyllic lives. It was a great blow to them all, as well as to his devoted mother, when her only son, Henry Sargent, died in 1836. Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce then inherited Lavington House, and she and her husband came to make it their home. The Mannings lived a stone's throw away, near the Park gates, but facing the Park, in the attractive old dwelling called Beechwood House, which served the beloved parson for a parsonage. He found plenty to do in his remote little parish of Woollavington-cum-Graffham.

But Caroline Sargent, like her brilliant brothers, was early called away. She lay dying of consumption when the first of Manning's professional honors came to him, his appointment to the second rural Deanery of Midhurst; and in July, 1837, she was laid to rest in Lavington churchyard, after three and a half childless but most happy wedded years. To the heart of her husband, intensely sensitive and tender, it was an overwhelming sorrow. It was also a wordless one. He buried himself in tasks and plans of ever-widening scope, and in a courageous acceptance of the inscrutable Will of God. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1851, little foreseeing that he was to survive his angelic wife (and through what worlds of change, and what workings of the grace of God!) for more than another forty years. The name of the dead seems to have been mentioned but once, and then in an hour of sudden emotion and alarm, to Robert Isaac Wilberforce,

when the two famous converts, in the first glow of their splendid renunciation, were travelling to Rome. As an Anglican, while as yet Manning had not realized the consoling truth that a departed soul

> .....can drink
> The dew of all the prayers that I can say,

he had kept religiously each anniversary of his loss; and he kept it with a far more efficacious loyalty afterwards, on to the close of his long life. In those after-years, it was broached more than once by his relatives to the ageing Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster that it would be well to mark the dear grave far away. "No: let the grass grow over it." He had always been of the same mind. Thoughtful persons, Catholics, can best appreciate that ascetic answer, its circumstance, and its finality. Surely it was better, in view of what is, in a way among us, the instinctive congregational jealousy concerning the priesthood, that nothing should be said or done to recall a private tie of the chief shepherd. It was better that the thousands who recognized in Manning the spark of an almost matchless human sympathy, should be barred from reading what sacred domestic experience had fanned that flame to the great comfort of all men, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene." And yet there is to be seen to-day this simple inscription on a little cross against the west wall of Woollavington churchyard, an old wall of flint and rubble, overhung in summer with the delicate tendrils and flowers of wild snapdragon:

CAROLINE
WIFE OF HENRY EDWARD MANNING
BORN 1812,
DIED JULY 24, 1837.

Some pilgrim of to-morrow will wonder who put it there, and when it was put there, since it was not in existence when the Cardinal died in 1892. The explanation is a simple one. Mr. Reginald Garton Wilberforce, one of the Bishop's three surviving sons, and heir to the estate, through his mother, sold the property about eleven years ago. Before leaving it, with its network of old and dear associations, to strangers, Caroline Manning's rela-

tives (some of whom could remember her) raised the little headstone above her unforgotten grave. There are others of that race laid in the long row under the wall, some with similar crosses of stone or iron, lettered in red and black, some with no memorial at all. The dead gentry and the dead rustics lie close here. No divisions, no "lots," no copings, no piled-up inane marbles! Only a few rose-bushes, and the laurel and cypress beyond the borders mark this garden of eternal rest, utterly beautiful in its cloistral simplicity. The sun-shot woods almost overhang the graves; and on the other side is Manning's peaceful church with its red steep-sloping roofs, its lancet windows and quaint bell-cot. Church and manor seem separated from the outer world by oceans of grass and air. The loudest sound thereabouts is the cheery light note of the linnet, or the rain-like scurry of rabbits in the lane beside the churchyard. It seems an uncrowded place, judged by the few unpretending monuments, none more than four feet high, until one notices the innumerable unmarked graves all about, green furrows and mounds which look exactly like the ripplings of a quiet sea. Then one remembers what a long-used ground it really is (closed now), and how it served other villages, as well as this, for burying-place for time out of mind. The ripples will die down soon, and all will be as it was when some mediæval bishop first walked around it with his incense and holy water, and the caressing prayers of the Latin ritual.

"Sam. Oxon" is among those who rest here; his sailor son upon his right hand, and his wife upon his left. They brought him home in July, 1873, from the Hampshire uplands, where the slight stumble of a perfectly trained horse had ended in a moment his valued life. For a local memorial to him, they rebuilt the old church at Graffham, (Manning's Graffham once); it is a mile away, but shares, and has always shared, one rector with tiny Lavington. But Lavington church has his pastoral staff, brought from Culdesdon, and set relicwise in a recess of the wall, and the modern transeptal side chapel is full of glass and brass which recall his "most dear memory." Somehow, Bishop Wilberforce, for all of his worth, usefulness, piety, and wit, does not mean much to us Catholics. He filled his office acceptably as an Anglican Right Reverend Father in God. But we do not feel quite towards him as we feel towards a Wilson or a Forbes, or a King: *utinam si noster esses!* Place him beside his intensely unworldly brothers and his brother-in-law Manning, and Bishop Wilberforce looks

interesting as ever, but most curiously unsupernatural. He had been one of Newman's circle at Oriel, and he was Newman's diocesan when the final break came in 1845, and he had loved Newman. May he rest in peace!

From the union of Samuel Wilberforce and Emily Sargent have sprung several men of mark, clerical and lay, all of whom have clung to the Church of England. But the Bishop's one daughter, Mrs. Pye, became a Catholic, as did her husband. As to the other Sargent-Wilberforce marriage, it ended in a far more generous gift to the Faith. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilberforce, fools for Christ's sake, made a total sacrifice of their income, their position, and the advantages of their sheltered country life. They came together into the bosom of the true Mother of souls, and were richly blest in their remarkable children, full of charm and humor and holiness. Chief of these was their eldest son Arthur, better known to us as Father Bertrand Wilberforce of the Order of Preachers. His delightful and most edifying *Life and Letters* will always beget a great love and veneration for his sainted memory, and carry on the apostolate to which he gave himself whole-heartedly.

Yet another daughter of Lavington House, Mrs. Ryder, became a Catholic in Rome with her little children and her husband. Two of their sons were priests of immense power and influence, whom we lost only yesterday. One was Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, a poet and a controversialist (an odd blend but a fine one!) of extraordinary quality. He was destined, by a pleasant accident, to carry into the sanctuary, in his own person, the full tradition of the Sargent nobleness of mien and sweetness of mind. His brother, Father Cyril Ryder the Redemptorist, was no less active a soldier of Christ up to the threshold of old age. There are other men, and other women, of the Sargent descent of whose goodness much might be said.

Lavington is not, in the nature of things, a place to which great changes come. The few low vine-hung cottages are what they always were, and there are one or two old people in their doorways who remember "Mr. Manning," and how sad they all were when he "turned to Rome." It was a far, incredible journey! and he did not go alone, for his curate, Mr. Laprimandaye, went with him; and truly awe-struck orphans these old folk felt in those wonderful days when they were young. They look at you wistfully

if you tell them you are, too, what they have been taught to call a "Roman." You see, you cannot pose successfully as any kind of a monster if you fly the colors of their Cardinal! But if Lavington, including Beechwood House, has stood stock-still, its manor has not done so. The east end, dignified and Georgian, with its date over the porch, and its great chimneys and beautiful balustrades, is all of it which was there seventy-odd years ago. Even this has a new interior. The rest is all modern. The rich people who bought the estate have enlarged the house and the lawns and the gardens, and built big stables, and lodges to flank the drives. The results are not undignified. The Park, which was always homelike and lovely, rather than romantic, remains "unfussed," and the funny little steep footways sink to it from the summit of the Downs through the same natural underbrush. Beyond the sylvan peace of its situation and outlook, Lavington, after all, can have small attraction for strangers. Yet a certain intimate everlasting interest centres there. Some humanist of the Fold will from time to time find his way thither to look at Manning's altar, below its lowered chancel arch: that altar which was to him, happily, "no continuing city," although the love of his youth lay beside it, in dust. Such a wayfarer will think also, perhaps, of the four sweet girls born in these Sussex woodlands long ago: of the two who sleep here, and of the Catholic two who sleep elsewhere by their Catholic husbands. The great generative genius of Henry Edward Manning may owe something to one of these graves; to the tutelary care, rather, of her who on earth had known only the beauty of its spiritual twilight. Protestants and pre-Victorians, the Sargent sisters grew up to be the undeliberate instruments of an all-mysterious Providence. Magnificently have they helped to build up the walls of Sion in their robbed England, either in themselves, or in their posterity. Remote Woollavington, in its measure, is a seedplot of the saints of God.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

Chapter XI.

THE Colonel had been asked to deliver the oration at the Fourth of July picnic. It was a compliment that he always expected. This year he agreed to make the speech with his usual apparent reluctance. There was so much "young blood" in the county, people were "tired" of hearing him, etc. The assurances that followed these protests, tickled his insatiable vanity; he would have been mortally hurt if they had turned to the younger generation for a representative man.

In this part of the world there were few days that were considered legal holidays. Not that the people were consumed with energy, or so puritanical that picnicking was considered a waste of time, but they had their prejudices that precluded certain celebrations popular in other parts of the United States. The thirtieth of May was plainly a Yankee holiday. Why should the children of these sharpshooting Confederates stop all their legitimate duties to decorate the graves their fathers had so cheerfully made necessary? Lincoln's birthday was passed over in charitable silence. Labor Day did not appeal to these old-time slave owners. Thanksgiving was a New England festival, instituted in a rigorous climate where all fruition seemed doubtful, and prayer was prudently postponed until the scanty crops were gathered into commodious barns. Here, in this fertile land, they cultivated a spirit of perpetual thankfulness for the warmth and sunlight of their Southern skies.

Christmas, of course, was celebrated with all the old plantation customs; holiday for the servants until the back log burned away, and the back log, systematically soaked in the mill pond, sputtered and smouldered for days while the village made merry. There was calling and dancing, and an interminable exchange of presents; there was rum punch and eggnog in every house, and pantry shelves sagged beneath their layers of mince pies, fruit cake, and other indigestible provender; but Christmas was a festival kept within doors. Fourth of July was the only holiday in the year that called for the oratorical gifts of the most distinguished citizen, and on

the third of July the Colonel suffered an attack of laryngitis that reduced his grandiloquence to an irate whisper.

Jefferson Wilcox, who had postponed his journey to Texas so that he might share in this July jollification, was full of sympathy. He cranked up his automobile and speeded to the nearest town to bring atomizers, prescriptions, gargles, but the Colonel's voice could not be coaxed to a key above a pathetic croak.

"Dick will have to go for you," said Jeff consolingly.

"Can—can—Dick talk?"

"Talk," exclaimed Jeff in some surprise. "Haven't you ever heard him make a speech? Why he was head of our debating society. Won all the prizes. Why when Dick began to talk, the other side knew it was all up with them and sat down. It's a gift," he explained tactfully, "a gift, no doubt, inherited from you."

"Perhaps," said the Colonel. "God knows he comes by it legitimately. My father was an orator. Could hold his own with men like Clay and Webster. Yes, Dick will go and take my place. They'll run in that 'cock-eyed Yankee judge' if Dick don't go. I'll make him. Send him to me."

Jefferson sauntered off to look for Richard. He found him in the stable mending a stall that Spangles, in one of her vicious moods, had pawed into splinters.

"The Colonel wants you," he said.

"What for?" said Richard looking up. "I don't mind confessing that I'm trying to keep out of the Colonel's way this morning."

"Well his temper is fierce," agreed Jefferson, "so I don't know how you are going to fill the bill as his proxy." He took off his hat, and assuming a ridiculous attitude he added dramatically, "I now have the honor of presenting to you the orator of the day, Mr. Richard Matterson."

"What's that?" asked Richard uncomprehendingly.

Jefferson sat down upon a heap of straw and leisurely lighted a cigarette. "Very simple proposition. The Colonel has lost his voice, and insists that you take his place to-morrow. You will proceed to enlighten your fellow-citizens upon the glory of the Declaration of Independence and the loveliness of the ladies, God bless 'em."

"I *can't,*" said Richard. "You know I can't."

"Can't! In the bright lexicon of youth. Can't! I'd like to know why you can't?"

"But why should I?"

"The Colonel having lost his voice, fears a certain 'cock-eyed Yankee judge!' Since a Matterson is pledged to the job, a Matterson must go."

Richard looked down upon his mud-stained trousers. "I'd cut a pretty figure in these clothes," he said with some show of impatience.

"It seems to me," said Jefferson lightly, "that I saw a gray suit of familiar angles hanging in my wardrobe. If you will accept the loan of them a second time—"

"Didn't I send those clothes back to you?"

"I am delighted to admit your absent-mindedness."

"But how can I talk, Jeff?"

"How?" repeated Jeff, sending circles of smoke into the air. "With your tongue, man; with your tongue."

"Your jokes, Jeff, are frequently of the vaudeville variety. Excuse me if I do not smile."

Jeff grinned. "I was merely accentuating the obvious. Here, give me that hammer and those nails; as a carpenter you are not a success. Go upstairs and get busy on your oration. Go talk to the Colonel. Seems to me if I lived in this county I'd run for Congress. Here's your opportunity. Send yourself to Washington on a Fourth of July peroration."

Richard abandoned his work as a carpenter, and hurried to the house to register his protest, but the Colonel was obdurate. If Richard had any sense, any judgment, any power for speech-making, then there was no escape from this civic duty. If he had intended to become a "preacher," he must have received some training in oratory that would enable him to talk in a way that would reflect credit on the family. The Colonel's face was growing apoplectic as he choked out the various reasons why his son should represent him, and Richard, realizing that this whispered colloquy was increasing the Colonel's irritation, finally agreed to go.

With a wet towel wound around his head to offset the drowsiness that now seemed habitual, Richard sat up all night, and labored over his first county speech. Towards dawn he had finished, but his mind was too busy to sleep. He took off his shoes and crept softly down the stairs, meaning to go out on the porch, and lie down under the paling stars and wait for the sunrise, but as he passed the library door, he saw that the lamp still burned upon the centre table, and going into the room he found the Colonel lying in

a drunken stupor on the floor. Lifting him tenderly, he placed him upon the leather lounge in the corner, and, covering him with an old raincoat, he went out into the daydawn, his heart heavy with a sense of failure.

He had longed to be a moral force in the world, and yet here, in his own home, he wielded no influence. Of what use were his high aspirations, his cultivated idealism? He had believed—and the belief had been accepted humbly—that he had been chosen to better a sin-stained world; to bring a sense of the supernatural into toiling lives; to ease their burdens with immortal promises, and now, as he stood leaning against the white pillar of the porch and facing the dim glow in the eastern sky, he wondered at the darkness that seemed to be engulfing him. Why had he believed himself to be chosen to give his life to others? Had he no right to his own energy; no right to the ease that in the years to come his own energy might bring? He had struggled so hard for his education; had he no right to the intellectual enjoyment that comes to the scholar in a life of tranquil plenty? If he had millions—the Fielding millions—he could employ others to do his work for him; he could build churches, orphan asylums, colleges. He need not offer himself as a laborer in the Lord's vineyard. He could grasp at the beauty, the love, the liberty that the world offers without sacrificing himself to priestly functions. In the stillness of the dew-wet morning he seemed to hear that blatant cry as old as creation: "I am not my brother's keeper." Why had he believed that he was, and believing, why had he changed?

He had been forced by circumstances out of the seminary, and he had worked in a sort of torpor ever since. To-night his speech-making had roused him to intellectual activity again. He questioned himself endlessly, and his merciless introspection made him doubtful of all his motives. But when the sun rose, he was calmed by the familiar objects around him. Why should he dream of impossible contingencies? Why should he worry himself with vague motives when his present duty was so clearly defined? For the first time he welcomed the arduous tasks of the morning—they offered him an escape from himself.

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The small platform, decorated with red and white bunting and reserved for the celebrities of the county, creaked ominously as Richard stepped upon it. The chairman of the "committee on entertainment" regretted at great length Colonel Matterson's dis-

ability, and then, with carelessly concealed apologies, introduced "his son."

The good-humored picnickers crowded closer; they were so used to the Colonel's oratorical flights that they welcomed a change of programme; the foreigners from the Fielding coal mines, who were there in holiday attire, fastened their trusting eyes upon the young man who was to tell them of the freedom of this country, which they had sought and failed to find.

A number of automobiles, carriages, hay wagons had formed themselves, a hastily improvised dress circle, around the stage, when Miss Fielding rode up on horseback. Betty, who was sitting beside Jefferson in his big touring car, called out to her to come and join them.

"Your horse may get frightened by the fireworks," Richard heard Betty say.

"Dear me, is his speech going to be as pyrotechnic as all that?"

Betty flushed her confusion. "The firecrackers are to come afterwards," she explained, and she introduced Jefferson, who held out a willing hand to assist the pretty stranger into his hospitable car.

To Richard's own surprise her presence seemed to add to the stimulation he always felt when facing an audience. He glanced at his notes and began.

It was a strange speech for a conservative county to listen to, and a stranger speech for Colonel Matterson's son to deliver. The "cock-eyed Yankee judge" was roused to some degree of interest; the laborers from the mines lost their expression of dull hopelessness. Richard's voice was full and resonant as he went on:

"Liberty is a divine right—an indelible mark imprinted on our souls that have received the heritage of free will from the inspiration of an Almighty God.

"In the eyes of the world the Declaration of Independence was a daring protestation; the signers placed their lives in jeopardy. Have we measured up to the ideal that they placed before us? Have we not abused our privileges of freedom? Less than fifty years ago we bartered for immortal souls in this old slave market; now, though we no longer buy and sell in name, we bargain for laborers for less than they can live upon. Capital is but an added responsibility in the eternal scheme of things—a power to be used for or against us in the judgment."

As he proceeded, old Major Brown and General Cartwright, who were seated on the stage behind him, frowned their displeasure;

though they begrudgingly conceded that the Colonel's son had surpassing oratorical gifts, his ideas were dangerous and misleading. He was disrupting the doctrine of predestination that so many of the church-going audience found consoling, and he was talking as if the half-human creatures from the mines, the niggers in the fields, were made of the same material as a "gentleman." Souls, no doubt, were vaporous commodities without color, but as long as a man had the health and strength to remain in his own body there were distinctions; some people were born to privileges, and some were born to none, so why make such believe they had any?

But when he had finished, the applause sounded so deafening that the General and the Major were ashamed not to add a few feeble handclaps to the general tumult. After all Richard Matterson was a product of their own State, the son of their oldest friend, so that even if his education had been faulty, even if they did not approve of his ideas, he deserved some commendation for his brilliant rhetorical phrases.

Jefferson, from his high vantage ground, beamed his pleasure at this ovation. He saw the foreigners from the mines press forward to shake Richard's hand; he noticed a new light in Richard's eyes; the light that comes at the end of successful effort; but, having felt the response of his audience, he did not care for the after praise; he wedged his way through the crowd to the automobile.

"Here get me out of this," he said to Jefferson.

Jefferson demurred. "I thought we had come to a picnic," he said.

"Crank up," said Richard. "If we have any food I suppose we can eat it just as well ten miles from here."

"You are coming to my house to lunch," said Miss Fielding. "I want to tell you that I didn't know you could talk so well."

He looked down, seeming to realize for the first time that she was seated close to him. "I thought you were on horseback," he said lamely.

"I was," she laughed, "it seems that I ought to be, since I have received no invitation to ride with you, but my groom can take my horse back to the stable if I am permitted to stay here."

"We're delighted," said Jefferson hastily.

"Then turn down that road," she commanded, "to the left. Prunesy will be waiting for us I know."

"We really cannot go to lunch," said Richard, laying a restraining hand upon the steering wheel. "We really cannot go."

"Now, Dick, don't spoil things," pleaded Betty. "He has some absurd notions, Jessica."

"Tell me. I like absurd notions."

"Oh, I see," said Jefferson. I've been as blind as a bat. Must have been dazzled by your unexpected appearance, Miss Fielding. I quite forgot."

"What?"

"That you were Miss Fielding," he added awkwardly.

"You all talk in riddles," she smiled, "and I can guess them every one. Betty told me a week ago. Mr. Jefferson Wilcox, lawyer, called as counsel by Richard Matterson who is curious about a Texas land claim. Didn't I suggest your looking into it fully two months ago? If you act upon my suggestion, why should I quarrel with you? Now will you come home to lunch?"

"Well of all amazing law cases!" gasped Jefferson.

"It's all foolishness," said Betty. "We haven't a shadow of a chance to prove our claim. I told Jess because I knew it would amuse her, and I thought it only fair to let her know that we were not as friendly as we seemed."

"I like enemies," said Miss Fielding reflectively. "There's a certain distinction in having them. Now will you come home with me, or are you going to ask me to get out?"

"Even Dick wouldn't be so rude to a lady as all that," laughed Jefferson. "I think we shall accept your invitation."

Chapter XII.

The summer fashion, common in the county, of reducing rooms to funereal darkness, and shrouding furniture in drab petticoats, had not been followed in the Fielding household. When chairs and sofas looked uncomfortably warm, they were covered with art-linens as beautiful in coloring as the brocade or velour beneath; the paintings on the walls were not befogged with layers of mosquito netting; the valuable art objects were not stowed away; the doors and windows were left wide open, then carefully screened, and, where the sun was too bright, awnings had been added, or tall shrubs had been arranged to produce shadow without gloom.

As Richard entered the long, cool library, and looked at the rare volumes that stretched from floor to ceiling, he felt that he had returned to a cherished world from which he had long been banished. To own books, to buy them without stint, this had

always been one of his daydreams. The few volumes that he had been able to purchase in the past, had meant denial of his actual necessities. He had delved into vault-like second-hand shops where dim gas jets seem to burn unremittingly, and he had spent hours poring over the musty shelves, while the thin, faded proprietor eyed him suspiciously. He had bought his favorite authors in ragged cloth and paper, bringing them into the daylight half-ashamed that he could provide them with no worthier habiliments. Poets, saints, and sages—and here they were, familiar friends arrayed as they deserved to be, attesting to the art of bookbinding.

"I'll never leave," he said. "I'll stay here for a year or two." He sank down in an armchair by the table, oblivious to the fact that the ladies were standing, and picking up a volume of Ruskin he began to read, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was not alone.

"Leave him," said Jefferson smiling. "We'll go eat our lunch and forget him."

"Forget him," repeated Miss Fielding. "Yes, that's what he deserves. We will try to forget him if we can."

There was something about her tone that arrested Jefferson's attention, and he asked curiously, "You two are old friends?"

"Friends? Well, I don't believe he would acknowledge it. This is his first visit, and you see how he behaves."

Her half-laughing words found their way to Richard's ears. "Forgive me," he said getting up. "I'm a barbarian when I get among books. I haven't seen any for so long. I believe the sight of such riches went to my head."

"It is a fine library," she admitted. "It was owned by an impractical dreamer, who spent his days and nights shut in from the world while his sons gambled his fortune away, until there was nothing left but the books. Then, when the old dreamer was dying, he sent for father. 'These books have been my only friends,' he said. 'I have spent a lifetime among them, now I must sell them to someone who will promise to keep the collection complete.' So father bought even the bookcases, and then had the walls of the room built to fit. It's a topsy-turvy story, for a man usually selects his own library, and his books typify his own tastes, his own ideals, but father has had to fashion his mind and build his room to fit."

"But don't we all do that?" said Richard.

"Do what?"

"Fit our minds to receive the best things—the noblest things of life?"

"I thought some of us were ready-made," she laughed. "As for myself—"

"Go on."

"No, I'll not talk about myself. Prunesy says I talk too much. What I need is criticism. I've never had enough of it. In fact, I've had so little that I don't receive it patiently. I'm headstrong, domineering, thoroughly unpleasant when I get ready. Didn't I bring you all here to-day in spite of your protests? Perhaps after lunch you will forgive me."

"Forgive you," repeated Jefferson. "You never heard me protest."

"Nor me," said Betty.

"Well, then it was Dick. One would fancy that he was half-afraid of me."

Richard stood in the doorway holding aside the light portière for the others to pass. "Perhaps I am," he said in an undertone.

Her face flushed. She looked at him wonderingly, but made no reply; and the next moment she was busy placing her guests, and introducing little Miss White who presided over the silver tea urn.

It was a merry meal. Jefferson's joy was contagious, Betty loved the good things of life, and openly confessed that she was "dreadfully tired" of home products. Grape fruit, olives, salted almonds, bon bons, all the luxuries of the table were partaken of with unfeigned delight in their novelty. Miss White kept her gold-rimmed spectacles focused upon Jessica, an adoring look of maternal solicitude in her watery-blue eyes; Miss Fielding seemed brimming over with good will towards the guests that she had captured.

"It was very unflattering, Prunesy," she explained; "but I had to bring my company by force."

"Don't say that again," pleaded Betty. "You know I wanted to come."

"Bless you, child, I believe you did, but then you weren't going to law. I know it's very bad form to mention it, but Dick here thinks he has a claim to our Texas land, and this is Mr. Wilcox, his lawyer, employed to prove it."

Miss White dropped her fork. It rattled against her plate, and left a dent in the flowered rim. "What—what's that?" she asked, and her voice quavered.

"Prunesy, dear, I know my unforgiveable manners have al-

ways given you grave concern; I know I shall be a source of great embarrassment to my husband, if I ever find one."

"Are—are you looking for one?" asked Jefferson audaciously.

"Of course, all girls look more or less, though they won't acknowledge it. Women keep on hugging the delusion that they are sought—sought by half a hundred suitors, when half the time they don't have one to their names until they go and look for him."

"My dear—my dear," remonstrated Miss White. "I'm sure—"

"Sure of what, Prunesy? Times have changed since you were a girl. You wore hoop-skirts and an adorable scoop bonnet, and if you hadn't lived in coldblooded Massachusetts no doubt you would have been a coquette instead of a conservative. Don't be sure of anything, now, except your eternal salvation—don't be too sure of me—"

"But, my dear, you know you have been greatly admired."

Jessica laughed: "Oh, I know it's unconventional to talk about one's matrimonial chances, but you know, Prunesy, and I don't mind confessing, that I have not seen any brilliant openings as yet. Let me see," she began to count gravely on her fingers, "there was the count, a ridiculous little idiot who wanted my money; the German professor who wanted my help in the house; that college boy we met on the steamer—he needed a mother, and that bald-headed old bachelor who wanted to be rejuvenated by some young companionship. Men are selfish. I'll stick to you and Beppo, Prunesy."

"Fortunate Beppo," murmured Jefferson. "Is he man or bird or beast?"

"He's over there," she said, pointing to a canary that hung in a gold cage by the window. "He will come if I call him." She gave a faint whistle. "I forgot the cage is fastened. Open it, Dick. Remember how you used to charm birds in the old days when you were a boy? I suppose you have grown too intellectual, too bookish, for that sort of thing now."

He rose to do her bidding, and unfastening the gilded door he made a strange sound with his lips, and the bird fluttered to his finger. "See," he said triumphantly, holding the bright bird at arm's length. "I don't believe the mind has anything to do with sympathy."

"I wish you wouldn't talk abstractions," said Betty. "Sit down, Dick, and finish your lunch. I think hearts and heads are the same."

"My dear Betty," laughed Jessica, "we couldn't be as unana-

tomical as that. I will acknowledge that hearts are continually getting in the way of heads, but then I suppose that was ordained since the beginning."

"And if you could choose between them," suggested Jeff, would you prefer the 'brilliant matrimonial opportunity' to have a heart or a head?"

"A heart," answered Betty promptly.

"My dear child," said Miss Fielding, her eyes twinkling, "your wedding would be a painful affair—a guillotined groom to begin with."

"You know what I mean, Jess. Would you rather a man love you with his heart or his head?"

For a moment Miss Fielding fed sugar to Beppo without answering.

"I think I should prefer his head," she said at length.

"You are right, my dear," said little Miss White with startling emphasis. "A man who loves with his head knows the reason why, and if he loves with reason—"

"But isn't all love unreasonable?" said Jefferson.

"I don't think so," answered Richard.

"You!" exclaimed Jefferson. "Now that's the last thing I expected you to say."

"Why?"

"Because," interrupted Betty, "you don't know anything about it. You never knew any girls; you never had anything to say to them when you were at college, and I'm sure since you have been home I can't drag you out to see any."

Richard pushed back his chair. "You people south of Mason and Dixon's line are all sentimentalists," he said good-humoredly. "There's all kind of love in the world. If you don't know one kind, you may know another, but I know there's not enough of any kind to go round."

"Dick won't be personal," sighed Jefferson. "When you think you have him cornered, he goes floating off in the nebula of speculation. If everybody loved everybody else we lawyers would be out of a job."

"There are still the Texas lands," suggested Jessica with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

Miss White looked up, and fingered her dessert spoon nervously. "I wish you would tell me exactly what you mean," she began. "Is—is there any doubt as to your Texas claim, Jessica?"

"I don't know," said the girl still smiling. "Dick and Mr. Wilcox are the conspirators. They say grandfather forged the title."

"Forged!" repeated the old lady.

"It's a long time ago," said Jessica, "and, of course, if father has no right to the land he will give it back. I know I'm not going to quarrel about it. I'm tired of having money anyhow. I don't want to sit forever on a hilltop like a lily of the field, doing nothing."

"Aren't you getting your similes slightly mixed?" asked Richard.

"Well, perhaps," she admitted, "if you didn't have a sense of humor to save you, Dick, your solemnity would make you unbearably dull. Don't worry, Prunesy. If I have to retire to a cave or a hut I'll take you with me. If I'm reduced to a state of penury I'll study trained nursing or keep a cent shop, and sell innocuous lollipops to children."

But Miss White was not listening: "Forged," she repeated again dully. "Did anybody ever accuse your grandfather before?"

"My dear Prunesy, I never knew my grandfather, and I don't know that I regret the slight divergence in our ages that kept us apart. From all I ever heard of him, he seems to have been a sort of thug, beating his way through the world, and flogging my poor father whenever he felt in the humor."

"But if he forged?" repeated the old lady.

"Then you better pray for the repose of his soul. I'm sure he needs it."

She turned the conversation to other things. She criticized Richard's speech; then finding that her praise worried him, she invented more fulsome compliments. No one noticed when little Miss White, pale, trembling and without apology, arose from the table and hastily left the room.

Jefferson was in his happiest mood. To have the company of his best friend, combined with the society of pretty girls, seemed to him a most fortunate occurrence. He was charmed, and at the same time puzzled, by Miss Fielding. If Dick and she were such old friends, why had not Dick mentioned her name before? Was Dick's indifference to her overtures real or fancied, for she was certainly making overtures of friendship that any other man would have found irresistible, or perhaps she was merely flirting with him because she was curious to know how he would respond

to such treatment. Animated by some half-formed sense of loyalty that he did not stop to analyze, Jefferson strove to preserve Richard's pinnacle of prudence; he began to tell absurd stories of their college days that accentuated Richard's position of aloofness.

It was a gay party, and the guests did not leave until twilight.

"Have you had a good time?" said Jessica at parting, as she stood for a moment with her hand in Richard's. "I tried to make you feel uncomfortable. It's my way of getting even."

"For what?"

"For you being an ice man," she taunted.

His face looked white in the afterglow of the sunset. "Are you sure that I am?" The question was all the more real to her because it was uttered with no trace of gallantry; it had been forced from his confidence, and seemed half an appeal for enlightenment.

Jefferson was industriously cranking his machine. "I hate the French as a nation," he said, "but I believe they know everything. Who was the fellow that wrote 'Woman is like a shadow, fly and she follows, follow and she flies?'"

"I'm not quite sure," said Richard, "but your judgment is bad, Jeff. Besides, French epigrams sound more sensible in French."

"But my fragile French," began Jefferson.

"What's the matter with your French? Didn't I teach you myself?"

Jefferson laughed. "That's the reason I'm afraid to use it," he said.

Chapter XIII.

Early next morning when Richard was busy in the garden, he received a fragrant note from Miss Fielding, asking him to call as soon as he conveniently could, and begging him not to allow Mr. Wilcox to start for Texas until the next day. The postscript added: "Can you imagine Prunesy the heroine of a melodrama? Where does one buy lollipops wholesale?"

The possibilities that this final sentence implied haunted him all day, and he was so distracted at luncheon that even the Colonel noticed his abstraction, and called him to account.

"You're about to put the sugar spoon in the gravy. For the Lord's sake, what's the matter with you, Dick?"

"I've just had a most extraordinary note from Miss Fielding,"

he said. "I believe she has discovered something about the Texas land claim."

"Don't believe her," stormed the Colonel.

"But she seems to think it will be to our advantage."

"She wants to compromise, that's what she wants to do. She's afraid of a lawsuit. She knows they will lose. Her grandfather ought to be in jail."

"Why he's been dead years and years," said Betty mildly.

"Then no doubt he's in ——," said the Colonel with great finality. "Mike Fielding was a scoundrel; I haven't any use for any of his brood."

Jefferson opened his lips to protest, but realizing that any contradiction would increase the Colonel's irritation, he turned the conversation to county politics.

The Colonel at once waxed eloquent, the laryngitis days of forced silence had left him more than unusually loquacious. Jefferson was a flattering listener, and the Colonel had not yet recovered from his sense of surprise that Dick should make such an agreeable and presentable friend during the years that he had seemed barred from all normal desires by a bulwark of books.

It was not until after three o'clock in the afternoon that Richard felt free to obey Miss Fielding's summons. All kinds of trifling tasks had claimed his attention. The hogs had rooted into the cantaloupe patch and had to be driven out, and the sty boarded up at the bottom to prevent further devastation; a pest of some sort was on the potatoes, and he had spent two hours in an atmosphere of Paris green; Aunt Dinah complained that a part of her stove pipe had fallen down, and that the kitchen was full of smoke; he wrestled with this unaccustomed problem until his hands and face were as black as a chimney sweep's, and he had to go for a bath in the swimming pool before he was recognizable. Then he dressed, mounted Spangles, and rode along shaded bridle-paths until he reached the black barrenness of the mines.

The cabins of the miners built like lean-tos in the shadow of the hill, looked unbearably warm for human habitations. The July sun, slanting towards the westward, was beating down upon the worn door sills, where half-naked children played listlessly. In front of one or two of the cabins an imaginative woman had struggled for a bit of green in her garden, and the few sickly plants that had struck root below the layers of coal dust bloomed bravely, making the dullness around them more complete.

But it was a short stretch of sterility. All the wooded hills seemed full of life and color, and the creaking of the machinery in the old shaft house sounded a discordant note among the bird calls. Spangles passed quickly up the road, around the bend of encircling trees, into the carefully-planned Italian garden now blooming with rare exotics. Jessica was waiting for her visitor in a rustic arbor, which was overgrown with climbing roses.

"I've been watching you for some time," she said, making a place for him on the bench beside her. "See, if you part these rose vines, you can look down the road all the way to the mines. When the new houses are built the valley will not seem so dismal."

He realized vaguely that she was in a softer mood than he had yet seen her; her eyes were full of tenderness and sympathy instead of dancing light; she was dressed in some thin blue stuff that accentuated the bronze in her hair; her hands played idly with some wisps of honeysuckle that had crept sinuously along the lattice work, threatening to choke the roses.

Richard was silently comparing the heat, the dust, the grime of the mines with the charm of this breeze-swept paradise. He had always found sharp contrasts mystifying. The silence continued for some time. Then she began again in her old bantering way:

"Your promptness is very flattering. I have been waiting for you all day."

"I did not know the sun had set," he said quietly.

"Weren't you interested in my revelations?"

"I haven't heard them yet."

"Don't you want to hear them?"

"Of course."

"Does it seem amazing that I tell you?"

"Nothing that you do seems amazing."

"Is that a compliment?"

"I don't know," he answered smiling. "It happens to be the truth."

"Do you know that this is the first time you have been to see me?"

"I thought I was here yesterday."

"You were brought yesterday."

"And to-day?"

"You were summoned," she laughed, but there was a lack of spontaneity about it that he noted dimly. "I sent for you because Prunesy told me a story last night, and I want to tell it to you."

He made no reply, waiting patiently for her to go on. From the first she had bewildered him, and now, as he sat watching her, her companionship seemed very pleasant and desirable, or perhaps—after all it might be the charm of this rustic retreat after his long hot ride up the hill.

"Did you notice that Prunesy was agitated yesterday?" she began.

"No."

"And she left the room before we were quite through luncheon?"

"I did not notice."

"I knew that something had happened, for she possesses so much formal politeness, and she went without apology, without bidding you good-bye. She told me the reason last night. Between her New England conscience and her fear of doing me harm, she was almost incoherent, but I'll patch the facts together as well as I can."

"Then perhaps you have distorted the facts."

"No, my mind is not acrobatic. Don't you want to hear the story?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"Story-tellers need some sort of impetus."

"Go on then," he said resignedly.

"Well, it's all ancient history," she began again, "so I'll begin with our grandfathers. Yours was a type of the old-time aristocrat; mine seems to have been an uneducated boor from the mountains. Your grandfather was in the Mexican war, and after the war he staid in Texas, or he went back there some years later to try cattle raising or farming on a big tract of land he had acquired for his services in the army, or perhaps he had bought the ranch, I don't know which. My grandfather went down there as his overseer, but they fell out. Prunesy isn't sure of the details, and she is so charitable that she never likes to mention anyone's failings, but I fancy they flew at each other's throats and flourished pistols and tomahawks and bowie knives. I like to think of all the picturesque paraphernalia that seems to belong to the early days of Texas.

"Well, into this wild, woodsy place Prunesy was sent to teach school. Of course, she didn't want to go, but there weren't many positions open to women in those days, and Prunesy must have been a suffragette in embryo, for she didn't want to live with

either of her two married sisters, she wanted to be independent. An old friend of her mother's was living in Texas, and he offered her the position as school-teacher. Prunesy was only seventeen; she had heard dreadful stories of cowboys and Indians, but she put her fears in her capacious pockets—they had pockets in those days—and she started on her perilous way. Prunesy says the school wasn't so bad, she liked children, and your grandfather, who happened to live in the neighborhood—I suppose twenty-five or fifty miles was counted as neighborhood in those days—used to ride over quite frequently to see how she was getting on. She was the only young lady in the vicinity. 'He never actually made love to me;' Prunesy carefully explained, 'but he paid me little attentions' that she seems to have found most gratifying. Twice he brought her oranges from Galveston, and three times he ordered candy shipped all the way from New Orleans; she seems to have kept numerical account all these years.

"My private opinion is that Prunesy rather lost her head. She was a little Puritan, you see, not used to the ways and wiles of Southern men. If Prunesy was the only pretty girl in the neighborhood, I'm sure your grandfather said all sorts of pleasant things that she accepted literally."

Richard smiled. "Are all Southern men like that?" he asked.

She looked him straight in the eyes, and returned his smile half-heartedly. "Not all, but—you are an alien."

"Do you like aliens?" and as soon as he had said it, he wondered at his own question.

"Women need some encouragement," she began; then she seemed confused and added: "You are very impolite to interrupt my story; don't you want to hear the end?"

"I promise not to speak again. Go on."

"Where was I? Oh, yes, we had reached the orange and candy stage, and, then, there was poetry—he sent her some verses tucked away among the oranges. I know it was very sentimental. Everybody wrote poetry in the old days, even George Washington. Terrible habit wasn't it?"

His eyes twinkled. "Was Washington a Mexican war veteran?" he asked.

"Now, Dick, don't be so accurate; the fact that two people wrote atrocious verses doesn't prove that they lived in the same generation. Now let me go on. "One day your grandfather came to the school and Prunesy was out. One of the children had broken

its arm or leg at recess, and had to be carried home. Your grandfather wrote his name on the blackboard. Don't suppose they worried with cards down there, and he wanted her to know he had called.

"Prunesy came back sometime later to straighten up the room, and close the doors and windows for the night. While she was at work sorting the children's exercises she heard a footstep, and thinking it was your grandfather she went on with her work. Why are women like that, pretending indifference?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, instead of your grandfather in walked mine. Prunesy was too loyal to me to describe him, but she did acknowledge she was frightened. He was so big, she said, and he talked like he had a cold in his throat, and he had a six-shooter stuck in his belt in full view. He asked if she was the school-teacher, and she had to confess that she was; he said he wanted some 'learnin',' but he wasn't willing 'to go to school with kids.' Would she give him some lessons after hours, he would pay her well for them. I suspect that Prunesy had inherited a thrifty spirit along with her other virtues, and she wasn't averse to turning an honest dollar; so she agreed to his proposition at once. He wanted to begin that afternoon. 'That's good writin' on the board, ain't it?' he said. 'I'd like you to learn me to write like that; that's the name I want to copy.'

"He came regularly after that for a month, and every day Prunesy taught him to write like your grandfather. One day she said: 'I'll set you another copy,' but he protested. 'I don't want to learn to write like a woman;' he said 'that is the way I want to write,' and he spent hours just copying that signature. She told me that his progress in reading was 'astounding.' At the end of the month he paid Prunesy fifty dollars, and she never saw him again. The rest of the story was hazy. Your grandfather didn't make a success. Cattle all got lumpy jaw, or something, and he went East, settled down in his old home, and married and died, but he seems to have been the only romance in Prunesy's life, and you revived all the old recollections—your name, the resemblance and the old uniform. That night of the masquerade she actually believed that you were your grandfather's spirit. Now you see the point is this: My grandfather must have had some reason for wanting to copy your grandfather's signature; and our talk about the forged deed the other day at luncheon set Prunesy to thinking that perhaps she was responsible for the whole affair."

"But the story really doesn't prove anything," he said slowly.

"But it can be made to prove things. Prunesy knows the exact date—she is always exact—that your grandfather left Texas. If the deed is dated after that time, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he admitted reluctantly, "but where does this leave you?"

"Why I—I'll sell lollipops," she answered smiling.

He took her hand impulsively in his. "I can't go on, Jessica," and she noticed that it was the first time that he had used the old familiar name. "I can't go on and impoverish you. I've been poor all my life. How could you give up all this?" his eyes swept the stately house, the flowering gardens. "It's worse for a girl to make her way. I have my health and strength."

"So have I."

"But it is so much easier for a man."

"The whole of life is harder for women," and the smile was gone now. "Can't you see that I want you to have things, Dick? Don't you know that I have seen the struggle you've been making?"

"But I cannot take it from you, Jessica. I can't go on."

"And why not?" A wild hope was in her heart, her hands trembled a little among the honeysuckle, but he did not see. He was looking past her through the tangle of rose vines down at the blackened mining camp below.

"It is not fair," he said slowly. "It is not fair."

Her face was white now. "It is the Colonel's," she said slowly. "If you do not care for yourself, it is the Colonel's and Betty's."

"But it may all be a myth after all," he said reflectively. "The fact that Miss White taught your grandfather to write does not prove anything conclusively."

"But it will help to prove something."

But apparently he did not hear her. A wail of fear had come echoing from the valley. Richard started to his feet. "What's that?" he cried. Through the rose vines they could see men and women scurrying like ants towards the mines. "There—something has happened down there. I must go—go and see if I can help." And without a word of parting, he mounted Spangles and went galloping down the sun-baked road, leaving Jessica alone in the arbor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE CHARM OF FLORENCE.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

THERE is no solitary guest in the Sala di Saturno in the Pitti Gallery, but the room has been well peopled with visitors from the moment the doors swung open in the morning; and if this is your first acquaintance with the magnificent palace Brunelleschi designed for Messer Luca Pitti, you will wonder what great art work is holding all so rapt and solemnly attentive in admiring. But even upon entering the hall, you make the discovery. There near the door hangs the picture by which you will best remember Florence, and which will link itself in association with the ten or twelve others that you will choose to represent in your own soul all European painting, and that in an especial way symbolize your own art canons and beliefs. For you are looking at Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." No tenderer conception of the Madonna has ever been attempted, and one doubts if a sweeter and more touching group could be painted than this trio of Virgin and Child and Saint John. Less majestic, less queenly, perhaps, than its Dresden sister, possibly inferior in technique, this picture cannot be surpassed for the soulful sympathy in the faces, the watchful, half-bodeful caring of pure mother love. There is tranquil joy in the Mother's countenance, but withal a thoughtful, serious expression that pierces the veil of the morrow and sees the sadness of the end. The Child is baby-like, trustful, with all His world seeming to rest in the precious clasp of the Virgin-mother, still with a face and head that possess nobility and stately mien; and the face of the youthful John is prayerful and angelic and all-spiritual. For long you are compelled to look upon this circular painting, and you will come back to the Pitti many times to renew your love; and if you were disposed to make a fetish of objects of art, I think you would wander far without finding a worthier idol than the "Madonna della Sedia."

There are other masterpieces by Raphael in the Pitti palace. In the same room there is the "Madonna del Granduca," a work of his Florentine period. It was painted six years earlier than the more noted Madonna, and, reflecting more of the style of his

master, Perugino, in its simplicity and quietness, is well worthy of Raphael's growing genius. In the portrait of Pope Julius the Second, of which he made several replicas, one may observe the wonderful execution which only the nephew of Bramante could achieve.

The Pitti is indeed a gallery of masterpieces. The faultless Andrea del Sarto is represented here by the "Assumption" and the famous "Holy Family;" Fra Bartolommeo is remembered by the "Risen Christ," the "Marriage of Saint Catherine," and the exquisitely pathetic group of the "Pieta." Paolo Veronese's "Venetian Scholar," Fra Filippo Lippi's "Madonna and Child," the well-known "Concert" of Giorgione, and the "Deposition" of Perugino are also among the treasures; and many another work of art that the Medici dukes brought together into this splendid palace. Perhaps it is Titian that may be said to share ascendancy here with Perugino's famous pupil. There are ten pictures from his hand, the most noteworthy being portraits. One may look upon the cunning, able, vulgar face of the prince of blackguards and blackmailers, Pietro Aretino, the sad countenance of Ippolito de' Medici, and the marvelously beautiful and romantic figure of the "Young Englishman."

The charm of the Pitti palace does not exhaust itself in its pictures. But outside, between the gallery and the palace proper, lie the magnificent Boboli Gardens. The name is derived from that of the family who once lived in a house here. Cosimo the First laid out the grounds, and adorned them with statuary and fountains. From the amphitheatre of seats one may have a lovely view of the spires and pinnacles of Florence, and the mass of sunlit trees on the green hills beyond the town. It is delightful to rest here for a moment, and under the shading cypress and pine breathe the fragrant air that seems to blow fresh and blithe from Arcadia.

The halls of the Uffizi galleries are more numerous than those of the Pitti, and offer a wider survey of the various schools of painting. The pictures which the two great palaces contain, unquestionably form the greatest collection of paintings of the Italian schools of art in the world. In the Uffizi palace are also to be found noted pieces of sculpture, an excellent collection of jewels and drawings, and valuable libraries rich in association and intrinsic worth.

The Tuscan school of art is represented, among other works, by the lovely "Coronation of our Lady" of Lorenzo Monaco, monk

of the Angeli in Florence; by the exquisite masterpiece of Fra Angelico, the "Coronation of the Virgin," and by his famous altar pieces; by the beautiful "Madonna" of Fra Filippo Lippi, his only picture in the entire gallery; by the "Madonna of the Magnificat" of Botticelli; by the well-faded "Adoration of the Magi" of Leonardo da Vinci; by the lovely "Annunciation" of Verrocchio, once thought to be Leonardo's, too; by the "Adoration of the Child" of Fra Bartolommeo; and by the "Holy Family" of Michelangelo, one of the two pictures he painted outside of Rome.

When we come to a contemplation of the Umbrian school, we shall find it well messaged by the work of Perugino, its greatest master, save Raphael, who really was of Rome. Perugino has four pictures here, three portraits, and the "Madonna and Child" in the octagonal Tribuna. His pupil Raphael has the "Madonna del Cardellino" and a replica of the portrait of Julius the Second, which is in the Pitti palace. The religion and mystic sweetness of soul that Umbria ever exhales is evident in the altar piece of Gentile da Fabriano, and in the beauteous colored panels of the "Annunciation" of Melozzo da Forli.

Titian, to be sure, is the great master of the Venetian school, and in the Uffizi galleries he may be seen to advantage, though a larger number of his pictures are in the Pitti halls. The portraits of Eleonora Gonzaga and Francesco-Maria della Rovere, Duke and Duchess of Urbino, and of Bishop Beccadelli, are typical of his better work. His friend Giorgione is remembered here by his rare portrait of the "Knight of Malta." The teacher of these two, Giovanni Bellini, one of the earlier masters of the Venetian school, is represented by one of the finest works of the Quattrocento, the allegorical grouping in which our Lady rests beside a lagoon, with the several saints near by in the wondrous landscape.

Siena and her school offer the magnificent "Annunciation" of Simone Martini, one of the most beautiful and most graceful of all religious paintings. The Northern schools are seen in the marvelous triptych consisting of the "Three Kings," the "Presentation," and the "Ascension," and in the "Madonna and Child among the Flowers," both by Mantegna; and in the "Madonna and Child with Angels" and the "Repose in Egypt" by Correggio.

Obviously enough these are but a choice few of the Uffizi pictures; many others will share the hours and days you will wish to bestow upon the vast collection founded by the Medici in the palace which Vasari, the historian of Italian painters, built for

Cosimo the First. Then when you are rested in mind from the patient and lovable work of dreaming the dreams of these artist-poets, you will go over some day to the Academia di Belle Arti, once St. Matthew's Hospital, near the Piazza San Marco.

In the Academia there are few paintings of highest merit, but an excellent idea of the earlier work may be gained here, the evolution of the art of the Florentine school through Giotto onward. Gentile da Fabriano's masterpiece, the lovely "Adoration of the Shepherds," is in this gallery, and Fra Angelico's wonderful "Last Judgment;" and an exquisite "Adoration" by Ghirlandajo. Botticelli is represented by several pictures, one of which, the "Primavera," seems to sing the pagan Hellenism of the new-come Renaissance. More interesting than any of the paintings one will find Michelangelo's gigantic "David," which once stood near the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio, a position the sculptor himself chose for his work.

It is in the Bargello, that castellated structure built in 1265 for the Capitano del Populo, and later the palace of the Podestà, that Michelangelo once more is seen as the matchless sculptor. Such he discloses himself in the drowsy dream-poise of the "Bacchus," no less than in the calm strength and beauty of the relief of the "Holy Family." Here, too, his great predecessor, Donatello, expresses in marble and bronze and terra cotta the genius that Phidias passed on over the bridge of the years. Better than elsewhere in the world may his works be studied here, for there are ten of his creations in the Bargello, beside a great many casts of his statues that rest in other cities. The "Marzocco" is in this museum, the fantastic lion that used to stand in front of the Palazzo Vecchio; the youthful figure of John the Baptist, with the rapt, half-melancholy, half-pondering expression which bodies forth the soul-beauty of him whose voice was crying in the wilderness; the beautiful terra cotta bust of Nicolà da Ozzano; and the marble "Saint George." Probably his best work is this statue of the dragon slayer, with all the faith and fire and fearlessness of the hero caught in the chiselled stone. As one looks upon the lively figure, one can understand why Michelangelo whispered to it, as he stopped to admire, the command, "March."

The wonderful sweetness of the work of Luca della Robbia and his nephew Andrea, and the other exponents of their peculiar school, is to be won here by all who will. The lovely terra cotta conceptions, flowering in blue and white, like precious fleurs-de-lis,

are blossomed forth in the exquisite perfection of many a Madonna and Annunciation.

Another sculptor beside Michelangelo and Donatello and the Robbia family you may study in the Bargello. It is Andrea Verrocchio, one of the greatest masters of the second half of the fifteenth century. A pupil, perhaps, of Donatello, he, too, has chosen to be known as a maker of a "David," a superb figure standing in the calm consciousness of strength over the slain giant at his feet. Willingly one will also admire his bust of Monna Vanna degli Albizzi, one of the most beautiful sculptures of the whole Renaissance.

Florence is brimful of the art of the Renaissance and the years before. One can never reach an end to the maze of bronze and marble and wild-flower terra cotta. But one needs frequent withdrawals from the joyful study of the galleries to avoid the weariness that knows no value in anything save laughing waters and the blue sky. Driving through the fair Cascine gardens will afford one delightful afternoons, when the shadows are stretching out and the sun lets one look upon its face while it makes ready to say its arrivederci. Here where once the dairy farm of the grand dukes extended, it is pleasant to feel the cooling air wafted through the ilex and pine. As one enjoys the quiet life of the green fields near by, and the scenes of beauty that lie onward toward Bellosguardo, the thoughts of the great men come flooding back. Cimabue is no misty figure in mythland, Mino da Fiesole seems quite alive, Orcagna is more than a sounding echo from the past.

Probably on more than one afternoon you will drive up to the hill of San Miniato by the Viale dei Colli, which begins at the Porta Romana near the Boboli Gardens. Nothing more charming can be wished for than this enchanting road, winding gracefully through gardens of red and white roses, amid bordering masses of magnolia and laurel, between tall and green-waving planes and elms, with the afternoon drowsy from the delicious odors that drench the air, and tuneful with the joyous humming of the bees and the trilling speech of the little yellow-breasted birds. Soon you come close to the city fortification that Michelangelo laid out in 1529, and, within its protection, the great church of San Miniato.

The church of San Miniato is a fine old edifice of lovely marble, built in the eleventh century in commemoration of a saint who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Decius in the mid-third century. It is an interesting chapter that Villani writes in

the *Crônica,* of the seeking out of the hermit Miniato by the emperor, who was then at Florence. Miniato, it seems, was living in solitude among the quiet shelter of the trees of Arisbotto di Firenze, a wood behind the site of the present church. He had left his kingdom in Armenia for this humble position in Christ's service, and was happy in the prayerful heights above the Arno. But Decius offered the one-time prince gifts of great value to allure him to the old ways: no gifts could win over the loyal hermit. So the thoroughgoing Decius offered him instead the torments which Roman persecution had devised; and in the end Miniato was beheaded. But by a miracle, as the legend runs, the martyr replaced the head upon his trunk and ascended the hill, where the bodies of many martyrs lay buried. When he had reached the place where his church now stands, he gave up his soul to God. A little church was soon built in his honor, but it was many centuries afterward that the great church was erected, which now is so noble and venerable to look upon.

Indeed the church of San Miniato is the most beautiful of the Tuscan-Romanesque churches remaining in Florence, and within its peaceful walls are precious memorials of the old-time art. Among them is Rossellino's masterpiece, that exquisite tomb of the youthful Cardinal Jacopo of Portugal. Many an old Florentine has worshipped in this temple, and as one walks down the broad nave, one can almost fancy Brunetto Latini's immortal pupil kneeling near one of the ancient pillars, rapt in visions of paradise.

When you leave the tranquil aisles and their paling frescoes, and emerge again into the air, it is to see a Campo Santo along the terraces, a city of the dead rising in ghostly array of stately marble tombs and humble graves not less impressive in their simple adornments. Flowers are growing beside the pathways, and amid the white crosses over the graves roses and ferns may be seen, the quiet offerings a loving hand has given to those who rest here in the pleasant dreams of eternity. It is all very beautiful and calm and peaceful. As you walk amid the tombs and read the names here and there, you think Florence has chosen well when she grants this fair hill to her children as one by one they go back to the mother of all.

Standing on the church terrace, you turn from thoughts of frail mortality to the serene life of the wonderful maiden city beneath you. For lovely Florence is down in the valley, sweet and delicate and ever young, blossoming like a sun-favored flower-

garden, and perfect in the exquisite harmony of her growing verdure. Circling the vale of beauty extend the olive-green crests of the Tuscan Apennines, with the Carrara hills a misty purple-blue, and the villas of Milton's Fiesole smiling happily over the way. In the midst of the fragile fairy city the slow-flowing Arno moves westward, burning a long golden gleam across the summer afternoon. The bower of the Palazzo Vecchio, the Campanile of Giotto, and the world-famed dome of Brunelleschi rise above all else in the valley, but you can see the spire of Santa Croce, too, and many another palace and pinnacle glorified in the bright sun, and shining full worthy of the princess city at your feet. The shadows are closing in from the foothills, and so before evening falls you will leave the quiet terrace and go down the hill into the town. You will cross the river by the Ponte Vecchio, the old bridge with the little shops bordering its memory-laden pathway, and onward you will hasten along the Lung' Arno to the welcome of home.

So, indeed, we once came from San Miniato on the evening before we left Florence. When late night came, and it was time to enter slumberland, we could not banish our day wanderings from our minds, but all our Florentine days wished most eagerly to mingle with the full-lived days of old, and the visions of the past came trooping by, like a gaily-colored procession, with fantastic banners and blue and green and crimson lights alluring us to gladsome watching. All of Florence's great citizens woke to life under the spell of imagination, and we could see them all, with never a son or foster-child missing from the resurrected company. Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Leonardo da Vinci, Luca della Robbia, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Galileo, Vespucci—but a legion of mighty Cæsar would scarce enroll them all. Infinitely easier were little Pippa's counting that sunlit day in Asolo. It is as if the guardian spirit of Florence should gently drop into a silver bowl a rose for every one of the city's distinguished children, red roses and white and yellow and sunset pink, such as blossom on the hills of Fiesole, until the broad-brimmed vase heaps high, and the circling lips overflow, and nothing but roses can be seen all about. For even so are the sons of old Florence, even as this the fair city overflows with the famed flowers of her own bloom.

So the fairy-host in the darkness will weave their fragile tapestry. In the twilight middle way between wakeful dreaming and dreamful sleep, I saw Cellini at night near his furnace while

the fire's gleam shadowed him on the wall, and I watched the tense, grave face bidding encouragement until soon the artist-joy leaped to his eyes as the mold filled and his " Perseus " was coming right. My soul traveled down a winding lane, and met some Donatello coming home in the near-morn from a night's loving toil in the atelier. And farther on I passed a poor artisan with the coat of a peasant and the soul of a genius, stealing his way through the shadows, while he jealously clasped the silver goblet on which he had wreathed a Medici crest. I could see, as I projected myself into the pulsing days of the Renaissance, the lights glowing at a stately palace window, where a pallid scholar was patiently transcribing a treasured copy of the *Phædo* for Cosimo de' Medici. I could see the never-wearying Villani writing his voluminous chronicles in the house on the Via Giraldi. I could see Dante smiling and glad in the old house on the Via San Martino, in the days of the " vita nuova," and the child Beatrice, crimson-clad and beautiful and sweet at the May-day festa within the Portinari grounds. I beheld up at old San Marco monastery a gentle Fra Angelico praying at night in a lonely cell, and waiting the dawn that would once again call his frescoed dream-paintings to life.

Then I would seem to be standing on Taddeo Galdi's Ponte Vecchio, looking into the Arno, where every shadow falling from the arches and shops gathers a pensive memory of the goldsmiths of old, and the glassworkers and the weavers of lace and the venders of precious gems; and not least of all, a memory of young Buondelmonte, whose death near the statue of Mars brought the memorable struggle which rent Florence in twain. Traveling in spirit across the bridge, I would see near the Pitti palace the windows of Casa Guidi, where the author of *Aurora Leigh* lived so many years, and died in 1861. My imagination would now carry me through the roll of all the foreign wooers of the Muses' flame, who came to Florence and loved her and lived within her hill-cinctured welcome: Montaigne, Milton, Gray; Smollett, Samuel Rogers, Shelley, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt; Browning, Ruskin, Landor, George Eliot; Charles Lever, Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, Arthur Hugh Clough; Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Mark Twain, and many more beside.

Though I was asleep now, Florence, the beautiful, would not leave me, and my slumbers were sweetly colored by the roseate thoughts of the day. Still the mural portrait of Dante in the Bargello would come into my visions, and the " Winged Mercury " of

Giovanni da Bologna, and that perfect Gothic shrine Orcagna made in the church of Or San Michèle, and the "Madonna della Cintola" in her oval mandorla, sculptured above the north door of the Duomo, and the fresh young faces of the singing boys on the Cantorie of Donatello and Luca della Robbia in the Opera del Duomo, and the sweet baby eyes of the little Child in the "Madonna della Sedia" of the Pitti gallery. Then the peaceful dreams would float away, and there would flash before me the throng of imperial Ghibellines shouting their defiance to the Guelphs, while frighted mothers hurried their children within doors and out of the battle's tide. Now the scene would suddenly shift to the brooks of Vallombrosa, where the monastic hospitality of olden days was suppressed by an unwise Sardinian government; and onward toward the plain of Campaldino, where Dante saw the Guelphs defeat their rivals; and to La Vernia, that still speaks to one of the "Fioretti" of Saint Francis, where the spirit of Il Poverello hovers everywhere, where Franciscan monks still sing compline and vespers and chant hymns in honor of the stigmata of their founder, while as in the seven centuries agone the violets and daffodils and primroses blossom forth, every one a fragrant symbol of the Assisian's simple, unquestioning love of God.

When the dawn came and the sun was beaming in joy, and we were ready to go, we went forth to say once more a farewell to the Duomo waiting in the Piazza. As I turned away, I could almost fancy Florence herself as an old cathedral, with its vast interior glorious and wonderful and mellow under the subdued morning light streaming in through the stained glass. Rarest tinting colored the sunbeams' gleaming on the marvelous rose-window on the eastern face: the crimson of the Medici; the deep purple of Savonarola; the dark green of Dante; the heaven-blue of Raphael; the opalescent of Fra Angelico; the glowing gold of Cellini; the rich violet of Michelangelo; an old, old cathedral, with its soul's memory reaching back into the long ago, and its heart beating strong and full for the days that are, and its loving voice calling out to the future ages as an inspiration and a symbol and a faith.

From the fair flower city of the valley we went away, not as weary readers who would gladly close a well-studied book, but as those who would lingeringly whisper an *au revoir* to a dearest friend, and be tearful in the parting, as those who would remember every loved smile and every tender glance of a gentle sister,

and be knightly to her wishes, as those who expect again to return and ask a welcome and a hand-clasp and the envied embrace of fond affection. As we drove down the quaint old avenues of Florence, we passed a little shrine of the Madonna, before which a small boy was arranging some pretty flowers; we saw a happy-faced old lady, telling her beads at an open, vine-shaded window; we answered the kindly good-bye of a tiny Bice who sat near a wayside fountain. There was no garish blaze in the streets of Florence, but shadow met shadow in the peaceful lanes, and a subdued, tempered light overspread the pathway, like the soft, unhurried, quiet afterglow of remembered genius and fulfillment.

COÏMBRA OF THE HILLS.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

As I came down from the Hill of Longing,
The Hill of Longing and loneliness—
It seemed as though some sharp caress
Of flowers would stay me with their thronging—
So late I lingered on that hill,
So sweet a sadness held my will.

But the voice of the river breeze would call me:
"Come down where the streams of singing are,
Where poets' tears, and sighs of far
Old lovers as in waves befall me!"
Till stole I down Coïmbra's heights
From songs of youth, and casement lights.

Then up the Hill of Meditation
I turned me, bathed, and cooled, and healed—
Until the moon afar revealed
The peaks of my young desolation;
Nor flower, nor thorn would stay me here—
Yet a star comes out in every tear.

THE SONG.

BY T. B. REILLY.

AS Peter turned the corner of the little crooked street that made a short cut to the railway station, he came to a momentary halt. Midway between the houses a man stood singing. The melody, sweet yet very sad, held Peter spellbound. He stepped nearer and stood listening. The singer suddenly turned full toward him. Peter drew back involuntarily. The man, though young, was cruelly maimed. His left arm was missing; he had lost an eye, and his face was horribly disfigured by scar tissue. As the song died away, Peter stepped forward and offered the young man a lira.

"A thousand thanks, signore," said the unfortunate.

"That was a very sweet song," remarked Peter.

"It was my first composition, signore, for the cello."

"Ah," murmured Peter with sympathetic comprehension, and after a moment's pause: "A very happy inspiration."

A painful memory flashed across the young man's face, and he said slowly: "Signore will excuse me. I would rather not remember. I dare not."

"Oh!" returned Peter, and in his voice sounded a note of sincere apology.

"I had thought to let it sleep here, signore," said the man, striking his breast, "but to-day.....until to-day, none, except the friend for whom it was written and myself, has ever heard it."

"Such songs are very rare," said Peter, his interest aroused, "one should not let them die."

The young man shook his head, and then, with a note of poignant regret, remarked: "Some things are best forgotten."

Peter, at a loss, stood silent.

"Signore sees what I am," said the man softly. "It happened over there—in America—a railway accident."

"Ah!" murmured Peter gently.

"For two years—just like that"—the man made a balancing gesture with his hand.

Peter understood him to exemplify a wavering between life and death.

"It changed all—everything—my whole life. I—"

And, suddenly breaking off, the man inclined his head toward Peter and with a precipitate, "A thousand thanks, adieu," moved quickly down the street.

Peter, very curious, much puzzled, looked after the retreating figure for a moment or two, then went on toward the station. Ten minutes later he was seated in the express that was to take him across the blazing Campagna to the foothills of the distant mountains. From there an omnibus would bring him fifteen hundred feet up the slopes, and to the ancient highway that wound along the windy flanks of the hills southward to the sea.

Peter was fulfilling a promise, long since made to himself, of a fortnight's excursion on that historic roadway. His first day came to a close that evening, when, tired, dusty, and very hungry, he crossed the public square in the little village of Santa Lucia, and made for the entrance of what he conjectured would be his haven for the night.

Peter entered the foreyard, and passed along the vine-covered pathway that was sweet with the smell of ripening grapes. In the garden proper, under the olive trees, were several tables and benches. Peter seated himself at one of the tables, and a moment later found himself looking up into the sharp eyes of an extremely business-like old woman. There was authority in her glance. Her attitude was a demand—a peremptory challenge. This, to Peter, suggested several things; chiefly the suitability of mentioning his needs. He declared his wants. The woman stated her terms.

A few minutes later, Peter, duly inducted into his room, laid hold of the accommodations to hand, refreshed himself, and then repaired to the garden. There, at a table under an old olive, he seated himself to await his much-desired dinner. He rolled a cigarette, leaned back, and, looking up through the sunlit leaves overhead, suddenly fell to thinking of the singer and his song.

"Two years like that," mused Peter, making a balancing motion with his hand. "Imagine!"

"Suppose," said Peter to himself, "suppose such an accident had befallen me. I wonder if I'd have had the courage to sing. Poor chap! No doubt he had his dreams of a career, fame, happiness. And now everything is changed—labors, hopes, his whole life." The notes of the song came back to him. "A sweet song that," said Peter. He was just on the point of humming the remembered strains when something happened.

She was coming down the pathway toward him. Peter, incredulous, took her in with steady and admiring glance. And as she drew near he said softly: "Oh!"

"The wine, signore," said the girl.

"Oh, thank you," returned Peter, smiling up at her.

"Signore would be English," remarked the girl.

"American," said Peter in a note of polite correction.

"It's the same," she declared with an expressive shrug of her shoulders.

"Not quite," dissented Peter with a shake of his head, and added: "What makes you think so?"

"Vincenzo once told me they were all the same," she replied.

Peter regarded her more critically. She was really handsome. Her dark beauty was striking. Her blue-black hair, wonderfully abundant, shimmered in the late afternoon sunlight. In her ears were fastened rings of old gold. Her cheeks were oval, olive, dusky, warm with the covert red of her race. Her lips were clean-cut and scarlet. But it was on her eyes that Peter dwelt longest. They were large and brown and very luminous. They were beautiful eyes. And just at present they were smiling down at him.

"Your friend Vincenzo has seen a bit of the world, perhaps?" conjectured Peter.

"He has been to England, signore; he is in America now, but—"

She broke off suddenly and stood looking across the garden.

Peter, in spite of his emotions, managed to get two and two together. "Oh—o!" he returned.

"Eh!" said the girl with another expressive shrug. "What is there in this land for one that has talent and wishes to get on in the world? Nothing!"

"I dare say there aren't many opportunities for a man of spirit," agreed Peter. Then with a smile up at her pensive face: "Still, if I were Vincenzo—"

"Yes?" she picked him up quickly, somewhat eagerly.

"Well," concluded Peter with a polite inclination of the head, "I should find the world a dull place, and hurry home."

"Eh!" she threw out suddenly with an inimitable gesture. "When they are away, they quickly forget."

"It may occasionally fall out that way," admitted Peter, "but not where one's friends are like Vincenzo's."

She regarded him solemnly for a moment or two, then, with a smiling uplift of her eyebrows: "You—like—me?"

Peter, honestly confused, hesitated; then returned gallantly: "But—of course."

She considered that confession a second, gazed steadily down at him, the red in her cheeks stirring, then slowly half-asserted, half-sought: "You—think—I—am—very—pretty?"

Peter may have been impressionable. But Peter was truthful. He turned, looked up into her disconcerting eyes and acknowledged: "I—think—you—are—charming."

Again for a moment or two she gazed solemnly down at him.

"What perfectly beautiful eyes," thought Peter.

But she, with hands on hips, suddenly threw back her head and laughed mockingly at him. The laughter bubbled from her lips as notes tumbling from a mellow flute. The music took Peter's inconsequence by storm. But the girl, with another change of mood, and with a note of reminiscence, naïvely informed him: "Vincenzo said I should some day be the most beautiful woman in the world."

"A truthful prophet," said Peter, "and when he comes this way again—"

"No!" she broke in quickly, shaking her head, as one facing the inevitable.

"Oh, that's all right," declared Peter encouragingly. "These little misunderstandings—"

"There was no misunderstanding," she interrupted.

Peter looked up inquiringly.

"We—we were friends, nothing more," she advised him with a shrug. And the next moment, "Signore will excuse me." And with a little bow toward Peter, she went up the garden path.

Peter, turning in his seat, followed her retreating figure with a glance of curiosity, interest, wonder.

Five minutes later she brought Peter his dinner, and, seating herself opposite, became the pleasing, if unconventional, observer of a young man making the most of a prodigious appetite.

Peter, the first pangs of hunger appeased, looked up smiling. "Signore has travelled much?" asked the girl meditatively.

"No," replied Peter, setting to work on a dish of salad, "in fact, I'm a bit disappointed. I made less than twenty: but to-morrow—"

"Signore does not understand," interrupted the girl. "Signore has seen many countries, many people, many cities?"

"Oh!" said Peter, carefully dropping some oil upon the crisp leaves before him, "that's what you mean. Well, I think I've seen my share. But, it isn't what it's cracked up to be, you know."

"Ah!" she returned musingly. "I should like to see all the countries of the world, all, all!"

"Indeed," said Peter between bites, for a salad neglected is a salad lost, "and suppose you did?"

"Eh!" she threw out with a gesture, "I should then be happy. Poverty is a great burden."

"Money is a greater," advanced Peter.

"I don't believe it," she dissented, shaking her head from side to side.

"You may take my word for it," said Peter.

"*Mache!*" she exclaimed sharply—with an emphasis, an accent, a vigor.

It was like a cuff on the cheek; an unexpected box across the ears. Peter's complacency suffered a shock. For the moment, he sat silent, fascinated by her flashing eyes.

"Without money," she announced feelingly, "there is nothing, nothing."

"Don't you believe any such thing," Peter warned her, rolling a cigarette, "the best things in life have nothing at all to do with money."

"Signore is rich?" she asked.

"That's no argument," countered Peter.

"Would he be willing to give up his wealth for existence in such a place as this?"

She glanced about her swiftly, scornfully.

"Well," replied Peter amused, interested, "I don't know—why not?"

He glanced about him slowly, appreciatively.

"No!" she cried with a disdainful toss of her head, "signore would quickly regret the loss of his money."

"That's merely an assumption," returned Peter.

"No," she said, "that is the truth—the real truth."

And suddenly turning toward Peter she asked: "Signore has seen many beautiful women?"

Peter frowned, readjusted his thoughts, and then smilingly advised her: "Not so many."

She regarded him through half-closed eyes. And again Peter took in the attractive face, the beautiful eyes, the lips—

> .....severed lips,
> Parted with sugared breath,

thought Peter, and he remarked: "They were what you might call beautiful by persuasion. The rose was a rose grown gray—and re-colored. They were beautiful with a difference."

"There must be many beautiful women in the world," she mused reflectively. And after a moment's pause: "There must be many beautiful women in the signore's country."

"Oh," said Peter, a light dawning, "well, I believe we've something of a reputation in that regard, but—"

He paused a second and then, smilingly: "Your friend, Vincenzo, is tolerably safe."

"He must be very rich by this time," she advanced anxiously, and with a look at Peter as if for sympathetic comprehension.

"Your fear is groundless," said Peter with a wave of his hand.

She stood frowning down at him.

"Riches aren't such a high card in the game over there," went on Peter.

"Signore says things I do not understand," she complained with reproachful patience.

"Let us put it another way," returned Peter, "this friend of yours, this Vincenzo, does he possess so magical a thing as a title? Is he, for instance, prince, duke, count or even plain commendatore?"

"*Mache!*" she threw out with a gesture," he is none of those things; but—"

She looked up through the vines a second.

"He is very handsome," she answered; then sighed and softly concluded: "He was the most beautiful man in all the province."

"That's nothing," said Peter, "good looks won't carry him far in the present state of the market. He'll return, never fear."

She stood shaking her head.

"Men," Peter informed her, "are hard to get started. Besides you must make allowances. Don't let a few months absence worry you."

"Months!" she exclaimed. But from the note in her voice, the light in her eyes, her meaning was unmistakable.

"But," said Peter, "you wouldn't marry a man solely because he was handsome?"

She stared at him a moment. Her dark eyes searched him through and through.

"Would the signore marry an ugly woman?"

"That's not a fair question," objected Peter. "The point in discussion is not one of masculine folly, but one of womanly wisdom."

She looked at him, frowning, uncertain.

"Nevertheless," went on Peter, "I dare say that given an ugly woman with wit and wealth and a lovely creature with neither—" He paused a second, then smiling up at her: "Well, what do you think?"

"I don't know what the signore is talking about," she replied with a shrug. Then with a toss of her head, her eyes flashing: "The man that marries me must be handsome. He must be rich. He must be able and willing to take me everywhere; show me all the wonderful places and beautiful cities of the world.

She made a gesture toward the regions beyond the garden. "He must show me what it is to live; to go where I wish; to have what I will; do what I please!"

"But," argued Peter, marvelling at the outburst, "what good would all that do you? You'd find it the dullest sort of work. You'd tire of it in less than no time. Why—why you'd give anything to get back again to this little sheltered paradise."

"Never!" she exclaimed passionately, getting to her feet.

Peter looked up at her. "What a little dramatic beauty she is;" he said to himself, "all fire and ice; aloes and honey." But aloud: "Do you know what I think?"

"Tell me," she demanded, gazing down at him with something of a challenge in her dark eyes.

"I don't believe you really care two cents about riches."

She drew back in an attitude of derision. Her eyes flashed. And, with a sudden toss of her head, she laughed scornfully at him. And before Peter could make reply, she had called out: "Good-evening, signorino," and was on her way up the garden walk.

"Huh!" said Peter to himself.

That "signorino" had shocked his sense of the fitness of things. For Peter was two and thirty—a very seasonable age.

Ten minutes later, he sighed and got to his feet. The day had

come to a close. The sun was behind the mountains. There was a chill in the air. The garden was gray and very quiet.

" It's positively lonesome," mused Peter, looking up the garden path.

He went slowly up to his room, drew a chair to the window, and sat looking out across the valley. On the dark flank of the distant mountains, he could make out the village of San Marco—a patchwork of wonderful silver grays. Suddenly he gave a start. Someone was singing. He leaned forward and looked down into the garden. It was the girl.

The melody, sweet yet very sad, drifted up through the vines. Peter found himself humming the music softly to himself. It was a sweet song. He had heard it once before—in the hot city, miles away to the west.

As the song died away in plaintive minors, Peter sat thinking. A few moments later he gave another start, and again looked down into the garden. He could just make out the form of the girl sitting on a bench under the grape arbor. She was sobbing. For the briefest of moments Peter had a startlingly vivid glimpse of a little crooked street, and of a young man who was saying with a note of poignant regret: " Some things are best forgotten."

" Nonsense," murmured Peter.

He stared frowningly out into the deepening dusk, thinking, wondering. And then he remembered.

" Until to-day, none, except the friend for whom it was written and myself, has ever heard it."

BERGSON AND THE DIVINE FECUNDITY.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

SINCE everything in the philosophy of change is upside down, so we must examine the first cause last. We have seen the creative evolution in its flux, we have gathered that it can only be caught during flashes of intuition, we have understood that its direction is determined neither by mechanical forces nor intellectual motives, and we have tried to apprehend how the whole process could happen without any preconceived plan. We come now to examine the actual principle itself which is supposed to do all these things.

Of course we intend to use our intelligence in our inquiry. It is needful to make this remark, because M. Bergson rather postulates that we shall not do so. "Everything," he says, "is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of *things* which are created, and a *thing* which creates, as we habitually do, as the understanding cannot help doing."*

That is just what the hatter said.

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't," the hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously.†

If the new god Chronos is not intelligible, then it was silly to write a book describing him. If we cannot make him intelligible, we can at least show where he is unintelligible.

Our first point of inquiry will be to see how far the god Time involves a dualist or a monist universe. In our first article‡ we said that M. Bergson professed to be a dualist. We now venture to declare that, in spite of what he says, and in spite of what his disciples may say, he is a radical monist.

Monism§ is a term invented by Wolff to designate any philosophy which recognizes in the whole sphere of existence only *one*

**Creative Evolution*, p. 261. †*Alice in Wonderland*, p. 84.

‡THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1913, p. 435.

§For a full treatment of this subject see: *Der Monismus und Seine Philosophische Grundlagen*, von Friedrich Klimke, S.J., Freiburg: Herder.

(μόνος) kind of being. This kind of being may be either matter or spirit. If the one substance be regarded as matter, then the monism is called materialist; if spirit, then it is called spiritualist. Spiritualist monism may be either intellectualist, voluntarist or transcendental. A philosophy which teaches that there are two distinct kinds of being is known as dualist (δύο, two). If the monism is spiritualist, it will include God, and thus will be pantheistic. If it is materialist, it will exclude God, and thus will be atheistic.

At first sight there would seem to be in the system of M. Bergson two kinds of being, ascending life and descending matter. The ascending life is variously spoken of as "consciousness," "super-consciousness," "duration," "vital push," "choice," "freedom," "intuition," "will." It is never defined because it is seen only by intuition, and so cannot be defined. From what we have observed, however, of its action and functions, we may describe it as a conscious vital push which sees intuitively, and which wills according to the exigencies of creation.

Whatever else this force is or is not, it is original in the strictest sense of the word. However incoherent the statement may seem, we are bound to say that in the system of M. Bergson this force creates itself. All at once, in the twinkling of an eye, with no sound of trumpet to herald its coming, nay, with no eye to twinkle upon it, it begins.*

Again, this life which starts itself and intensifies itself also bifurcates itself. The division into animal and vegetable lines, into the lines of instinct and reason, are due to two causes which life bears within itself. As to the cause of these causes, well it simply began at the given centre at which life began.†

Here, be it noticed, we find matter already in existence, and exercising its function of modifying life. But whence did the matter come? Did it start of itself from some given centre? In order to find out the genesis of matter, we must recall the whole of the Bergsonian doctrine of time, space, intuition, and intellect. Then we shall see that this descending matter is but the inversion of ascending force.

First let us make a number of efforts at intuition. Each glimpse will give us a sight of the extra-spatial. Then as each glimpse fades away, the extra-spatial will be observed to degrade itself into spatiality. This will be all the more evident to us in

**Creative Evolution*, p. 27. †*Ibid.*, pp. 103, 104.

proportion to the strain we put upon ourselves. Let us make ourselves self-conscious in the highest possible degree. Then we shall feel ourselves, as it were, outside space, and right in the midst of the fluid "now."

But then let us relax ourselves and fall back little by little. Then we shall feel that we are in the solid flesh after all, and that what was an indivisible flux has become a divisible extension. "We have an extension of the self into recollections that are fixed and external to one another, in place of the tension it possessed as an indivisible active will."*

Our consciousness in this way shows us the direction of the movement. But it is not able to follow the whole course of the movement. Our intellect sees matter whilst our intuition sees life. And as our consciousness assumes now the form of intuition, and now the form of intellect, we recognize that we hold two ends of a chain, though we do not succeed in seizing the intervening links.

Philosophy, that is, intuition, has not yet become completely conscious of itself. But, since it is in a process of evolution, it may eventually come to see matter in its actual genesis. For the present, however, we may infer, by comparing our intuitional views with our intellectual views, that matter is but the inversion of life.

Physics has hitherto done its duty in pushing matter in the direction of spatiality. But metaphysics has been on the wrong track in simply treading in the footsteps of physics. It was a chimerical hope to expect to be able to go further in the same direction. It should have recognized that the direction of intuition is the very opposite to that of intellect. The task of metaphysics should be

> to remount the incline which physics descends, to bring back matter to its origins, and to build up progressively a cosmology which would be, so to speak, a reversed psychology. All that which seems *positive* to the physicist and to the geometrician would become, from this new point of view, an interruption or inversion of the true positivity, which would have to be defined in psychological terms.†

Now if matter is but the inversion of spirit, if metaphysics is but the inversion of physics, and cosmology of psychology,

**Creative Evolution*, p. 219. †*Ibid.*

then obviously there is but one radical kind of being. M. Bergson's observations are shrewd enough to show him the great difference between body and spirit. On the surface then he is a dualist. But he has to make this doctrine square with the doctrine of change. He has to account for the origin of that which is inert. So he makes matter the inversion of life. He begins as a dualist, but ends as a monist.

Doubtless this idea of matter being but the inversion of life, will not commend itself as being clear and coherent in itself. Indeed, M. Bergson warns us that here we are entering the most obscure regions of metaphysics. Let us decline, however, to be hoodwinked. If M. Bergson is going to take us from the known to the unknown, he must satisfy us as to the stepping-stones. He must not ask us to step out on to soft ooze, or into the dark, presuming that it will be all right. Observe then a few of his nebulosities.

> This long analysis (*i. e.*, of the ideas of order and disorder) was necessary to show how the real can pass from tension to extension, and from freedom to mechanical necessity by way of inversion.....We must now examine more closely the inversion whose consequences we have just described. What then is the principle that has only to let go its tension—we may say to *detend*—in order to *extend*, the interruption of the cause here being equivalent to a reversal of the effect? For the want of a better word we have to call it consciousness. But we do not mean the narrowed consciousness that functions in each of us. Our own consciousness is the consciousness of a certain living being, placed in a certain point of space; and though it does indeed move in the same direction as its principle, it is continually drawn the opposite way, obliged, though it goes forward, to look behind. This retrospective vision is, as we have shown, the natural function of the intellect, and consequently of distinct consciousness.*

This is one of the most luminous passages we can find. We venture to interpret it as follows: Consciousness stretches itself as far as possible. Then it lets go. Or again, first it concentrates itself on itself for a living active moment. Then it allows itself to be distracted. Thus the stretching or concentrating makes tension. The letting go or dissipation makes detension. When the detending has finished extension is the result. Consciousness

**Creative Evolution*, p. 250.

detends in order to extend. But only life can stretch itself or concentrate itself. And since matter is found already extended, we presume that it has arrived through the detension of life. Hence we see that matter has its origin in life. If that is not clear, pray listen again:

> Is it extension in general that we are considering *in abstracto? Extension,* we said, appears only as a tension which is interrupted. Or, are we considering the concrete reality that fills this extension? The order which reigns there, and which is manifested by the laws of nature, is an order which must be born of itself when the inverse order is suppressed; a detension of the will would produce precisely this suppression.
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> Lastly, we find that the direction which this reality takes, suggests to us the idea of a thing unmaking itself; such, no doubt, is one of the essential characters of materiality. What conclusion are we to draw from all this, if not that the process by which this thing makes itself is directed in a contrary way to that of physical processes, and that it is, therefore, by its very definition, immaterial?
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> The vision we have of the material world is that of a weight which falls: no image drawn from matter, properly so-called, will ever give us the idea of weight rising.....All our analyses show us, in life, an effort to remount the incline that matter descends. In that they reveal to us the possibility, the necessity even of a process the inverse of materiality, creative of matter by its interruption alone.*

For the present let us suspend our judgment as to the coherence of this idea of inversion. Let us suppose that the interruption of the stream of life creates matter. Let us grant that the words represent a validly logical process, and not a mere jumble of ideas. Then the point we have undertaken to make is established. If matter is but the inversion of spirit, then both are ultimately one and the same thing, and M. Bergson, whilst nominally a dualist, is radically a monist. "Intellect and matter," he says, "have progressively adapted themselves one to the other in order to attain at last a common form. This adaptation has, moreover, been brought about quite naturally, *because it is the same inversion of the same movement which creates at once the intellectuality of mind and the materiality of things.*"†

**Creative Evolution,* pp. 258, 259. †*Ibid.*, p. 217.

This unification of the universe turns M. Bergson into a poet. Listen to his dithyramb:

> Thus to the eyes of a philosophy that attempts to re-absorb intellect in intuition, many difficulties vanish or become light. But such a doctrine does not only facilitate speculation; it gives us also more power to act and to live. For, with it, we feel ourselves no longer isolated in humanity, humanity no longer seems isolated in the nature that it dominates. As the smallest grain of dust is bound up with our entire solar system, drawn along with it in that undivided movement of descent which is materiality itself, so all organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, from the first origins of life to the time in which we are, and in all places as in all times, do but evidence a single impulsion, the inverse of the movement of matter, and in itself indivisible. All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push.*

Next we may note the incoherence of this new notion of inversion. An original impulse first starts off. But how does it turn back upon itself? Whence does it derive a direction antagonistic to itself? How can the very contradiction of a force spring from that force? How can descent be produced by ascent? Granting, in a word, that the vital push has certain potentialities, whence does it derive the principle by which these potentialities are actuated? Until these questions are answered, the whole concept must be written off as fraught with inconsistency and self-contradiction.

Or again, we may note a vicious circle in the process. In order that life may ascend, it is supposed to require matter to enable it to do so. Its ascent is a march of conquest. Matter is wanted to provide life with problems, the solution of which constitutes creative evolution. But in order that matter may be thus placed at the service of life, life must first ascend and become inverted. The ladder is upstairs. How shall we get it down? Here is a lacuna in the philosophy of change. The polite thing is just to peep at it, and then cover it over again with abundance of flowers which M. Bergson provides for us.

We have already seen, in our study of finalism, that no evolution could possibly have been set in motion without some intelligent direction. But something more is required than mere aim. The arrow does not fly off to the target by reason of its own

**Creative Evolution*, p. 285.

self-propulsion. Motion presupposes a motor. So also is it with this vital push. Who started it pushing? Who pressed the button for such a wonderful system of change-ringing?

Both the principle of identity and the principle of causality are here skipped over as if they did not matter. But they do matter. We must write them down again, else we may be beguiled from the path of common sense. A thing is what it is as long as it is what it is, and so long as it is what it is, it is not something else. That means that amœbas do not of themselves change their essence and merge into monkeys. An amœba is always an amœba, and a monkey is always a monkey. Further, every effect must have a cause. But every change is an effect. Therefore, every change must have a cause.

Most especially are these principles applicable to the changes in creative evolution. Here invariably the changes are from something less to something greater. They involve the extremely active conditions of intuition and freedom. Their glory is that by them are created absolutely new forms, unforeseen and unforeseeable. Whence come all these potentialities and activities? What makes instinct develop so astonishingly in the line of bees? What makes intelligence appear rather in the line of man? What holds back the mollusc with its splendid eyesight from entering into competition with man?

Evidently these questions have troubled M. Bergson. He speaks of the " torturing problems " to which the idea of " nothing " gives rise. Eventually he dares to admit that there is some great Principle at the bottom of the universe.

> Whence comes it [he asks], and how can it be understood that anything exists? Even here in the present work, when matter has been defined as a kind of descent, this descent as the interruption of a rise, this rise itself as a growth, when finally a Principle of creation has been put at the base of things, the same question springs up: How—why does this principle exist rather than nothing?

The answer to this question would be simple enough if M. Bergson had not poisoned the wells of knowledge. By willfully suppressing the concept of " being " and substituting the concept of " becoming," he has blinded himself to that most obvious and primary truth, that a thing is what it is as long as it is what it is,

the truth known as the principle of identity. Consequently he has cut himself off from that Being Who is essentially being. He has no place for being which exists of itself in one eternal and unchanging present. Having burnt his boats, he has destroyed his only chance of escape. Hence he is in this predicament: he must create a God according to his own image and likeness.

On the one hand he allows himself to speak of his God as "a centre from which worlds shoot out like rockets in a fire-works display."* But on the other hand, he says that he "does not present this centre as a *thing,* but as a continuity of shooting out. God, thus defined, has nothing of the already made; He is unceasing life, action, freedom."† In other words his God is the God of Change, not the unchangeable God; the God of Time, not the God of Eternity.

M. Bergson has a number of names for this God, each more or less descriptive. First we may consider the great Principle as Time. That would be all very well if we used the word as a metaphor. Time, for instance, can heal a broken heart. But putting metaphor aside, we cannot think of Time as creating anything at all. It is not even an active principle. It is merely an effect, the measurement of motion.

Or again, we may consider the Principle as Duration *(la durée).* If I have endured from my birth until now, again, that is an effect, not a cause. If the creative Principle is to produce anything at all, it must at least produce existence. But duration presupposes existence. I must actually be in existence in order to continue in existence. To say that duration is the creative principle of existence, is to say that the effect is the cause of the cause.

Then we may regard the Principle as a vital push. But a push supposes a pusher. There can be no action without an agent. Action without an agent would be a very useful commodity in business. There is a fortune awaiting the man who will discover it. It will drive steam engines without steam and electrical engines without electricity. But where will you find it? It is as elusive as a snark. You may seek it with thimbles, with care, with smiles, with forks, with hope, and with soap, and even then every time you put your finger on it you will find it not there. Why? Because self-creation is an incoherent idea. And if it cannot exist as a concept of the mind, *a fortiori* it cannot exist in the world of reality.

**Creative Evolution,* p. 262. †*Ibid.*

No one gives what he has not got. Therefore, no one can give existence who does not already possess it. The very notion of creation postulates a Creator.

Let us, however, for the sake of argument, grant that there is a pure Becoming which creates the things which we see, ourselves included. Even then the ultimate question would be still unanswered, for pure Becoming could never be a *First* Cause. M. Bergson, indeed, admits and claims that the pure Becoming possesses some perfections, and is devoid of others. It is partly in actuality and partly in potentiality. Being possessed of this double quality, it necessarily presupposes a pure actuality. An absolutely first cause must be one that is actuated to every possible perfection.

Here we are at the very foundation of philosophy. We must begin with axioms. We submit the following as self-evident:

A thing is perfect in so far as it is in actuality; it is imperfect, however, in so far as it is in potentiality.

An altogether pure actuality is altogether perfect.

A potentiality, as such, can never reduce itself to actuality, but it must be reduced to actuality by some active principle.

Every changeable being possesses actuality and potentiality.

Actuality is always prior to potentiality.

Wherefore, since Becoming has some perfection, it is partly in actuality. And since it is devoid of some perfection, it is partly in potentiality. Now whence did it derive its actuality? Certainly not from its potentiality, for no potentiality can reduce itself to actuality. We must, therefore, have recourse to some ultimate active principle which is pure actuality.

Hence we are driven back from the God of Change, as described by M. Bergson, to the God of a full and active eternity, as described by St. Thomas.

> Everything that has in its substance [writes the Angelic Doctor] an admixture of potentiality, to the extent that it has potentiality, is liable not to be: because what can be, can also not be. But God in Himself cannot not be, seeing that He is everlasting; therefore there is in God no potentiality.
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> Although in order of time that which is sometimes in potentiality, sometimes in actuality, is in potentiality before it is in actuality, yet, absolutely speaking, actuality is prior to potentiality, because potentiality does not bring itself into actuality, but is brought into actuality by something which is already

in actuality. Everything, therefore, that is any way in potentiality has something else prior to it. But God is the First Being and the First Cause, and, therefore, has not in Himself any admixture of potentiality.

Everything acts inasmuch as it is in actuality. Whatever then is not all actuality, does not act by its whole self, is not a prime agent; for it acts by participation in something else, not by its own essence. The prime agent then, which is God, has no admixture of potentiality, but is pure actuality.

We see that there is that in the world which passes from potentiality to actuality. But it does not educe itself from potentiality to actuality, because what is in potentiality is not as yet, and, therefore, cannot act. Therefore, there must be some other prior thing, whereby this thing may be brought out from potentiality to actuality. And again, if this further thing is going out from potentiality to actuality, there must be posited before it yet some other thing, whereby it may be reduced to actuality. But this process cannot go on for ever: therefore, we must come to something that is only in actuality, and nowise in potentiality; and that we call God.*

Even then though we did grant that the principle of creative evolution were a pure Becoming, the problem would still remain as to how, why, when, and wherefore that Becoming began to become.

The truth is that M. Bergson has reversed the dictates of common sense. He has made becoming prior to being; he has made potentiality superior to actuality; he has made non-being superior to being. Worked out to its ultimate absurdity, his philosophy implies that the First Cause is Non-Being. Then where did we all come from? We simply grew.

Listen how M. Bergson avows all this. "We said," he writes, "there is *more* in a movement than in the successive positions attributed to the moving object, *more* in a becoming than in the forms passed through in turn, *more* in the evolution of form than the forms assumed one after another."† Thus becoming is more perfect than being, a mixture of potentiality, and actuality more perfect than pure actuality.

But, once again, no one can give what he has not got. A man can not do more than he is "up to." The imperfect cannot *of itself* roll out into the perfect. Hence self-perfectibility is seen to be not only a theological heresy, but also a metaphysical absurdity.

**Contra Gentiles,* Lib. I., Cap. XVI. †*Creative Evolution,* p. 333.

At this point we may ask why should M. Bergson, and with him the whole school of modernist philosophy, prefer a changeable and perfectible God to an unchangeable and all-perfect God? It is because they will not take the trouble to understand St. Thomas' doctrine. They will regard unchangeableness as a sort of petrifaction. They will not see in it the very fullness of activity. They, who are ready to impute anthropomorphism to the orthodox, are themselves shut up in the crudest anthropomorphism. Seeing that the *anthropos* is always changing, they are unable to rise to the concept of a *theos* which never changes. Their mistake is not that of thinking of God in human thought-forms. We all do that, nor can we think of God in any other way. Their mistake is in forgetting that their thought-forms are human, and in taking them to be adequate representations of the ultimate unspeakable Reality.

Having pointed out the shortcomings of the God of Time and Change, it remains for us to give a more positive description of our own timeless and unchangeable God. He not only possesses life, and gives life to all living creatures, but He *is* life itself.

Our knowledge of God's life can only be obtained by inference from what we know of our own. Now we know of our own lives that they are imperfect. Every day we gain new experience. There is always something new for us to know and to enjoy. No morrow comes and finds us exactly in the same condition as we were yesterday. We are always in a state of transition from potentiality to actuality.

God, on the contrary, since He is absolutely perfect, is incapable of acquiring new perfections. His incapacity to change is due not to an exhaustion or want of activity, but to a complete fullness of activity. This activity, indeed, is so perfect and absolute that it admits of no potentiality whatever. Hence He is incapable of any transition from potentiality to actuality.

The life, therefore, which we attribute to God is life of the most eminent kind, a kind wholly different from ours, for it is all pure actuality. Ours is only a participation of life, and so we are said to possess life. But God is all life, and so we say that He *is* Life. No one gives it to Him. He is it from all eternity.

Moreover, He gives it to all who share in it. He is the Life of all lives. "Ye men of Athens.....God Who made the world and all things therein, He, being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is He served

with men's hands as if He needed anything; seeing it is He Who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."*

Nor is the life of God a sort of fiery volcano, nor a huge disordered sphere of activity with a continuity of shooting-out. Divine life is activity of the highest order. We give it the nearest description possible when we say that it is a life of perfect Wisdom.

Again, even the wisdom which we attribute to God is known only by the analogy of human wisdom. Human wisdom is that mental activity which peers into both speculative and practical truth, and ordains things to their proper end. This is undoubtedly the supreme attribute of God. It is the highest form of spirit life that we can imagine. When we speak of God as the Being, that does not express to us His vital activity. When we speak of Him as the Life, that does not express to us the more interesting attributes of knowledge and love. But when we speak of Him as the Wisdom, then we express His life of intelligence and love, and we see how this intelligence and love acts both within and without, inwardly understanding and loving the Divine Essence, outwardly understanding and loving all creation.

Thus it is by His wisdom that God knows all possible truth, and loves all possible good. It is by His wisdom that He forms a due estimate of the value of all things in reference to His final plan. It is by His wisdom that He is able to economize and order all things in accord with this plan. Hence, Wisdom expresses the sum total of God's activities, that full perfection of life, so perfect as to admit of no further perfection.

Moreover, this activity of divine intellect and will is no cold intellectualism or uninterested volitionalism. It is an activity which constitutes an infinite Happiness and Glory.

Happiness is the satisfaction and restfulness in the fruition of some good known and loved. But God both knows and loves the most perfect goodness and beauty. He is Himself the exemplar and source of all possible goodness and beauty. But He knows Himself. Such knowledge can only prompt the most perfect love. Such love can only make the most perfect rapture and happiness.

This divine activity, too, produces the greatest possible splendor. The divine intelligence and love are aglow with the riches of truth and goodness. We all know the brightness of a household where a happy child is playing about. Happiness sheds brightness

*Acts xvii. 22, *et. seq.*

everywhere and always. Every little ray of brightness which is shed by a happy creature is an indication of the glory which emanates from the divine blessedness. If God's happiness is supreme, so also must His Splendor be supreme. Well may St. Paul speak of "the glory of the blessed God."*

This fact of God deriving His happiness and splendor from His own intrinsic wealth, serves again to show up the fallacy of the modern doctrine of man's self-perfectibility. If one thing is obvious in the present rush and tear of society, it is that a man can never be satisfied with his own intrinsic wealth. He must be always seeking happiness from without. Every improvement in his well-being is due to some educative influence from without. And if the series of causes which contribute to man's happiness be traced to their ultimate source, they will be found to lead to that Cause which is uncaused, the God Whose happiness and splendor is supreme, the Wisdom which has no needs within itself, but which is the satisfaction of all needs outside itself.

Naturally we pay more attention to the divine fecundity which is manifested in creation, than to that which is active within the bosom of God Himself. Yet, after all, the inner fecundity of God is the most important of all mysteries. It has a practical bearing on our own lives. If only we could realize a little more the intrinsic beauties of the Godhead, we should appreciate more the divine condescension in creating an outer world to share in the divine happiness. The outward fecundity of God takes on a much greater significance when considered together with the inward fecundity of God, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity.

We do not pretend that we can explain either the mystery without or the mystery within. A mystery is a truth which is partly revealed and partly concealed. But what we do say is that if we take these mysteries as we know them, that is, in so far as they are revealed to our understanding, even then they are far more intelligible than the Bergsonian fireworks.

Let us first try to apprehend something of the richness, fullness, and consistency of the inner fecundity of the divine life.

To begin with, God is a pure and infinite actuality. In this He is essentially different from all His creatures. Consequently His internal productivity will be quite different from that which we observe in creatures. It is not a reproduction of the divine nature as the formation of a new man is the reproduction of a

*1 Tim. i. 11.

human nature. We are forbidden to say that there can be three Gods.

Nor yet is the inner fecundity a production of organisms whereby the divine life may develop and extend itself. It is wholly within, wholly immanent. It is an energy which is expressed in distinct subjects, yet all within the one divine nature. What can these subjects be?

Once again we have recourse to human analogies. We ask ourselves what are the highest forms of activity that we know. They are intelligence and will. And the subject in which intelligence and will are united is a personality. Hence if the inner divine fecundity is to express itself in the highest possible form, if it is to issue in subjects which are units of intelligence and will, it must issue in personalities. How shall we describe these personalities?

We have seen that the attribute of Wisdom is the most adequate description of the divine life that we can think of. This term also indicates the kind of the fecundity. Wisdom is at once the most perfect knowledge of the most perfect truth, and the most perfect love of the most perfect good. The divine fecundity therefore issues as acts of the divine Intellect and the divine Will. The results of these acts must express and complete the divine Knowledge and Volition. As finished products they are the most perfect outcome of the divine Wisdom. Each of them is a complete actuality, unmixed with the slightest trace of any potentiality. If this were not so they would not be complete. They would still be capable of additional perfection.

But the perfect Wisdom of God consists of two activities, namely, knowledge and volition. As the outcome of the divine fecundity, therefore, there will be two personalities, one issuing as the divine intelligence, the other as the divine love. But intelligence and love in God are not independent of each other. God neither understands without loving nor loves without understanding. Knowledge is the way to love. Even in the divine fecundity nothing can be loved that is not already known. Hence the Knowledge which is the term of the divine Understanding is a Knowledge which breathes forth Love. To the personality which is the principle of the divine fecundity there is given the appropriate name of Father; to that which is the offspring by way of understanding, the name of Son; and to that which is the offspring of a double breathing out of love, the name of Holy Ghost.

Taken at its lowest estimate, this account of the inner fecundity of God is a magnificent working hypothesis. It is fraught with none of the puerilities of the Bergsonian half-made centre, which is a continuity of shooting-out. Although the union of three persons in one nature is a truth transcending human reason, it does not do violence to human reason in the way that the Bergsonian speculations do. And when the theory is read in the light of the inspired word, it becomes much more than a reasonable working hypothesis. It becomes a certitude of a very high order.

See, for instance, how the title Wisdom is appropriated to the Son because He is the reflection of the Wisdom of the Father. Notice how the title *Logos* of the Greek Testament harmonizes with the *Verbum* of the scholastics. Both concepts were derived from widely different sources, yet both are most aptly used to express the supreme, initial, eternal, and final judgment of the Godhead. So too with the Holy Spirit. He is said to proceed as the " Gift " or " Pledge " of love. And if love in human beings is essentially an act of the will, and not passion or feeling, much more so is it in God. Just as knowledge tends towards expression, so love tends towards effusion.

The difficulty of forming a mental picture of all this productivity, is due to our experience of ourselves. When we produce things, it is because we want them. In God there is no want. The real basis of the divine fecundity is not a need to produce something. It is not the need of further perfection. It is the very fullness of divine life. By the light of reason we could never have guessed that this fecundity would issue in two divine persons. But after the revelation has been received, we can see how very reasonable it is.

So too is it with the mystery of creation. Without the revelation we should be in the same boat with M. Bergson, tortured with the problem as to why anything should be. But, knowing the fullness and the richness of the divine fecundity, we have no difficulty in looking to God's Will as the reason for the existence of creation.

Since God is the only necessary Being, the only perfect and full Actuality, all other beings must owe their existence to Him. Nor are they made out of His substance. His perfect actuality, simplicity, and unchangeableness excludes that supposition. They must, therefore, be made out of nothing. And when, in this context, we use the word " nothing " we do not mean " something."

The nought is not a sort of half-defined blue jelly out of which things were made. It is merely the term from which things begin to be. The word " nothing " simply means non-being.

Our apology for making such crude remarks is that M. Bergson, in his characteristic way, juggles with the word " nothing," endeavoring to show that, through misuse of the word, the problem of existence is but a pseudo-problem. Hitherto, he says, man has had a false idea of the nought. If only we could get rid of the false idea of nothingness, then the problem as to why anything should exist would vanish.

Through twenty-six highly decorative pages* of literature, M. Bergson labors to show up this false idea of nothingness. The idea of " nothing " is either an *image,* or a positive idea, or a *negative* idea. Quite easily he disposes of the first two suppositions, and incidentally paints a word picture of " nothing," which is worthy of a frame and a place in a post-impressionist gallery. We quite agree with him in his contention, that we can neither form an image of " nothing," nor identify it with " something."

We disagree with him, however, when he contends that we cannot have even a negative idea of " nothing."

> To sum up [he says] for a mind which should follow purely and simply the thread of experience, there would be no void, no nought, even relative or partial, *no possible negation.* Such a mind would see facts succeed facts, states succeed states, things succeed things. What it would note at each moment would be things existing, states appearing, events happening. It would live in the actual, and, if it were capable of judging, it would never affirm anything except the existence of the present.†

Here we must answer with a distinction. We grant that an absolute nought cannot be affirmed. We deny that an absolute nought cannot be thought. The absolute nought is a being of the mind *(ens rationis),* not a being amongst things which appear and happen *(ens reale).* Our whole contention throughout these studies has been that the real is that which exists, whether the mind knows about it or not. So, too, the unreal is that which does not exist, notwithstanding whether the mind thinks about it or not. Hence we can think of the nought, without the nought having any objective reality. The absolute nought is a pure figment of the mind.

* *Creative Evolution,* pp. 288-314. † *Ibid.,* p. 310.

With this distinction before him, let the reader go through M. Bergson's last statement, and notice the logical fallacy uttered in every word. The fallacy is known as the illicit transit from the ontological to the logical order. Thus the author asks us to follow the thread of concrete experience; to observe that facts succeed facts, states succeed states, and things succeed things; to notice that there is no "nought" in the realm of reality; and then to jump to the conclusion that there can be no "nought" in the realm of abstraction. Of course this logical fallacy arises from the previous psychological fallacy of confusing abstract thought with concrete feeling.

Once again St. Thomas has anticipated the difficulty and answered it. Discussing the question as to whether truth is commensurate and identical with being, he thus formulates his objection: "That which extends to being and non-being is not identical and commensurate with being. But truth extends to being and non-being: for both statements are equally true, that what is is, and what is not is not. Therefore truth and being are not identical and commensurate."

To this difficulty he replies as follows: "Non-being has not got that in itself whereby it may be recognized. Still it may be recognized in so far as the intellect renders it knowable. Hence truth is only based on non-being in so far as non-being is a being of the reason, that is, in so far as it is apprehended by the reason."*

Then if we turn to the *Contra Gentiles,* we shall find passages which might have been expressly written to refute the philosophy of change.

> Hence appears the futility of arguments against creation drawn from the nature of movement or change—as that creation must be in some subject, or that not-being must be transmitted into being: for creation is not a change, but is the mere dependence of created being on the principle by which it is set up, and so comes under the category of *relation:* hence the subject of creation may very well be said to be the thing created. Nevertheless creation is spoken of as a "change" according to our mode of conceiving it, inasmuch as our understanding takes one and the same thing to be now non-existent and afterwards existing.†

**Summa,* p. I., qu. XVI., a. 3., ad. *2m.* The Latin is more apt than English for manipulating the verb "to be." *Id quod extendit ad ens et non ens, non convertitur cum ente: sed verum se extendit ad ens et non ens: nam verum est, quod est esse, et quod non est non esse; ergo verum et ens non convertuntur.*

†*Contra Gentiles,* Lib. II., Cap. XVIII. See also Cap. XIX.

So St. Thomas was quite alive to the tendency of the human mind to regard "nothing" as "something." But, on the other hand, he was not such a muddled thinker as to be beguiled into confusing the "nought" of thought with the "nought" of reality. The "nought" of thought must of necessity be retained to designate the non-being from which, through the activity of the all-active Creator, creation began to be.

Thus the last fallacy of the philosophy of change is seen to spring from the same source as the first and all intervening ones, namely, the denial of the validity of human intelligence. If we maim the natural instrument of thought, then we must not be surprised if we see things upside down or inside out. If we destroy intelligence, the faculty of truth, then we must not expect to enjoy that repose and satisfaction which comes only of the contemplation of truth.

But, on the other hand, if we resolutely determine that we will not prostitute our reason, but that we will keep it enthroned as the ruler of life, then we may hope to make the best of life.

Through intuitive reason we can see the first principles of knowledge, that things are what they normally appear to be, that every effect must have a cause, and that no effect is greater than its cause.

Through discursive reason we can argue back to the uncaused Cause of all causes, to the pure Actuality whence comes all participated actuality, to that infinitely fecund Life which is the Life of life. Does M. Bergson tell us that by turning away from intelligence and turning to animal instinct, we shall get into touch with life? Pooh! Does he tell us that by retracing the steps which reason has laboriously cut out for us, we shall attain to the highest life? Pooh! Pooh! It might take us to the life of time. But that is not what we happen to want. We want the life of eternity, the perfect possession, wholly and all at once, of life without end. And that happens to consist of intellectual knowledge, the knowledge of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ Whom He has sent.

THE SPIRITUAL NOTE IN THE RENAISSANCE.

BY EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

AN endeavor has been made in a previous essay* on this subject to show how far the efforts of the men of the Renaissance to make the revival a purely intellectual one, on the lines of the masters of classic thought, were discounted by a great influence, unperceived by their preoccupied minds, and it was proposed to trace, through the medium of the art of those days, some signs by which this influence was manifested.

To say that art is the expression of life, is to say that it is the outcome and the interpreter of its age. It is so intensely the product of its environment that the two cannot be separated. Probably the study of art on these lines, conduces to a more profound and accurate knowledge of its time than comes to us in any other way. The historian reconstructing the story, is biased by his own perception and temperament, and the facts read in one way by one man will produce an entirely different impression on another. But the surviving works of any age are their own witness. They are the impress which past generations have made of themselves, and from every period in which art was able to find adequate expression, we are able to extract the character and bias of the aims and thoughts of those among whom its creations arose.

We are not to stop short with classic buildings and statues. The same interpretative medium poured itself into the later civilization. Following down the current of human affairs, it takes charge of the Renaissance, investigating alike the intellectual bias which looked back to Athens, and the spiritual bias which looked back to Bethlehem, and to find both elements uneasily mingled all through Renaissance life and art.

At some future time it may be possible to analyze how fully the atmosphere of officialdom and arrested individuality are illustrated by the later Byzantine school. That was the stagnant pool across which the earliest breath of the coming revival blew like the freshening breeze of early dawn. It is with the advent of Giotto that it first gathers strength and volume. We have sug-

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1913.

gested St. Francis as the origin of that re-awakened spiritual tendency which was so opposed to the triumphant march of reason. It was inevitable that Giotto's transcendent talent should have been called upon to chronicle the events in the Saint's life; events which were so picturesque and so endeared to his followers as to supply artists through succeeding centuries with an inexhaustible wealth of subject matter, and yet the connection of Giotto and St. Francis is almost ironic, for all the frescoes from the hand of the great Florentine tell of a nature radically opposed to that of the Saint, and peculiarly devoid of the characteristics for which St. Francis stood.

If ever a man spoke the mind of his age and surroundings, Giotto spoke that of Florence and the Renaissance. The first typical Florentine painter, he vigorously shows the determination to see things as they really are. In his hands art puts on the intellectual guise, and adopts those methods of the reason which already existed in full force in the life around him. The art of the fourteenth century was less an awakening than a ply or bias given it in the direction of the mind, and Giotto was before all else a man of intellect. In the painter and the subject which the inclination of society naturally allotted to him, we have the whole dual movement expressed. The contrast between St. Francis and the first great illustrator of his career is one which has largely escaped notice, owing mainly to Ruskin treating of Giotto as if he were imbued with the same spirit, whereas we can see without the slightest doubt that he is a man of totally opposite nature. Rational, shrewd, practical, absorbent in creating great works, more engrossed in unravelling art problems than in expressing the spiritual idea, he reveals himself as a man of artistic aptitude, of intense vitality, but not as one of spiritual vision. He is grandly dramatic, but he is not pathetic or moving. He has little intuition of that temper of joyous romance, rather than of mortification and renunciation, in which St. Francis cast off all that was not essential to the union of the soul with its Savior.

The frescoes at Assisi witness unmistakably to this intellectual and rational spirit. Where " St. Francis renounces his heritage," Giotto grasps the unusual opportunity afforded for painting the nude, and makes a powerful muscular study for his Saint, giving a sense of solid form, but conveying little idea of one who has fought and agonized in a great spiritual conflict. The figures standing round, the father, the ecclesiastics, are finely composed and learnedly built, but they are cold and unconcerned in feeling, in

spite of their appropriate gestures. In Santa Croce, the painter in a splendid scene before the Soldan, presents heroic types in action, but his natural, his evident leaning is towards the monumental and dramatic; he is not possessed of the frenzy of faith. In the famous scene of the Saint's deathbed, the indifferent, pillar-like group of churchmen on either hand is introduced to set-off the undulating figures of the mourners, and excessive feeling is subordinated to the fascination of scientific composition. So, throughout, the stately rhythm and movement in the "Procession of the Virgin" (at Padua), the grandeur and simplicity of Mary as she leads the Blessed in the "Last Judgment," are Greek in their monumental quality, in the treatment of form and drapery. They show every gift save that poetic fervor, that atmosphere of spiritual evocation, upon which Florence, well on its way to the full Renaissance, no longer set great store.

And here, let us realize, was the key to the whole situation. If all other chronicles failed us, we could guess from Giotto's frescoes what were the demands society was making upon the men commissioned to express its ideals. The world in which Giotto lived, the patrons for whom he worked, no longer asked for religious thought. Not that the Renaissance lacked men still nominally in touch with traditional faith, and even men definitely religious, who like Cosimo de' Medici, in the next generation, were eager to reconcile Christian with Pagan teaching, but that the dominant tendency of society was more and more concerned to exalt the claims of man to mental freedom, and to break the fetters which had been imposed by mediæval authority.

So those coming after Giotto, the scientific discoverers, the students of anatomy and perspective and other forms of research, broke away still more definitely from the dominion of religious feeling. The forms were retained but the spirit vanished. The Realists, the disciples of *form* (the quality of pure intellect), still carved and painted Madonnas and Crucifixions and Holy Conversations, but the subject was hardly more than a peg upon which to hang the result of anatomical studies, illustration of values, the fascinating formulæ of perspective. To those who saw the studies of Pollajuolo, the experiments of Castagno and Domenico Veneziano, of Piero de' Franceschi, and Paolo Uccello, the intellectual aspect of art for a time must have seemed the logical outcome of the scientific culture in which their whole world was steeped. It was the voice and outward manifestation of what they were all thinking of, and caring for. Not in Florence shall we find an early art

showing a high spiritual level, and testifying to the existence of that note of thought which in the end stole away the power of the Renaissance completely to assimilate classic tradition.

Among the towns which stood apart from Florence, Siena is the most conspicuous. She lived an isolated life, antagonistic in its main lines to that of the city on the Arno. The Sienese were the most emotional, the most fiercely mystical of all the people of Italy, nurturing saints as freely as Florence produced humanists and men of science. In Siena the Renaissance took the form of a religious rather than a scientific movement, and instead of religion being subordinated to science, it remained the dominant interest. In that bare, mountainous country, among a fervent and idealistic race, the painters witness to the spirit that ran through it. With Duccio, they cling to the mysticism of the East, as handed down by the Byzantine School, and the sacred subjects are treated in a way that shows by what sympathies all their environment was permeated; a method deficient on the scientific side, but which keeps the old spiritual perfume.

A hundred years after Giotto, a Sienese painter, Stefano Sassetta, produced a series of frescoes dealing with the same incidents in the life of the beloved Saint that Giotto had painted on the walls of Assisi, and any of my readers who will take the trouble to compare photographs of the work of the two men, perhaps most readily accessible in Mr. Berenson's book, *A Painter of the Franciscan Legend,* will realize the strength of my argument. Sassetta is specially instanced, not because he was anything like so great a painter as Giotto, but because, like him, he was the head of a school, and bequeathed his characteristics to the whole group of Sienese painters, by whom he was followed. In Sassetta we find just those qualities which Giotto lacked. He is sadly wanting in knowledge and science as Florence understood them, but his St. Francis, whether renouncing his worldly career, or giving his cloak to the beggar, or espousing Holy Poverty, really commends to us a type adequate and touching. Sassetta's aim is to realize the personality of that seraphic, romantic soul who exalted poverty and self-sacrifice into an idyllic incarnation, which had power to inspire rapture rather than resignation.

Mr. Berenson points out that in the " Marriage of St. Francis " in the Lower Church at Assisi, which if not painted by Giotto, was produced under his immediate influence, the artist has been engrossed in planning his figures into a fine decorative composition, in which the Saint, " a sleek young monk," has been created with

no poignant emotion; but Sassetta, in his version of the same incident, gives the whole chivalrous reading of the Fioretti. And this is what the poet-painter, full still of the ardent love and reverence that lingers in his city, has made of it:

"In the foreground of a spacious plain, three maidens stand side by side.....The one in brown is barefooted and most plainly clad, but it is on her hand that the ardent Saint, with an eager bend of his body, bestows his ring. Then swiftly they take flight, and as they disappear over the celestially pure horizon of Monte Aninata, they display symbols which reveal them as Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. And when last we see them floating away in the pure ether, Lady Poverty looks back lovingly at Francis."

Spiritual imagination is at work here, and has taught the painter how to give that unearthly character to his undulating, unsubstantial figures, which is lacking in Giotto's massive and superbly realized types, and in the statuesque forms of Orcagna, while his faces have an aroma of unearthly ecstasy, telling of a keen realization of the life from within. Nature speaks to Sassetta as it perhaps never did to the Florentines. To him it means "the great cloister which his Lady Poverty brought down to her faithful knight;" his soaring skies uplift and dematerialize; the far pure horizons impress with the same emotion that he imparts to his keen and thrilling countenances, and assure us that the Sienese were not so much interested in scientific problems as inspired by that spiritual passion which always writes so legibly.

Nor did Siena stand alone, though perhaps she stood the highest. To all who love to wander in Italy, the name of Umbria brings a vision of wide spaces, of mountains stretching away, fold over fold, beneath the play of light and shadow. It is a country which in its spirituality and its joyousness seems a fit setting for that most human and loveable of Saints, who has left such deep traces upon its life. The broad and simple charm of Umbrian art is allied to a deep strain of mysticism. Among those quiet hills, war and rapine did their worst; the history of every little hill city is one of carnage and revenge; the annals of every famous house are deep-dyed in blood; yet through it all the people were adoring the memory of St. Francis, and listening fervently to the preaching of St. Bernardino.

The sentiment of the Umbrian School is less ecstastic and melancholy than that of the Sienese, but it is as far removed from the obvious science of the Florentines. It is cheerful and practical,

as St. Francis was cheerful and practical, but the bias of a man's character is shown in what delights him, and as St. Francis derived light and joy not through the intellectual, but the spiritual faculty, so the inhabitants of these hill cities asked their painters for qualities of the heart rather than of the mind, for the gratification of that spiritual delight which the Renaissance tried to kill, but was not able.

Of all the qualities that set Umbria sharply apart from those who had but assimilated what reason could give, there is none that indirectly so contributes as that marvelous, that essentially spiritual quality of space which the painters seem to have drank in from the high skies and boundless expanses which surrounded them. We all feel the effect of wide, extended country, or of spacious, airy buildings: they arouse an emotion which carries us out of ourselves; they transport and exalt as those things do which build up the higher life, and those who excel in presenting them, if not necessarily mystical or spiritual themselves, are sufficiently penetrated by their environment to yield themselves to its inspiration.

Other evidences there are in Umbria that the old fervent mediæval faith was still strong. Among them is banner-painting. The Gonfalonière or banner was so important to these cities, that the municipalities made special grants to confraternities for its acquisition. These banners had no connection with triumphal processions, but were suppliant banners, borne against the awful visitations of the plague. They were followed by hosts of terror-stricken survivors, and were inspired by and received with that glowing faith in spiritual protection which the humanists looked on as an amiable weakness. Many of these little cities still cherish the banner painted for their cathedral. The subject is the Madonna of Mercy or the Patron Saint, with the distressed suppliants cowering under their outspread mantle, and the tenderness of such pictures, with the centuries of association which cling to them, makes an impression not easily effaced.

But what effect could this simple and almost primitive adherence to the old faith have upon that alertness, that eager and acute quality of Florentine life, the give and take of wit and thought, the play of mind which pervaded the city on the Arno? Intellectualism seemed to be enthroned there beyond all attack. The men who aspired to get all out of reason that reason could give, were whole-heartedly convinced that the old authorities were outworn and of no account, and yet all the time, with literature and

art apparently emancipating themselves, with all that was most distinguished in mind devoted to the same end, another element was entering life.

The problem set before the Renaissance could not be solved by the mere study of classic perfection. The resources of the intellect were all inadequate. The Greeks had no experience of the whole inner life, the mental maladies created by Christianity. But the Florentine learning could not keep such elements at bay. Donatello is one of the first Florentine artists who perceives that the very soul of man, with all its load of new struggles and uncertainties, must shine through the marble. The influence of paganism gives way to the sense of the pathetic in mankind, and the real, with all its imperfections, its human feeling and interest, becomes the object of the artist.

With Lorenzo de' Medici as the leader of thought, the fortress of the intellect seems at its most impregnable, yet in its very stronghold we are aware of a soul unsatisfied. Lorenzo's mysticism stands for the need of a dimly-apprehended good. As art drew nearer to perfection it grew more dead. We may believe that the spiritual note which is so strong in Botticelli was not more characteristic of what the painter yearned to give, than of what the people asked. Limited that demand may have been, but it looks out on our generation through the eyes of his wistful Madonnas and fervid saints. Who can look at those wonderful countenances in the background of Leonardo's great unfinished monochrome, "the Adoration of the Magi" (Uffizi), without knowing as surely as we can know anything that in the Florence of his day he had encountered a strain of thought which perhaps not everyone could hear? "The broken chords that marred the tune," that told of beings into whom "the soil with all its maladies had been poured," yearning, asking, dying for the Light.

And at last, in Michelangelo, the man who in his art carried science to its height, who from the first was conversant with all the knowledge and learning of his day, the two strains are reconciled. Compare the Theseus of the Parthenon with the Adam of the Sistine Chapel. They are as far apart in spirit as they are alike in attitude and young, vigorous form. The one, throned upon Olympian heights, serene, impassible, incarnates the calm assurance of Greek life. The other, trembling, doubting, apprehensive, appeals to the omniscient Being Who kindles the electric spark of destiny. Well might Goethe say, "Phidias created serene

gods; Michelanglo, suffering heroes." It is the note that runs through all his work; the mournful and piercing recognition of human weakness; the realization of the spirit that has mastered earthly ambition and sapped its power. The forms from his brush and chisel strengthen and uplift, preach a sterner purity, and sweep aside the mean and trivial, yet he suggests the helplessness and dependence of the soul in a way that would have been entirely alien to the classic mind.

Though from time to time, every faculty of the human mind has been exercised against Christianity, it has never ceased its struggle for expression. "The genius of Christianity," says Mr. Osborn Taylor,* "has achieved full mastery over the arts of painting and sculpture. It has penetrated and transformed them, and can utter the sentiments and emotions of the Christian soul. Its types differ from the ancient Greek and Roman types, because they are the types of times and races into which Christianity has poured the many things which it embodies."

To-day we have long been under the dominion of that ply of thought which modern Europe took from Florence, and the intensity with which the mind is set on intellectual culture is working out to the inevitable result. It is the intellectual rather than the emotional qualities which are most manifest in modern achievement, and both the merits and defects of its works, their cleverness and coldness, are intellectual merits and defects. Modern fiction bears witness to the same inspiration; it shows careful analysis, painstaking vivisection of characters and motives, but not the spontaneous vitality which arises from intuitive perception, and as surely as in any age, art being the expression of life, we expect to find, and we do succeed in finding, the same one-sided development. Men think and reason, but do they feel deeply?

But the end is not yet. We cannot permanently reassume those limitations. We cannot confine "thoughts that wander through eternity," or stem the tide of feeling by the most persistent devotion to the light of reason. Nor need we regret it. Classical life was a stranger to spiritual gloom and imperfection, but it was also a stranger to peace and rapture of a quality known only to later ages, and signs are not wanting that the human mind is even now feeling after that mystic consciousness, that philosophy of feeling, that spiritual note which alone assures a solution of life in which it may rest and be satisfied.

**The Classic Heritage of the Middle Ages.*

WITH THE MULLAKONS OF SIBERIA.

BY RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.

IN America you may argue over religion, but you rarely come to blows: in Siberia you may come to blows over religion, but you rarely argue. It was a blow, not an argument, that first aroused my interest in the Mullakons.

I was voyaging on an Amur River post boat through the hitherlands of the Tsar's realm bound for Blagowestchensk, the commercial capital of Amurland which, among Far East itinerate salesmen, is known as "The New York of Siberia." Four days had our little side-wheel steamer been chugging along, always at a snail's pace, for the river was low and the shoals shifting and treacherous. Four days had sounded in our ears the palatal wail of the Chinese "leadsman" who stood in the prow of the boat, a striped pole in his hand, calling out the depth: "Sem! Sem-polyvini!" Seven! Seven and a half! Four days had I eaten the Russian meals and drunk the Russian tea, and disputed on Justinian with the Russian advocate, and discussed Russian music with his petite Russian wife. Four days had I marvelled at the scenery and wealth of plant-life on the banks, and listened to the palaver of the couple of hundred immigrants we carried in our stuffy hold. One morning I chanced to lean over the rear deck rail, to watch the crew stack the birch logs we had taken aboard that morning at a riverside fuel reserve.

They were a motley, this crew: Three Chinese, very dirty and very happy; a sailor in full, though dilapidated, uniform; and a handful of Russians in red shirts, baggy blue trousers and shapeless, knee boots. Above these men, on a coiled hawser, stood the second mate. Save for a shabby chevroned jacket, he wore no uniform to indicate his rank. Now and again he censured emphatically the laziness of his crew. Several times he swore at them. The swearing had no effect. Finally, in sheer desperation, he threatened the nearest sailor. A sudden impact of fists against flesh, an oath, a scuffle, and a lout in a red shirt went sprawling across the deck. When he had recovered his feet, he stood at a judicious distance from the officer, glared a moment, and then

growled out, "Mullakon!" A flush passed over the mate's face; but there were no more words, and the matter ended there. As "Mullakon" was an insult foreign to my Russian vocabulary, I went in search of my friend, the "advocat."

Disillusionment came soon. "Mullakon," he explained, was not an imprecation, it was merely a reproach, much as an angry Catholic, once on a day, might have called his enemy "Protestant." Well, the Mullakons are more than Protestants; they boast the additional distinctive virtue of being Puritans, in fact, very rigorous Puritans. They are Protestants in that they protest against what they believe to be the errors of dogma and ritual in the Greek Orthodox Church; Puritans in that their lives are distinctly ascetic, a contradistinction to the lives of the orthodox peasantry of Siberia.

The Raskolinks (dissenters), whose numbers, by the way, for the entire empire, total much over twenty-five millions, fall into two classes: the Popovshchina, those who permit the ministrations of priests; and the Bezpopovshchina, those who, repudiating sacerdotalism, chose "elders" to conduct their services. To the latter belong the Mullakons.

And of the score-old heretical sects in Russia, the Mullakons are by far the most sane and most commendable. They do not run to the unbalanced vagaries of their closely-related sect, the Doukoboors, or the hideous self-immolation of the Philippovsti, or the loathsome promiscuousness of the Byeguni, or the avowed silence of the Molchalyniki, or the unspeakable practices of the Khlistovstchina. Their name, meaning "the milk drinkers," marks one of their points of departure from the orthodox faith; they drink milk on fast days when such indulgence is forbidden. Both among themselves and to their orthodox countrymen they are known as "Mullakons," though in the latter instance, as was shown by the ill-tempered deckhand on the Blagowestchensk boat, the name is usually held a reproach.

It is peculiar to note, in this respect, how illogical are the religious prejudices of the orthodox Russian. He will start a pogrom and commit atrocities on the Jews, but it never will occur to him to voice even the slightest protest against his Mohammedan neighbor, the Tartar, or to pillage the local mosque. He will scorn and insult his sectarian fellow-townsman, but the Mongols and Booriats who worship the spirits of mountains and old trees and tumbling rivers, he will take to his arms. The reason is not in-

explicable. The rise of heretical sects in Russia has invariably been due not so much to religious revolt as to some political or economic reaction. Now the Moslem and the Booriat are good traders, trusting, veracious, and above board in their business transactions. What more could a Russian ask? Why should he turn an honest barter of fox pelts into a wrangle on apologetics? But the Jew and the sectarian, so many Russians assert, are covertly shrewd, perfidious, and rascally. Why shouldn't the orthodox cast their heresy in their teeth?

As in the case of many other Russian sects, political reaction first brought the Mullakons to notice. In 1765 a band of them, who had refused to bear arms and pay their taxes, was arrested. Thenceforward they have been an appreciable factor in Russian life, though they refuse no longer to serve their term in the army or contribute to the revenues. Obscurity veils their origin. A possible precursor, Dmitri Tveratinov, was persecuted in 1714 for preaching Calvinism, but the supposition is that the beginnings of the sect are to be traced directly to the teachings of Luther, the seeds of the Reformation having been brought to Russia by those foreigners who, during the reign of Peter the Great, poured in hosts across the western frontier. From time to time, groups of Mullakons have been persecuted and banished. The Church has made efforts to bring them into the fold, always without success. Only recently the Holy Synod authorized a missionary campaign to the Mullakons of Siberia. Now and again the world hears of them—a chance item of news that strays over the newspaper cables; Tolstoy acknowledges his indebtedness to their teachings; but perhaps the oddest reference, and one which serves also as an excellent epitome, was that made by a Quaker writer in 1818, who spoke of the Mullakons as "the Pennsylvanians of Moscovy." To-day the Caucasus, tracts of Little Russia and Amurland—to the westward of Lake Baikal in Siberia—are their habitat. In Amurland where settle many immigrants from Little Russia, they constitute half the population.

Wishing to learn more about these sectants, I had a chat with the president of the Blagowestchensk branch of the Russo-Asiatic bank, and through his kindly offices was able to collect first-hand data, and eventually to visit a Mullakon village.

The valley of the Amur, which is one of Siberia's most fertile spots, is owned by the Mullakons. They have a monopoly of the river traffic; a syndicate of their richest men not only owning

nearly every vessel plying between Blagowestchensk, Khabarovsk, Nikolaievsk, Kharbin, and Stretensk, but exacting a tariff the rates of which are exorbitant. Denunciation of them brings a prompt reprisal in the refusal to freight cargoes, or the alternative—still higher rates. The month preceding the freezing of the Amur and Soungari Rivers, when demand for transportation is greatest, sees even more high-handed ruling. After the ice is set, their camel caravans pad the three thousand miles up and down the frozen Amur. Besides thus controlling the traffic of Amurland's one avenue of communication, the Mullakons own and operate the nine immense flour mills of Blagowestchensk, the iron foundry, and any number of shops.

But if their business acumen is unsurpassed, so is their honesty. The books of the bank show that they invariably carry heavy balances. Among shopkeepers, the Mullakon is proverbially a good payer, though he will haggle and bargain until the wearied shopman is only too glad to let his articles go at the lowest figure.

To appreciate the Mullakon village, and to understand the *raison d'être* of their lives, one must first live in a hamlet inhabited entirely by orthodox peasants. During the summer and winter of 1911, I had been vagabondaging about Siberia: traveling third and fourth-class on the Trans-Siberian with the immigrants, sledging or riding in a tarantass, or on horseback across the steppes of the Yeniseisk and Tomsk Governments, and staying in the big cities, Tcheliabinsk, Omsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk. Most of the time, however, was passed in hamlets, some of them on the post road where I stayed only over night, or so long as it took to change horses; others off the general route of communication where my stay extended for many days. In all, I lived in a score or more of these villages, and was in a favored position to see the Siberian peasant as he really is, and to comprehend the *genus loci* of his hamlet.

The Siberian village is invariably ugly and squalid. There are no avenues of shade trees or oaks and cedars in the hut yard. The peasant seems to have a marked antipathy for any tree that dares to spring up within the confines of the town. So soon as it has reached an appreciable size, he will hack it down. Evidencing the utter absence of communal pride, the streets and lanes are in an appalling condition, quagmires in wet weather and deserts of dust in dry. Three spots alone in the village stand out for their orderly condition—the tractir, or dram-shop, the church, and

the schoolhouse, with its adjoining yard full of swings and parallel bars and wooden horses. While the interior of the houses show a degree of cleanliness, one could hardly call them spotless. In summer when only dust drifts in from the road, they are bearable; but in winter one has to exercise exceptional fortitude to tolerate even one night indoors, for the outside temperature being fatal to the live stock, the farmer will often herd his whole barnful into the one eating, sleeping, washing, living, and dying room of the hut, where they are stalled with the family, the pigs, the ducks, and the cat.

The dress of the women and children is slipshod save on Sundays and holydays, when the show of feminine finery—varicolored shawls, and pink and pale-blue bombazine skirts—is wonderful to behold.

But the worst note of the village life is the laziness and drunkenness of the men. The male population passes three out of the seven days of the week in hanging about a vodka tractir. In each week comes at least one saint's day, sometimes two or three. Half the day previous is spent in preparations: the day following, in recuperations. Meantime the fields lie untended. Until a few years ago a fine and imprisonment were imposed on him who labored on a festival day. Then, recognizing the evil consequences of the statute, the Government revoked it, with the result that a man is now free to work as much as he pleases. In the villages in which I lived, and they were not the exception, the men seem to take little or no advantage of the new ruling—and the tractirs thrived.

Vodka is a universal medium. By the birth bed, at the graveside, and in all events between those mortal extremes, one must stop to take his share of this raw white whiskey. Call on a farmer to transact a little business, and he will produce the vodka bottle, and refuse to discuss roubles and kopecks until he has become lightheaded from drink.

It must not be concluded from this unpleasant picture that the orthodox Siberian peasant is wholly without his fine traits. In fact, I found him a fraternal, passingly honest soul despite his shortcomings. He takes a bath once a week, and a very good bath it is, too; he has a fondness for house fairies and wood nymphs; he works hard when he does work. In sorrow and defeat, he is philosophical. Fortified by a firm faith, he accepts the material worries of this life with humility. He obeys his priest, and dis-

charges his church duties with commendable regularity. He loves his children, and his wife loves to have them; and even in his most Rabelaisian cups he is a God-fearing *bon vivant.*

When you pass to a Mullakon village, the contrast is marked, indeed. The ride from Blagowestchensk to Gelzeoocha was mostly uphill, but our shaggy Siberian ponies picked out the trail, and carried us without a single mishap over craggy hare tracks and down deep ravines, until we struck the bed of a mountain brook that led us, at late afternoon, to the outskirts of the village. Throughout the journey my guide was puzzled to know why I should come to a Mullakon settlement, when I intended neither to bargain nor barter. "There is nothing to see," he commented with a grunt. "You might have stayed back in Blagowestchensk, where there is a park and a cafe *chantant.*" But as he failed to grasp my explanations, he lapsed into a stubborn silence.

There was just one street to Gelzeoocha, one tree-lined street, and a narrow lane that crept up the hillside to the graveyard beyond. The houses were stockaded as in all Siberian villages. The absence of the church, whose blue dome and gilded three-armed cross usually broods over the roofs of the houses, gave the village a note of individuality.

Hugh pariah dogs rushed out from the yards and snapped at us. Women's faces peered through the windows. Here and there a child peeped cautiously out the crack of a door.

On the steps of the third house sat an ancient of days in a blue blouse, who rose as we reined in beside him. Yes, there was a zemstkaia kvatura, he replied to my question, but it was occupied at the time.

According to the Russian rule of hospitality, each village which is off the line of travel, and consequently has no posthouse for the accommodation of wayfarers, must reserve one room where the passerby can put in for the night. Now I had had several unpleasant experiences with zemstkaia kvatura, for they are presided over usually by women whose traits are like the traits of our average American boarding-house mistress—in fact, the genus landlady is universal—so the prospect of the Gelzeoocha kvatura being full, did not displease me. Finally, it was arranged that I should sleep in the old man's hut, while my guide, whose fatigue by this time had overcome his prejudice for Mullakon hospitality, was only too glad for six feet of the floor of the hut opposite, and a square meal.

Vladimir Dianlovski's izbas (hut) consisted of one large room, whose windows looked down the road, and a smaller compartment that served as kitchen. There was a row of books on a wall shelf—the first row of books I had seen in a Siberian hut—and on the window sills stood jars with flowering plants. As I stepped across the threshold, I instinctively doffed my hat, and looked around for the ikon corner to return thanks to the Russian St. Christopher, who had led me safely on the road. There was no ikon corner!

"Why do you look for the ikon?" the old man asked, noticing my surprise. "You are not a Russian." Then I explained to him that, while I was an American from New York City, I had complied with Russian customs so long as I was in Siberia.

"And will you do as we Mullakons while you are here?" he asked.

"If you permit me," I replied.

The ice was broken, and from that moment on the old man addressed me as "little brother," and I called him Batchuska, little father.

While he was making a place for my bags on the settle that was to serve as my bed, his wife and young daughter came in and were introduced to the American. A moment later we were joined by a son, a strapping youth of eighteen. Other members of the family, a married son and daughter who lived down the road farther, were called in. Supper that night was a family reunion.

Apart from the absence of the ikon corner and the presence of the row of books and the flowers on the window sills, there was little to mark Vladimir's izbas from that of any in an orthodox village. It was immaculate, and evidenced the exercise of a certain amount of taste in the arrangement of the chairs, the few family photographs—for which all Siberians and Russians alike have a marked weakness—and the rough deal table on which was set the samovar and a bowl-full of blue iris that carpet the Amurland fields in late spring.

After the manner of peasant folk, the world over, they wanted to know all about me—who I was; why I had come to Siberia; was I married; how many children did I have; was New York really so large a place; aren't New Yorkers afraid the tall buildings will topple over on them—a million and one questions that I answered to the ultimate satisfaction of the family. Then, when they had grown silent, I took my turn at questions, and, lest

Vladimir would be wary of discussing his religion at the start, I commented on their books.

"What do you read?" I asked.

"Tolstoy, Gogol, and the Bible," Vladimir replied. "We also have one book of Dostoievski's, one of Turgeniev, and when we go into Blagowestchensk we get a paper." One of the sons, who had been to Poland with the army, confided to me that he had read Sherlock Holmes. I was not surprised, for the "marvelous" detective is a favorite with the Russians.

Gelzeoocha, they told me, had but thirty families, in all, two hundred and fifty souls, but they boasted a Narodnija Utchilistcha, a primary school where the three R's were taught. This was, indeed, quite the exception for a town of that size. The schoolmaster had taken a course at the University of Tomsk, they added, and when any of the boys or girls wished to go further in their education, he would tutor them into the gymnasium. Each of Vladimir's sons had attended the gymnasium at Blagowestchensk, residing while they were there with friends. From conversation they did not prove above the average of the Siberian youth for intellect, and I suspected that had their father not insisted on continuing their studies, they would never have risen above mediocrity. However, their gymnasium course had not affected their heads, for each one had returned to Gelzeoocha and taken up farming. They seemed contented. The next day I found at least one result of this teaching—they had learned intensive farming, and at that time were buying some American farming utensils on the installment plan.

"You have relatives in Blagowestchensk?" I asked, recalling how these lads had gone to live in the city during their course.

"No, they lived with friends," responded Vladimir, and then he went on to explain that the Mullakons were all held together by the bond of brotherhood; that they united in business, giving each other opportunities that they did not offer to the orthodox; and that one of their first principles was never to allow one of their sect to be destitute. Here I found a parallel between the Mullakons and the Quakers. In fact, the strict regard for education is also one of the marks of the Mullakon. It was later acknowledged to me by a Russian official that of all the schools in Siberia, those in the Mullakon villages are the best. And Professor Tovey, Dean of the Tomsk Technology Institute, told me that the brightest students at both the university and the institute come from Amurland, where

they receive the foundation of their education in Mullakon schools.

The conversation drifted to the army. I asked if the boys had served their terms. Both had.

"We used not to enter the army," Vladimir said with a sigh, "but we do now, though we do not believe in it. War is bad. We love peace. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "if my boys did not go into the army, the officers would have come along and dragged them out and put me in jail. Ivan has served in Warsaw."

I glanced over at Ivan—for he it was who had read Sherlock Holmes, and I felt that we had a bond between us.

"Usually people who refuse to serve in the army refuse to take an oath," I remarked. "The Quakers in America—"

"We are just like them," Vladimir finished my observation. "We do not take oaths. Why should we? Doesn't the Scripture say, 'Swear not at all?'"

I was glad that he had introduced the Scriptures, for I was wishing to approach the subject of the Mullakon religious beliefs before the old man grew tired. With that end in view I asked him several questions.

The Mullakons and Doukoboors, he said, were once one body, but the latter fell into the corrupt habit of interpreting the Scriptures mystically, so the Mullakons, who favored the literal interpretation, broke away. That was many years since, and the gulf between the two has grown so wide that they have few remaining parallels. The Doukoboors are an erratic, ungovernable folk, while the Mullakons live the lives of Quakers, simple, peaceful, frugal.

As he was explaining these points, the little daughter, Katrina, came over and sat beside me on the settle. She was a pretty child, with flaxen hair and rosy cheeks and a quiet disposition. All the family, for that matter, became peculiarly silent, I noticed, just so soon as Vladimir began to discuss religious subjects. He was an "elder," it appears, and though he had no sacerdotal position, he was held in regard for his views.

"Do you have sacraments?" I began to question him on details, "Marriage, Holy Communion, Confession, and such?"

Vladimir shook his head. "We have nothing that the others have save God. We have no churches. A church is not builded of beams and boards, but of ribs." He patted his heart. "We have no ikons or holy pictures; we keep no festivals and have no

ritual. We have no pontiff, nor teacher of the faith but Christ. We are all priests. Our only guide is the Bible."

"You believe in the Blessed Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost?"

Again he shook his shaggy head.

"But what of marriage? What do you do when—"

"I was going to explain that," he broke in. "When the two young people agree to live together, they come and get their parents' blessing. Dmitri here and Tatiana both did that," he said indicating the two married children.

"That is a Quaker belief," I remarked.

"No, Mullakon!" he exclaimed, and then seeing that he had misunderstood me, began to laugh.

"When we confess," he continued, "we do not confess to a priest, but to God and to our fellowmen whom we have injured."

"But do you have a Holy Communion?"

"We break bread and share it at a service."

His last answer I felt was curt, and to mask my embarrassment, I pulled out my cigarette case and proceeded to smoke. Scarcely had I begun than Vladimir straightened up his position, and I heard his wife whisper an instruction to Katrina. Promptly the little girl left my side, entered the kitchen, and appeared with a mop cloth, with which she wiped the floor about my feet.

"So sorry," I apologized. "I didn't know that I had tracked in dirt."

"Not dirt, but the devil," spoke up the wife.

I glanced over at her where she sat scowling at me, and would have spoken had not the old man interrupted.

"He does not understand," I heard him whisper to her. Then he turned to me. "You see, little brother, we Mullakons do not smoke nor drink vodka. They defile men. They are works of the devil. But you did not understand."

And thus I happened on another Mullakon custom; invariably when you smoke in a Mullakon house, the wife or the daughter will wash the floor where your feet have rested. It drives away the devil, they say.

But Vladimir did not permit my *faux pas* to interrupt the conversation. He told me that the members of his sect do not eat pork nor scaleless fish, nor any of the foods forbidden in the Old Testament, adding that many of the sectants in Russia were joining the Hebrews.

"Because their beliefs are alike—or because they are against the government?" I suggested. A smile crept over his face, but he did not reply. I am led to suspect that it was the latter. His statement, I since have found, is only too true. Judaism is being embraced by hundreds of the Russian sectants. The reason is purely political, however, for they claim that the taxes are far too heavy, and they allege immorality and corruption among the priests of the Greek Church.

We had been talking for over an hour. As I glanced about at the faces of the family, I noticed drowsiness on them. Batchuska yawned once, and I consulted my watch.

"What is the time?" he asked.

"Five minutes past eight," I replied.

"So late!" He jumped to his feet, and crossing the room, took down from the shelves a Bible. Katrina, without instruction from her mother, brought a candle and set it on the table. Then for five minutes the old man read us from the First Epistle of St. John. Some prayers followed, after which the family dispersed—the married children leaving for their houses down the road, and the wife getting me blankets to soften the settle. Within five minutes Batchuska with the young son by his side and the wife with little Katrina by hers, were all fast asleep on the floor. A foot above them in the place of honor, I lay—wondering at the queer things I had seen and heard that night.

Eight o'clock! It was the first time I had gone to bed at eight o'clock for ages. In the cities, Russian midnight comes at four A. M. You breakfast at ten, lunch at four, and dine at eleven or twelve. In the ordinary village, we rarely went to bed until ten, and rose never earlier than eight. But not so the Mullakons. They go to bed at eight; and five o'clock sees the entire household up and about the day's work.

As I lay awake on my settle I tried to formulate a definition of the Mullakons. It finally resolved itself into this: they live the lives of Quakers and hold the belief of Unitarians. Here they have fought, as did the early settlers of America, with rugged nature until the fields have given their increase. Here they have builded their schools, and trained their children to read, mark, and learn. A simple, stern, loving folk, they are setting up a bulwark of the Russian kingdom that will be more impregnable than the iron-stone defences of Vladivostok, a Pennsylvania in the New Moscovy.

MRS. MEYNELL AND HER POETRY.*

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

NOT so long ago Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., in the *British Weekly,* the leading organ of British Nonconformity, asked how it was that the best religious poetry of the day was being produced by Catholics, especially by Catholic women. He instanced Mrs. Meynell, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, and a person who shall be nameless, who had contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a poem, *Planting Bulbs,* which was the occasion of his remarks. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll is a true lover of poetry, and brings to it a genuine touchstone for deciding what is or is not poetry: and how many critics are led away by "fake" in poetry nowadays! After all it takes a poet to criticize poetry: and that critics prove to be blind guides in our day is only in keeping with their traditions. You have but to turn up a publisher's advertisement of the seventies and eighties to see the fine raptures of the critics over Lewis Morris and Sir Edwin Arnold in those days. The critic who leads the public into a ditch, is no worse than his brother of yesterday and his brother of the day before.

One has but to read the *British Weekly* to discover that the editor has a real flair for poetry, as well as a capacity for spiritual things which lifts him out of the troubled atmosphere of the controversialist.

He asked "Why?" in that pronouncement of his, and no one answered him. Of the three women poets he mentioned, one was English, one was Irish, one was Irish-American.

I think I could give reasons why Mrs. Meynell's poetry should flourish in the soil of English Catholicism, which at its best belongs to the highest order of spiritual beauty. Catholicity in England, apart from the Irish immigrants, takes its color from the days of its persecution. It is a cloistered thing.

Mrs. Meynell is an English Catholic, but not a Catholic born: and there were other influences as well in her spiritual making.

**Collected Poems.* By Alice Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net. London: Burns & Oates.

She grew up in Italy; and she was received into the Church by an Irish priest.

She looks the English Catholic lady to the life. I have met some such—daughters of the old English Catholic aristocracy who for centuries were hidden in their beautiful homes when they were not persecuted. Many of those English Catholic houses possess a relic of some martyr of the blood—a hand chopped off at Tyburn Tree that had consecrated the Bread and Wine, a rosary beads, a lock of hair, a handkerchief steeped in the blood of martyrdom. In those houses you feel the influence of the relic before you cross the threshold. Something spiritual, austere, mysterious, comes out to meet you. There will be a chapel, very often a priest's hiding hole; or one or two or three, as there are in an ancient house I know which possesses Catherine of Aragon's traveling trunk and a quilt she made with her ladies, as well as Mary Stuart's rosary beads and a lock of her hair. Voices are low and sweet in those houses; the feet tread softly along the carpeted corridor, and a lamp stands at the far end which leads to the chapel. A loud voice or laugh, a noisy tread, violence of any kind, were out of place in this air of a conventual peace.

The young women and girls are apt to be flower-like, lily-like, something of the young angel about them. It is an exotic beauty, a beauty of the spirit, which may make an otherwise plain face beautiful. They have a height, a slenderness, a gliding grace. There is something lovely about them, a beauty other-worldly, not of this.

I have said they have a height. Well perhaps sometimes they only simulate height. Mrs. Meynell is scarcely tall, but she had been my friend for many happy years before I discovered we were of a height. Sargent sketched her tall, and he is a painter of the mind rather than of the body. Tall and slender, with trailing garments, a thrilling, beautifully modulated voice, eyes like somewhat mournful stars, a curious likeness to Dante, with feminine softness and beauty added to the stern and lonely grandeur—that is Mrs. Meynell as nearly as I can get to it. "Windows of the soul" was never more fittingly applied to eyes than to hers. Once in a London suburban garden, while she stood and watched the flight of a bird across the sky, I *saw* her soul. The body disguises the soul in too many of us. In Mrs. Meynell the body expresses the soul, as Francis Thompson

has said it in some of the noblest praises ever lavished upon a woman.

> How should I gauge what beauty is her dole,
> Who cannot see her countenance for her soul;
> As birds see not the casement for the sky?
> And as 'tis check they prove its presence by,
> I know not of her body till I find
> My flight debarred the Heaven of her mind.
> Hers is the face whence all should copied be,
> Did God make replicas of such as she.

More than any other poet I have ever seen, does Mrs. Meynell look her poetry. She not only looks a Muse, even to the eyes of the dull and common, she looks her own Muse.

She has carried her claustral air and her face,

> Careful for a whole world of sin and pain,

through the ways of the world, and she has never been of the world, never been lightly touched by it. As one meets her at a London rout, she might have walked out of an Italian cloister.

It was somewhere towards the close of the seventies that Father Matthew Russell, of holy and happy memory, received a letter from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in which prayers were asked for two young Catholic girls in danger to their souls from the world and its praises. The two girls were Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), whose picture, "The Roll Call," hung in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877, had already met with a unique success, and Alice Thompson who had published *Preludes,* a slender young volume which the elect of the world had been quick to recognize as a thing with the authentic air: and the latter success, conceivably, might be a greater danger than the hurly-burly of a huge popular success. The two young sisters were lionized. When they attended a London party, crowds gathered before the house on the rumor of the presence within of the painter of "The Roll Call," and the young celebrity had to be smuggled out by the back door.

I have seen a picture of the young poet of those days,

> A young probationer
> And candidate of Heaven,

as Dryden says of Mrs. Killigrew.

Long afterwards Alice Meynell, smiling over the memory of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's concern—she was a dowdy little wo-

man, a daughter of the proud Granvilles, who went ungloved on her Master's business up and down London in those years—said: "We were too level-headed for that danger."

Their upbringing had indeed been one to prepare them and arm them against the temptations of the market-place. Their parents were people of great distinction of mind and character. The father was one of those men who from their seclusion influence the mind and thought of their time. Possessing enough money to spend a leisured life, he chose to spend it in Italy. He did indeed make one or two attempts to enter Parliament: but one may well believe that he was pushed on from behind—for his friends were of the great and the greatly-placed—and that he returned to his hermitage well content with his defeats. His work in life was to educate his daughters. "A Remembrance" in Mrs. Meynell's *Rhythm of Life* keeps him for us, and is doubly felt because so much of what she has written of her father might, with slight modifications, have been written of herself.

> When the memories of two or three persons now upon earth shall be rolled up and sealed with their records within them, there will be no remembrance left open, except this, of a man whose silence seems better worth interpreting than the speech of many another. Of himself he has left no vestiges. It was a common reproach against him that he never acknowledged the obligation to any kind of restlessness. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, but as he did none there was nothing for it but that the kingdom of heaven should yield to his leisure. The delicate, the abstinent, the reticent graces were his in the heroic degree. Where shall I find a pen fastidious enough to define and limit and enforce so many significant negatives? Words seem to offend by too much assertion, and to check the suggestions of his reserve. That reserve was life-long. Loving literature, he never lifted a pen except to write a letter. He was not inarticulate, he was only silent. He had an exquisite style from which to refrain. The things he abstained from were all exquisite. They were brought from afar to undergo his judgment, if haply he might have selected them. Things ignoble never approached near enough for his refusal; they had not with him so much as that negative connection. If I had to equip an author, I should ask no better than to arm him and invest him with precisely the riches that were renounced by the man whose intellect, by integrity, had become a presence-chamber.

In this noble "Remembrance" she goes on to tell what manner of training she had at this father's hands, and that makes the essay a notable bit of literary deviation. We recognize her fount, her origin.

> Memnonian lips
> Smitten with singing from thy mother's East,

says Francis Thompson again.

One can imagine that she brought the writing of *Preludes* to the bar of her father's opinion. I do not know if they were written in his lifetime, but they were shaped, perfected, winnowed, rejected, perhaps, by a most fastidious taste. Never was there a young book with so little of immaturity. *Preludes,* with very few alterations or rejections, take their place fittingly with the forty-one other poems which make up the sheaf of Mrs. Meynell's years of marriage, of motherhood, of friendship, of love, of spring and harvest.

Mrs. Meynell's mother I remember. She died some time in the first decade of the twentieth century. I was under one roof with her in 1889, when I spent a beautiful summer in England, much of it with the dear and gracious Meynells, or country-house visiting in their company. Mrs. Thompson was an accomplished and exquisite musician. Those sisters, like their mother, are votaries of all the arts. Music strays through Mrs. Meynell's poetry, unseen but heard. It was the morning of the day of a musical party. Mrs. Thompson is at the piano. The cool dim rooms are full of the feeling of June in the London streets. June yet green, not yet dusty. There is a distant low roll of traffic: not yet have motors made the earth a place of screaming. The blinds are drawn against the sunshine without. The room is austere—very little furniture but many flowers in all manner of receptacles. Mrs. Thompson is improvising at the piano with an enraptured face. "Come here, Alice, come!" she calls quickly as a foot passes the door, on the uncarpeted stone staircase. "Listen to the songs of the birds. I have found out where they learnt them. They were taught by an angel. Their songs come straight from Heaven."

There is a curious feeling of Italy about my memory of that big London house on a June morning twenty-four years ago.

Mrs. Thompson had many adorers in her day. Her husband's friends set her on some such pinnacle—with a difference—as her

daughter was to be set by Francis Thompson, by Coventry Patmore, by George Meredith, by a whole crowd of lesser people who could appreciate beauty when they found it. The correspondence between Dickens and Mrs. Thompson has been published. He was romantically attracted by the lady who was to marry one of his dearest friends. Quaintly enough one of his characters most unexpectedly bears her name—Weller.

Soon after her success with *Preludes,* Mrs. Meynell married a young literary man, Wilfred Meynell, who had fallen in love with the author of *My Heart Shall Be Thy Garden.* They started out very happily on a career of letters. They lived in those early days close to the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, where, every morning, they heard Mass before beginning the labors of the day. Mr. Meynell was at that time a recent convert.

I first visited the Meynells in 1884. It was my first visit to London, and it was almost my first touch with literature. I remember the drawing-room at 21 Phillimore Place, with its austere simple furnishing. Mrs. Meynell was delicate, and lay much of her time on a sofa. I stayed in London that year for some three months or so, with occasional excursions into the country, and from the time of that visit our friendship was an established thing. We wrote frequently to each other, and I constantly sent flowers from fields, which are in my memory now like Elysian Fields. I have all the letters of those days.

But it is too much of myself, and I must get on to Mrs. Meynell's *Collected Poems,* which have just been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, and Burns and Oates of London. Until the year 1893 *Preludes* was Mrs. Meynell's sole achievement. But in that year she had begun to write her exquisite prose for the *Pall Mall Gazette,* under the distinguished editorship of Mr. Henry Cust. There were then two editors in London whose praise one was greedy to catch—Henry Cust and W. E. Henley. Mrs. Meynell pleased both, and her beautiful prose became a feature of the Friday issue of the *Pall Mall.* Most of her beautiful new things appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette.* There was

> She walks—the lady of my delight—
> A shepherdess of sheep,

and *The Lady Poverty* and *November Blue* and *A Dead Harvest.* I was at the making of *At Night,* and I have the first rough draft of it. She used to make her poems and prose, having come

in from shopping or afternoon visiting, comfortlessly, I thought, with her outdoor things still on, seated on a hard chair, the children playing about her feet perhaps, two or three intimate visitors talking about the fire, occasionally including her in the conversation. She would come back as from a long distance: but she would come back, and be interested, before losing herself again.

No wonder her poetry had always preached a doctrine of abnegation. And yet austerity has always been so native to her, that abnegation can hardly have been a positive thing. There was always something of the Lady Poverty of St. Francis about her. It came natural to her to do without so that other people might have. She did without leisure so that other people might have share of her leisure. She suffered fools gladly, to use the Scriptural phrase. I think her intellect might have been arrogant because of fastidiousness, if grace had not made her humble. The bores she endured! The dullards whose work she made pass by her emendations! The open hand of hospitality! The real spirit of austerity which made her turn away from the comfortable and soft things women far more robust than she seek after! There were moments when one of those who loved her ached to give her the luxuries she would have put away if they had been offered to her. Withal—happily one need not write in a past tense—she is very human, simple, and tolerant; much of the child about her; she has a ringing laughter which it is lovely to capture; she has a wide tolerance, of everything except what she herself would call the cheap and the trivial. There is always the child in her eyes—something of the lost child—so that I cannot look at her without recalling Wordsworth's

> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized.

Of all things from which she has refrained, her own poetry is the most beautiful. *Preludes,* the precious early volume, bulks large in the *Collected Poems.* Not very much of it has been rejected. I would have rejected nothing. Always I miss the few exclusions. There is *A Study,* the long obliquely narrative poem, which, since I first knew *Preludes,* I have known so well that it seems to have become part of me. I find its thoughts appearing in my own poems and stories many a time.

Others of the poems have long been in my memory. I think I

know a great portion of *Preludes* by heart. Long ago a girl used to walk the Irish country roads chanting to herself:

> The leaves are many under my feet
> And drift one way,

or

> As the inhastening tide doth roll

till the amazed face of some little cattle-herd sitting in the green grass of the roadside made her recognize that her neighbors thought her mad.

So dear were those poems that the slight emendations of later years cause me positive grief.

I have said that no poet I know looks his poetry as Mrs. Meynell does. I would go further, and say that no poet comes face to face with us in his poetry as she does. The bitter sweetness, the proud humility, "ah! heavenly Incognite," are in such a few pregnant lines as

> "You never attained to Him." "If to attain
> Be to abide: then that may be."
> Endless the way followed with how much pain.
> "The Way was He."

And again this is her very self.

THE FUGITIVE.

"Nous avons chassé ce Jésus-Christ."—French Publicist.

> Yes, from the ingrate heart, the street
> Of garrulous tongue, the warm retreat
> Within the village and the town;
> Not from the lands where ripen brown
> A thousand thousand hills of wheat;
>
> Not from the long Burgundian line,
> The Southward, sunward range of vine.
> Hunted, He never will escape
> The flesh, the blood, the sheaf, the grape,
> That feed His man—the bread, the wine.

I am sure that this most worthy of poets has never written a line or phrase of poetry without a white heat of thought, that

sought for the finest expression in the briefest manner possible. She has no prettinesses. White heat is perhaps the right word for an intensity of feeling which takes a shape as fine as a Greek marble. She extracts from words, that cunning instrument by which man reveals his heart, their uttermost significance: she invests them with a new meaning, a new dignity. Her thoughts have a flight, a direct poignancy, which at times takes the breath away as in this.

VENI CREATOR.

So humble things Thou hast borne for us, O God,
Left'st Thou a path of lowliness untrod?
Yes, one, till now; another Olive-Garden.
For we endure the tender pain of pardon,—
One with another we forbear. Give heed,
Look at the mournful world Thou hast decreed.
The time has come. At last we hapless men
Know all our haplessness all through. Come, then,
Endure undreamed humility: Lord of Heaven,
Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven.

And here again is the bitter cry of a heart intolerably wrung.

PARENTAGE.

"When Augustus Cæsar legislated against the unmarried citizens of Rome, he declared them to be, in some sort, slayers of the people."

Ah no, not these!
These, who were childless, are not they who gave
So many dead unto the journeying wave,
The helpless nurselings of the cradling seas;
Not they who doomed by infallible decrees
Unnumbered man to the innumerable grave.

But those who slay
Are fathers. Theirs are armies. Death is theirs;
The death of innocences and despairs;
The dying of the golden and the grey.
The sentence, when these speak it, has no Nay.
And she who slays is she who bears, who bears.

"I, child of process," she says once of herself. Well, through processes and progressions, she, who began by a perfect young book, has gone on to her greatest heights. What heights may be

beyond we know not: but one feels that the flowering time of her genius has given place to so noble a fruitage in those later poems, that she need write no more to be on the heights.

> She hath a glory from that sun
> Who falls not from Olympus hill.

The volume of her *Collected Poems* contains altogether forty-one poems later than *Preludes*. She has not written two poems in a year since *Preludes* gave her an assured place. "The things she abstained from"—well, who knows what she abstained from? Or how much her poems have gained by abstention, by self-denial? She is on the very heights with these later poems. Beautiful as was *Preludes,* and the poems which came one by one after *Preludes,* there has been nothing to reach the heights of *To the Body, The Two Poets,* and the latest of her poems. With her it has been always that the best was yet to be. She has kept the finest vintage for the last.

TO THE BODY.

Thou inmost, ultimate
Council of judgment, palace of decrees,
Where the high senses hold their spiritual state,
Sued by earth's embassies,
And sign, approve, accept, conceive, create;

Create—thy senses close
With the world's pleas. The random odors reach
Their sweetness in the place of thy repose,
Upon thy tongue the peach,
And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose.

To thee, secluded one,
The dark vibrations of the sightless skies,
The lovely inexplicit colors run;
The light gropes for those eyes.
O thou august! thou dost command the sun.

Music, all dumb, hath trod
Into thine ear her one effectual way;
And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,
Where thou call'st up the day,
Where thou awaitest the appeal of God.

Someone said to me not long since that poetry was for the young—a vain saying. The poetry that departs with youth has the seed of mortality in it before it is born. Through processes of waiting, of silences, of lofty abstentions, this Muse has reached its heights. She is worthy of the noble praises she has received, and the noble friendships that have sought her as an equal. Listen to the lofty music in this of the wind in the beech tree:

THE TWO POETS.

Whose is the speech
That moves the voices of this lonely beech?
Out of the long west did this wild wind come—
O strong and silent! And the tree was dumb,
Ready and dumb, until
The dumb gale struck it on the darkened hill.

Two memories,
Two powers, two promises, two silences
Closed in this cry, closed in these thousand leaves
Articulate. This sudden hour retrieves
The purpose of the past,
Separate, apart—embraced, embraced at last.

"Whose is the word?
Is it I that spake? Is it thou? Is it I that heard?"
"Thine earth was solitary, yet I found thee!"
"Thy sky was pathless, but I caught, I bound thee,
Thou visitant divine."
"O thou my Voice, the word was thine." "Was thine."

These are not her finest fruit, though they are of her finest fruit. I would quote *The Launch, The Modern Mother, Two Boyhoods, The Crucifixion, The Unexpected Peril, Christ in the Universe,* and any one of them would prove her of the heights. I would say of her, borrowing a fancy from herself, that from her rejections, her abstentions, from what she has spared to say, many poets might have found a noble equipment.

New Books.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. 2 Vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00 per set.

These two handsome volumes, enriched by well-executed illustrations, contain most of the important letters of John Paul Jones gathered by Mrs. de Koven from many sources, chiefly, however, from the Jones papers and the *Papers of the Continental Congress* in the Library of Congress. She has carried them into a narrative life of Jones, but they are the valuable part of the work. She has, however, given much independent investigation to her subject, with good results on certain phases of Jones' career. The work is interesting, and it must stand as the best of the several lives of Jones. This is not to say, however, that it is a good biography, for the author's limitations of ability for her task have not permitted her to write a good biography. She is not a naval expert; she is not a ripe historical scholar; she does not weigh evidence judiciously; she does not manifest keen insight into character. One finishes the book without a clear idea of Jones the naval officer, or of Jones the man, or of the naval history of the Revolution, except as one may have derived such knowledge from Jones' letters.

Was Jones a great naval commander? Mrs. de Koven is positive that he was; but one desperate battle and hard won victory, that of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the *Serapis,* is not enough to convince the layman that he proved his preëminence. His other victories were not important; or, if they were, Mrs. de Koven has not made them appear so. It is her own fault if the reader does not share her opinion of Jones. As for the controversies with the Continental Congress, with jealous captains, unappreciative French authorities, and false Russian officials, Jones' letters are too full of them; neither does the narrative spare the reader. We should like to see them brushed aside, and the man's work and worth estimated independently of them.

Who was Jones? Ostensibly, the son of John Paul, a Scotch gardener. But Thomas Chase, a Massachusetts sailor and privateersman, afterwards seaman on the *Alliance* under Jones, dictated certain statements to his grandson, and the narrative was privately printed. In it he leads us to suppose that in 1773 Jones was a pirate, and that then and for some years afterwards,

he believed himself to be the illegitimate son of the Earl of Selkirk. These things may be true, but Chase's narrative sounds apocryphal. We have the "sharp, rakish, clipper built craft, painted entirely black, with no name whatever marked upon her," and other earmarks of sea fiction. Mrs. de Koven finds that Chase was on the *Alliance* during the fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. Then how does she account for the narrative leading the reader to suppose that he was on the *Richard* during the battle? She says of Chase's narrative of the *Ranger's* cruise, that he was not an eyewitness, and relied on tradition and hearsay reports, and it has no value. Again, an old man eighty years old declared he had, when a youth, heard another old man say Jones once stated that he had been a pirate. This is not much better than Chase's evidence. We are still in doubt whether Jones was a pirate or not.

Now for the question of Jones' birth. That he believed himself to be the son of the Earl of Selkirk is an assertion of Thomas Chase's, and, apparently, of the other old man. That seems to have been a general belief at one time, although Mrs. de Koven has not made it clear. (*Was* it in school histories, as one of the letters she quotes says it was?) She knows, however, that the older Lord Selkirk died before Jones was born, and that the younger was not living in the part of Scotland where he was born for seven years before and after the event. So she has him the illegitimate son of George Paul, John Paul's brother. She weaves a suspicion on this point, but it is absolutely unsupported by anything worthy of being called evidence. It rests entirely upon the statement of a descendant of the Pauls, that his mother said Jones was not the son of the Earl of Selkirk, but was a Paul; and as she did not say he was the son of John Paul, and as Jones' earliest recollection (according to Chase again) was of Saint Mary's Isle, where George Paul lived, and not of Arbigland, where John Paul lived; therefore, he was George Paul's son!

These two points are sufficient to show Mrs. de Koven's limitations. She is honest, however, and does not conceal facts, even if they do not support her conclusions.

NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. The two Versions of 1864 and 1865; preceded by Newman's and Kingsley's Pamphlets. With an Introduction by Wilfrid Ward. New York: Oxford University Press. 50 cents net.

The fact that within a few months two distinct editions have

appeared of the *Apologia* in its old form, as distinguished from *The History of My Religious Opinions,* one in Everyman's Library, and the present one printed at the Oxford University Press, is an indication there exists a widespread interest in that epoch-making work. Of the two, the new Oxford edition is by far the more satisfactory. The Everyman edition is a practically complete reprint of the edition published in 1864, with an introduction by Dr. Charles Sarolea. The Oxford edition is a reprint of both the 1864 and 1865 edition of the *Apologia.* This is done by clearly indicating, by certain signs, even the smallest differences between the two. Before this reprint of the *Apologia* are placed the pamphlets of Dr. Newman, which contains the correspondence with Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet, *What, Then, Does Dr. Newman Mean?* If there were an index, it might be looked upon as the definitive edition of the *Apologia.*

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the author of the *Life of Cardinal Newman,* than whom no one could be more competent, has contributed an introduction. In it he gives some interesting details of the relations between Dr. Newman and Dr. W. G. Ward. There is also a translation of two appendices which Dr. Newman wrote for the French edition of the *Apologia,* which, so far as we are aware, have never appeared in English before. These appendices give an account of the Constitution and History of the Church of England and of the University of Oxford. Mr. Ward points out how inapplicable to the present day is the statement made fifty years ago by Dr. Newman, that the clergy of the Church of England, and especially the high dignitaries, are always distinguished for their High Toryism. What, he asks, would Dr. Newman have thought of their recent alliance with democracy, which went so far as giving help to pass the Parliament Bill.

THE CULT OF MARY. By Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. New York: Benziger Brothers. 40 cents net.

This is a very excellent statement of the Catholic teaching regarding the Cult of Mary in the Catholic Church. Father Gerrard shows in his opening chapter that the Catholic devotion to the Virgin Mary is by no means derived from the pagan worship of the Hindu Maya or Devaki, the Asiatic Astarte or Cybele, or the Egyptian Isis. The other chapters deal with the Divine Maternity, the Immaculate Conception, the Perpetual Virginity, and the Assumption.

Father Martindale prefaces the volume with the following verses that are worth quoting:

Magna Mater.

Lost on the lonely hills the lamb bleats for its mother,
Startled with frustrate hope by reed and shadow and rock;
And wailing across the world humanity's desolate flock
Cries—if perchance it be She—upon many an alien other,
Maya and Ishtar and Isis.....
These die with the centuries' death.
Thou Israel, Son
Of the Eternal One,
Cease from thy wanderings: lo, Mary of Nazareth!

JOHN WESLEY'S LAST LOVE. By J. A. Leger. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The manuscript containing the following account of Wesley's love for Grace Murray (pp. 1-105) was received at the British Museum, May 9, 1829. It has been published twice before, in 1848 and 1862. The work is not in John Wesley's own handwriting, apart from a few corrections and the rough sketch of the first nineteen stanzas of the poem at the end. Still it is authenticated by the correspondence of almost every detail in it, either with Wesley's *Extracts from His Journal,* or other printed documents. No student of Methodism has ever questioned it.

The author, Mr. Leger, Professor of English at the Naval College at Brest, writes us that he was attracted towards the study of Methodism "by the apparent paradox of that certainly far-reaching revival in the very country from which Voltaire and others were at that very time bringing back to France ideas that issued in so widely different results."

The author assures us in his preface that none but "narrow-minded hero worshippers, blind lovers of the unreally superhuman, would discover in the pages of Wesley's diary anything likely to lower his moral stature or to stain his memory." Perhaps not. But if one can read this book and the comments upon the incidents here recorded from various Protestant sources, and dare compare Wesley with the least of the saints of the Catholic Church, he is beyond all argument.

That John Wesley was in love with Grace Murray is evident from his extravagant praise of her. He declares it "no hyperbole, but plain demonstrable fact, that Grace has done more good than

any other woman in all ye English Annals, or, I might say, in all ye History of the Church from ye death of Our Lord to this day" (p. 73).

To a disinterested outsider, these very pages prove her to be a very ordinary uneducated servant, vain, fickle, selfish, deceitful and hysterical. Uncertain for a long time whether to marry John Wesley or John Bennett, she kept both of them dangling on the hooks, until finally Charles Wesley convinced her that she ought not to marry his brother. While helping Wesley in his missionary work, we find her continually falling in fainting fits, "roaring aloud for disquietness of soul," declaring her willingness to go to hell for the glory of God, almost constantly in hot water with her neighbors, and going through her Methodistic duties at the very time she was skeptical about the Divinity of Christ.

Wesley married in the end the widow Vazeille—a most unfortunate match. She was a regular Xantippe; jealous, covetous, mean, and possessed of an ugly temper. She read his private letters and gave them to the public press; in her anger she accused him of living in adultery for twenty years; she separated from him more than once. John Hampson, the preacher, relates the following: "Once when I was in the north of Ireland, I went into a room, and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head; and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks, which she had plucked out by the roots (Tyerman, *Life and Times of Rev. John Wesley.* Vol. ii., p. 201).

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in Mr. Leger's volume, is Chaper V. on John Wesley's mind and character. He often claimed to speak on trivial matters as the Herald of God, the acme of fanatic dogmatism. His domineering spirit was unmistakable, for he seemed to make as much fuss over rules of his own devising as he did about the precepts of the Gospel. He was stubborn almost to the point of perversity. He was most autocratic, never allowing his authority to be slighted or set at naught. His father's bombastic claims to an imperious undivided sway as a condition of all sound government, and his mother's well-regulated family discipline, left a lasting trace on his mind. His brother Charles tells of him: "He could never keep secrets since he was born. It is a gift which God has not given him." He certainly had a very inflammable heart, for his sweethearts were many: Sarah Kirkham, the gifted and intellectual writer, Mary Granville, the brilliant aristocratic charmer; Sophy Hopkey, the

bewitching, if rather disingenuous, jilt. He was naturally a woman worshipper—most susceptible to female attractions, yet always honorable and delicate in his feeling and conduct. He was certainly fond of sensational spirituality. He laid incredible weight upon all extraordinary occurrences, believing that strangeness and their startling effects upon the recipients were proofs of their divine origin. We find him intent upon omens and dreams, as means of ascertaining and carrying out providential purposes. While he occasionally acknowledged that some of his "raging" converts were simply epileptics or devil-possessed, under pressure of opponents who challenged him to work wonders, he often pointed to the extraordinary manifestations at his meetings as miracles.

One thing is certainly evident, that he never had the slightest intention of founding a Church, he simply wished to form a confraternity closely allied to the Establishment as a supplementary means of spiritual help and edification.

Notwithstanding occasional flashes of philosophic insight, we must not expect from his writings anything like constructive speculative thought, far-reaching original ideas, or any sign of the critical faculty. Sentiment in Wesley was more than a strain or graft; it was the very essence of his soul.

Our author brings out his kindness to the poor; his honesty of speech; his neatness in personal attire; his punctuality; his tremendous will power over himself and others; his unflinching courage; and his evident sincerity. Whatever knowledge he may have had of the general motives and principles of human nature, he does not seem to have been happy penetrating into the views and characters of individuals. This particularly appears in his love affairs, in which he was undoubtedly unfortunate. Many readers of this volume will agree that his attachment to Grace Murray was rather injudicious. No one will deny that his marrying Mary Vazeille was an absolute mistake. The marvelous trials and experiences of the one, the "sorrowful spirit" of the other, had won his heart, and blinded him to everything else.

HINDRANCES TO CONVERSION TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THEIR REMOVAL. By Rev. Father Graham. St. Louis: B. Herder. 20 cents net.

Father Graham writes a direct simple treatise on the influences which keep Protestants to-day outside the fold of the One

True Church. He speaks, of course, chiefly of the Presbyterians and Anglicans of Scotland, though his words apply to orthodox Protestants the world over. The chief obstacles he enumerates are: prejudice, which paints the Catholic Church "black, guilty, detestable and dreadful;" utter ignorance of the very A B C of Catholic doctrine and practice; a feeling of satisfaction and contentment in their present position; the fear of losing worldly position; the pride of intellect, which fights shy of authority, and the pride of will, which considers confession the very depth of degradation; the unreasoning attachment to the church of one's baptism, etc., etc.

He devotes a special chapter to hindrances placed by Catholics, telling them to never let opportunities slip of enlightening their Protestant friends, and always to work and pray earnestly for their conversion.

At the end of this practical little volume, he publishes a list of useful books which will prove helpful to the average inquirer.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CALVIN. Translated from the Dutch of L. Penning by the Rev. B. S. Berrington. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. $3.50 net.

This volume is not worthy of an extended notice, for it is the work of a mere rhetorician rather than of a scholar. It is full of inaccurate statements, devoid of true historical perspective, and its continual appeal to anti-Catholic prejudice reminds one of the fourth-rate controversialists of the A. P. A. days of the early nineties. In discussing the burning of Servetus, the author asserts without proof that the Bern Council demanded the stake, *contrary to Calvin's wish.* He admits that the leaders of the Protestantism of the day—Beza, Haller, Sulzer, Musculus, Melanchthon, etc.—rejoiced at the tidings of Servetus' death, but this intolerant spirit "was the Roman Catholic leaven in the Protestant dough." Moreover, he adds: "It was a well-known fact that Anabaptists, Libertines, and Rationalists, all preachers of false doctrines like Servetus, found and obtained followers in the Reformed circles. In this way, Protestants got a bad reputation; they were said to be tainted, infected with revolutionary ideas, and, without the slightest doubt, this opinion would have been confirmed if Servetus, who had been condemned by the Roman Catholic court of justice in Vienna, had got off scot-free in Geneva."

Is it not rather amusing to find our author speaking on one

page of Calvin's erecting the "temple of liberty," and on the next telling of the laws of the Genevan Sparta, which punished adultery with death, banished all who refused to swear to the new confession of faith, forbade dancing, prescribed moderate eating and drinking, etc., and then sent elders to every house once a year to see that the laws were carried out?

CHRISTOLOGY; A DOGMATIC TREATISE ON THE INCARNATION. By Rev. Joseph Pohle, D.D. Authorized English Version by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50.

Dr. Pohle, one time Professor at the Catholic University of Washington, should need no introduction to American readers. His German work on *Dogmatic Theology,* which is now being translated, thanks to Arthur Preuss, is one of the most successful theological manuals in Germany.

The present volume on the natures and personality of Christ can be whole-heartedly commended. Against the modernistic works that would rob Christ of His Divinity, this book will prove invaluable. It is solidly conservative, and contains the traditional armory of the Church for the repulse of all attacks. Not merely does it present sound arguments, but a wide and varied erudition. It is well-documented, as the French would say.

The language used by the translator is highly technical, at times even Latin in character. Technical language is sometimes a necessity, and must be excused where a paraphrase would have to be used for a time-saving single word. Perhaps, however, the translator might find a better translation than "communication of idioms," when "idiom" has in English a completely different sense from the similar word in Latin. On the whole, the work of both author and translator is characterized by extensive erudition, and Teutonic thoroughness.

CEASE FIRING. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.40 net.

It seems to be the fashion for women novelists to write war stories of epic proportions. A British author has recently thrilled us with tales of mighty race conflicts in South Africa and in the Crimea. It remained for a daughter of the South to give us a gripping recital of the four years' strife waged upon our own continent. The drama set in motion to the accompanying beat of

The Long Roll, Miss Mary Johnston has now brought to a finish with the command *Cease Firing.*

It is some years since our own Miss Repplier said that "no living novelist begins a story better than Miss Mary Johnston," but we doubt that any new star has since appeared that could eclipse the brilliance of the opening chapters containing a description of the Mississippi fretted both with heavy rains and with war, the disastrous floods, the meeting of the hero and heroine, their marriage, and the siege of Vicksburg. From here the scene rapidly changes to Virginia, indeed throughout the book the impression is well conveyed of a harassed country obliged to defend simultaneously its widely-separated frontiers. The feminine pen has spared us no detail of the horrors of war, depopulation, famine, pestilence, carnage, field-hospitals, transporting of the wounded after battle, burying the dead, prisons of the scarcely more fortunate survivors. Much is depicted, too, of the deprivations of those who remained in their desolate homes; many of the incidents and stories drawn from "the records of men and women writing of that through which they lived." We meet again several of the gracious women who figured in the earlier story.

The descriptions are all made with the minuteness and precision of a Van Eyck—if one might conceive of a Van Eyck stretched upon a canvass of titanic dimensions; indeed the mass of detail is such as to bewilder the reader and to obscure the perspective. One instinctively echoes the sentiment of the harassed tourist who, after faithfully making the circuit of the Uffizi, remarked that he considered "water colors more suitable to the home." To those accustomed to the impressionistic sketches of some of our popular authors, these four hundred and fifty pages may seem "heavy," but to all who appreciate painstaking collation of material, honest craftsmanship and a classic style, *Cease Firing* will have a permanent value equal to that of the author's earlier book, *The Long Roll,* of which it is the sequel.

V. V.'S EYES. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Harrison has equalled if not surpassed *Queed,* his novel of two years ago. Dr. V. Vivian, the slum doctor with the insistent, soul-stirring eyes, manages after years of patient endeavor to awaken the soul of the heroine, Carlisle, a worldly, thoughtless, and utterly selfish girl.

The whole story hinges on a very slender incident—a boat upsetting—which recurs on page after page with rather irritating emphasis. "Why didn't she tell the truth at once," says the exasperated reader, "and save poor Jack's reputation?" But then we would not have had this long drawn-out tale; and Cally at the end of the third chapter would have married Canning, the millionaire prince of her dreams, without having ever understood the principles of the incomparable V. V.

Mr. Harrison writes well, although frequently we notice an overstrained artificiality of expression. One can see that he has spared no effort to perfect every sentence. His character-drawing is excellent. We all recognize at a glance V. V., the idealist; Heth, the ignoramus money-getter; Mrs. Heth, the social climber; Canning, the unmoral society man, and Cally the vapid worlding, who is hardly worth redeeming. Altogether it is a novel that we recommend you to take with you on your summer vacation.

CALLISTA. By Cardinal Newman. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.

The coming to hand of this cheap and satisfactory edition of Newman's *Callista* serves as a reminder that the story has not yet received its full meed of appreciation. That it has been far less generally popular than the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman is due probably to the fact that it appeals not to the emotional, but almost altogether to the intellectual, in its readers. It is, of course, a splendid picture of the third century, of the strife between pagans and Christians, of the uprisings and the persecutions. It traces, moreover, the transition of a cultured mind, a mind typical of the age and the race, from pagan philosophy to Christian religion. The Greek girl, Callista, maker of images, and seeker after truth, becomes at last the lover of Christ, and for His sake the heroic martyr.

Without dilating on the truth that *Callista* should be much more familiar than it is to Catholics in general, we should like to particularize in respect to our Catholic high schools. The study of this novel should be included in the English course of every secondary school. It will assist the children in their ancient history, by giving them definite ideas of the development of the Church in the first centuries; it will familiarize them with Roman names and terms, thus correlating and vitalizing their Latin lessons; and it will introduce them to the perfect prose of Newman. Its study is

already on the list of entrance requirements for several of our Catholic colleges—a step in the right direction. And it should most certainly be taken up, even by the pupils who are not preparing for college. The high school teachers who have read it with their classes, have found that its interest and value well repay for its difficulties.

THE MEANING OF GOD IN HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.00 net.

The present work, we are of opinion, comes under the prohibition of the *Index* of the Catholic Church, which forbids the reading of non-Catholic works treating professedly of religion, unless it be established that they contain nothing against Catholic faith. Unfortunately in the chapter on the Prophetic Consciousness, the author seems to speak of Christ as if He were merely human, like Buddha and Mohammed.

For those dispensed from the Catholic laws of the *Index*, the book contains much excellent thought. The author shows the limitations of idealism, and of modern pragmatism, and proves the necessity of the objective and of the absolute. While admitting some truth in the doctrine that the will is the maker of truth, that, for example, the will to believe a man good, inspires goodness, the author wisely places restrictions on voluntarism. To a very great extent the author's tendencies are for sanity, naturalness, and common sense in philosophy, and pity it is that these have not a wider influence in modern thought. As for religion, colored by a limited and sound pragmatism, the author's position is—the idea of God is not lazy; it works.

Dr. Hocking is to be congratulated when he breaks with the modern spirit, and says the true Church is to be found among infallible Churches; also when he asserts that the modern theory of knowledge is over-dogmatic in placing physical knowledge as the only real kind of knowledge. The style of the work is, generally, crude and obscure, but this is not a fault of Dr. Hocking's alone, but, to a large extent, of the philosophic spirit of the time.

One of the fruits of religion, of a belief in God, is said to be a prophetic consciousness, a knowledge that our acts will be historic, will triumph, will have a divinity about them. That seems to be another, but obscurer, way of saying that we, severally, "can

make our lives sublime," and leave lasting footprints in time's shifting sands. This inspiring thought is believed by the author to be the root of happiness.

FOLK TALES OF EAST AND WEST. By John Harrington Cox. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.10 net.

When Professor Cox, of West Virginia University, published his *Chevalier of Old France,* an adaptation of the Song of Roland, intended for boys and girls of eleven or older, we noticed it very gladly as the proper thing in juvenile literature. Such adapted versions of real history and real literature are exactly what we hope soon to find superseding the *Nick the Boy Pirate* and the *Dotty Dimple* creations. Just as hearty praise may be given to Professor Cox's latest volume, *Folk Tales of East and West,* which he describes as " a collection of old tales, so old that they are new." It includes a story from the Swedish, one from the Anglo-Saxon, one from the Japanese, two from Chaucer, and even a " Judith and Holofernes " from the Old Testament. In each of these Professor Cox retains admirably the atmosphere and, as far as possible, the vocabulary of the original writing. He avoids in this way the tendency to " write down " to the child mind by confining himself to everyday, one-syllable words, and he also throws over each story a separate glamor, always the glamor of the unfamiliar, the mysterious. The child's curiosity is thus spurred, his vocabulary increased, and the content of his mind vaguely but certainly broadened.

Our sole criticism of the book would be levelled at the story of " Sister Beatrice," which is translated from the poem *Beatrijs* by the Dutch poet, Mr. P. C. Boutens. The old legend of the faithless nun, whose place was filled by the Blessed Virgin, is here repeated with dignity and with beauty; from the Catholic point of view, however—indeed, from the ethical point of view—it is not acceptable, because the idea of sin and remorse is omitted. We have the tale in sweeter, truer guise as *A Legend of Provence,* by Adelaide Proctor.

TOLERANCE. By Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated by W. Humphrey Page, K.S.G. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.75 net.

Father Vermeersch tells us that, " strictly speaking," tolerance has always some evil for its object, such as a physical defect,

an intellectual error or a moral deformity. We tolerate an affront or an injury, but not a favor; and even in speaking of physical sensations, it is not pleasure, but pain, that we describe as tolerable or intolerable. He deals with tolerance or, we prefer to write, toleration from the viewpoint of the individual, the Church, and the State. His first chapter deals with toleration in private life. No one will question this part of his thesis, for it is the mere expression of the most elemental Christian principles. He says: "Except for the right to resist violence and to defend himself against injustice, the private individual has no control over the acts of another, and no right to constitute himself a judge in respect of such acts; he is bound to respect the liberty of his fellowman as a right, even if that liberty be improperly granted. He may endeavor to dissuade another from a particular line of conduct, or blame him if he persists in it; but he has no right to prevent or to punish." In a word, a man is really tolerant when he endures the existence of opinions contrary to his own without any feeling of vexation or irritation.

The doctrinal intolerance of the Catholic Church consists in the rigor with which she imposes upon her members the inward acceptance and outward profession of her *Credo,* or her dogmatic or moral teaching. The Catholic Church, as guardian of the faith, has never allowed the slightest compromise with error, but has demanded of her children constancy in the faith even unto death. She must, as a divine infallible teacher, expel from her fold any member, clerical or lay, who questions even one of her defined doctrines. Once this is granted, it follows necessarily that the Church must protect the faith and morals of her children, just as a parent must protect the faith and morals of his family. Of course this disciplinary intolerance can only be exercised over her own subjects. She claims no power over Jew or unbeliever, and she has always maintained with St. Augustine: "No one is brought to the faith by force," or with St. Athanasius: "It is the part of religion not to compel but to persuade." Father Vermeersch states that Vacandard considers this distinction illogical, but to our mind he agrees with it perfectly (*The Inquisition,* pp. 256, 257).

How far this disciplinary intolerance may be exercised towards her own subjects, is a matter in dispute among theologians. Some have maintained that the Church has the right to inflict capital punishment in certain cases. They teach that "for ecclesiastical criminal cases, the right of the sword exists in the Pope, as

in one who has the power of ordering punishment, and in the Sovereign as in one who carries out the orders of another." Without making this opinion, even in its modified form, an article of faith, Bellarmine and Suarez give it as that of the schools. Father Vermeersch in a note endeavors, unsuccessfully we think, to exclude St. Thomas from the list. But the words of the *Summa* are explicit: "In like manner, the Catholic Church saves some of her children by the death of others, and consoles her sorrowing heart by reflecting that she is acting for the general good" (*Summa* IIa, IIae, quaest. X., art. 8, ad 4m).

He also regrets Vacandard's criticism of the arguments of St. Thomas, and declares his interpretation, incorrect (pp. 64, 166). We do not think the Jesuit Father has proven his point (Vacandard, *The Inquisition,* pp. 171-173). We are pleased to see that our author, against certain moderns like Tarquini, Mazella, and Lepicier, denies the Church's right to inflict capital punishment.

He proves his viewpoint from the teaching of Tertullian, Lactantius, St. Cyprian, Origen, St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and Leo the Great in the early Church, and from St. Theodore, Alcuin, Rabanus Maurus, St. Peter Damian, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, etc., in the mediæval period. His own opinion about the coercive power of the Church is as follows: "Neither by her own powers nor by concession of the State, can the Church, as such, inflict *irreparable* punishments. She has possessed the power of inflicting all other temporal punishments, and we recognize in her the right to claim the assistance of the State for the application of those temporal punishments which, in view of her spiritual end, she considers it proper in certain circumstances to prescribe or inflict. But if we confine our attention to the inherent power of the Church, that power which she possesses always and everywhere, we consider that her power is limited to those penalities, spiritual or temporal, which find their last sanction in the supreme penalty of excommunication." This is a bit vague, for there are *reparable* temporal punishments that are just as much opposed to the authorities he cites as the death penalty itself.

Father Vermeersch accuses Vacandard of attaching too much weight to the work of Don Salvatore di Bartolo (the *Criteri Teologici*), in which he proves the two following theses: I. Constraint in the sense of employing violence to enforce ecclesiastical laws originated with the State. II. The constraint of ecclesiastical laws is by divine right exclusively a moral constraint.

We are well aware that the first edition of this book was put upon the *Index,* but as the second edition was revised and corrected by the author, and published with the approbation of Father Lepidi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, it has all the more weight and authority. Some have declared the *Syllabus* condemned this view, but the question under dispute is whether the coercive power comprises merely spiritual penalties or temporal and corporal penalties as well. The editor of the *Syllabus* did not decide this question; he merely referred us to the letter *Ad Apostolicæ Sedis* of August 22, 1851. But this letter is not at all explicit; it merely condemns those who pretend "to deprive the Church of the external jurisdiction and coercive power which was given her to win back sinners to the ways of righteousness." The theologians who at the Vatican Council prepared canons ten and twelve of the *Schema, De Ecclesia,* on this very point of doctrine, did not remove the ambiguity. They explicitly affirmed that the Church had the right to exercise over her erring children "constraint by an external judgment and salutary penalties," but they said nothing about the nature of those penalties. Cardinal Soglia, in a work approved by Gregory XVI. and Pius IX., declared that the limiting of the Church's coercive power to merely moral restraint was "more in harmony with the gentleness of the Church" (Vacandard, *op. cit.,* pp. 250-252).

In his chapter on the Inquisition, Father Vermeersch, to our mind, is a whit too laudatory of the practical workings of that institution.

While the book as a whole is an earnest attempt to solve all the problems suggested, we cannot say that it says the last word on this all-important matter. The author repeats himself a great deal, and we do not think him at all fair to some of his Catholic opponents. He has done a good work, however, in calling attention to the modern rationalistic preachers of toleration, who profess the doctrine with their lips, but give the lie direct to it in practice. The intolerance of France and Portugal to-day are instances in point. The translation is very poorly done.

Foreign Publications.

UNDER the title *La Foi,* P. Lethielleux publishes the Lenten Conferences for 1912, preached in Notre Dame, Paris, by Father Janvier, O.P.—— Other publications of the same house are *La Predication Contemporaine,* translated from the German of Monsignor Keppler of Rotenburg, a very suggestive treatise on preaching, containing brief analyses of characteristic ten-

dencies of the times, with useful hints and directions on the subject matter, form, delivery, and spirit of preaching; and *Questions de Moral, de Droit Canonique et de Liturgie,* in which Cardinal Gennari answers nearly eighteen hundred important questions, most of them new, or at least involving comparatively recent decisions of the Roman Congregations.——Eugene Figuière (Paris) publishes *The Era of the Drama,* by Henri-Martin Barzun. M. Barzun complains of the decadence of the modern drama, especially in France. He wishes to see in Paris an independent theatre for dramatic art—a *Louvre Dramatique* as well as a *Louvre Pictural.*——*Les Fous,* by Remy Montalée, from the same house, is a most original and striking book. It is a trenchant and effective satire on modern scientific dogmatism.——Bloud of Paris publishes *Harnack et le Miracle,* translated by Chas. Senoutzen, S.J., from the Italian of Herman van Laak, S.J. It is against Harnack's thesis that Christianity became Catholic in the second century. Father van Laak gives a thorough and detailed refutation.——The same house publishes Bellarmine's *Notes of the True Church.* This is a translation of the fourth book of the fourth controversy of the Cardinal's celebrated *Controversies of the Christian Faith Against the Heretics of the Day.* It contains also an excellent sketch of the life and writings of Cardinal Bellarmine.——Another publication of Bloud, *L'Objet Integral d l'Apologétique,* by E. A. Poulpiquet, discusses the proper scope and scientific methods of apologeties according to the principles of St. Thomas. The book may be highly recommended to theological students.——The same house is publishing an excellent series of philosophical brochures—*Philosophers and Thinkers*—especially intended for young students preparing for their degrees. Jean Didier, who has already written three volumes of the series on Locke, Berkeley, and Condillac, has in the present volume analyzed briefly but accurately the philosophical writings of Hume, "the great modern skeptic who for over a hundred years dominated English thought."——In *Les Quinze Etapes ou Pas Spirituels dans la voie des Exercises de Saint Ignace,* by le Père Emile Becker, S.J. (Lethielleux), the author shows us the steps by which St. Ignatius leads to the heights of perfection.——*Les Semeurs de Vent,* by Francisque Parn (Lethielleux), is a well-written novel that aims to show the evil effects of insincere modern journalism.——*Vendéenne,* by Jean Charruau (Téqui), is a good pen picture of the stirring revolutionary days in La Vendée.——*The Foundations of the Faith,* by Mario La Plana, S.J. (Téqui), is a popular little manual of apologetics in the form of questions and answers. From this last-named firm comes to us also the second and third volumes of Abbé Duplessy's *Le Pain Evangelique,* conversational explanations of the Gospels for the Sundays and Holydays between the beginning of Lent and Advent; *Jeunesse et Idéal,* by Abbé Henri Morice, a series of conferences written in line with the belief that the best way of persuading men to lead a Christian life is by dwelling on the reasonableness, the beauty, the joys, the rewards of virtue, and not by denouncing vice; *Sentiment de Napoleon I. sur le Christianisme,* the fourteenth edition of a little work which proves that Napoleon had strong Catholic convictions, and that his last days were blest with the consolations of religion. The anecdotes, fragments of conversations, and testimonies of which this book is made, were originally compiled a few years after the Emperor's death by the Chevalier de Beauterne. The present edition was revised by Ph.-G. Laborie.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Balkan War. By Spyr. P. Lambros. This article deals with the Balkan War from the point of view of Greece. The writer claims that the idea of a union of the Balkan States is not of recent origin, but dates back to the year 1797. It was the idea of a Greek, one Rhigas, who had been a schoolmaster in Thessaly, a secretary later on to the Greek prince in Valachie, and who was impregnated with the spirit current during the French Revolution. He then made his centre at Vienna, and thence sent out his literature advocating the independence of the Balkans. He is considered the protomartyr of Greek independence.

The more proximate cause of the recent troubles with Turkey arose from the treatment accorded the Greeks during the uprising of the Young Turks. They were chiefly these: the diminution of the prerogative of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople; the massacre of the Primates of the Church; slaughter of the Greek population of Turkey, due to hatred of the Balkan races; the restriction of the freedom allowed hitherto to the Greek Press, and the plan of transformation of the ethnological conditions of Greek countries by the introduction into them by the Turks of a heterogeneous population from every corner of Asia. The article then takes up the different troubles during the past two centuries between Greece and Turkey.—*Le Correspondant,* June 10.

A Great French Statesman. By Henri Welschinger. This article is a biographical sketch of Charles Chesnelong, a great statesman who labored for God and country. He was born at Orthez in the year 1820, and died in 1899. As a defender of his faith, he is worthy to be ranked with Montalembert and Ozanam, as his voice was always ready to defend his beloved faith in the legislating halls of his native land, for he lived at a time when the Church in France needed a fearless defender among the laity, and Charles Chesnelong did not prove wanting. In everything which was for his nation's good he displayed the same energy which marked his love for the Church, and by his life he proved that a man cannot be a good citizen without at the same time being an exemplary Catholic.—*Le Correspondant,* June 10.

Belgian Politics. By Adolphe Hardy. This article opens with

the tributes paid to the Catholic direction of the welfare of Belgium by such antagonists of the Church as Luzatti of Italy and Henri Charriaut of France. Even Edmond Picard, the ex-chief of the Belgian Socialists, seconds every word of praise which M. Charriaut pays in his work entitled, *Modern Belgium, the Land of Experience.* Since Belgium gained her independence from Holland —in 1830—three great electoral systems have prevailed in Belgium. The article then gives a history of these electoral systems, with their revisions and additions. The rising strength of Socialism presents a serious condition of affairs. A commission of thirty-one members of every political belief has been formed to study out the serious question of a different electoral system.—*Le Correspondant,* June 10.

Asiatic Turkey. By André Chéradame. The administration of the "Young Turks" in the brief space of four years has been far from successful. The confusion and disorder in government which confronted them when they seized the power from Abdul Hamid, have not been removed or even decreased. The public debt in these four years is far greater than that incurred during the thirty-three years of Abdul Hamid. Their subjects have utterly lost faith in them.

They have utterly ignored Asiatic Turkey with its motley population of Arabs, Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Greeks, Israelites, and others.

The Kurds are a race living in tribes—one part of which are nomads, and the chief scourge of the Armenians. In Article 61 of the Treaty of Berlin, the protection of Europe was promised to Armenia, but this has never gone into effect, as Turkey herself has utterly ignored it by allowing the Kurds to carry on their massacres. The Armenians themselves have demanded three concessions from the Turks: 1. The nomination of a ruler chosen by the Sublime Porte, and agreed to by the European Powers. 2. A mixed commission composed of three Mussulmans, three Armenians, and three Europeans. 3. The appropriation of a part of the revenues for local needs.

The Arabs are the most important of these Asiatic Turks, considering themselves the superiors in every way of the European Turk. They have constituted from their most learned men of all professions a commission to draw up a programme of reform, which will meet the best interests of the Arabian districts.

The great cry of these different races is decentralization of power, and the Young Turks have been unable to cope with the question. As a fundamental basis for the reform of the manner of governing Asiatic Turkey, an article appeared in the London *Times* of the fourteenth of May signed "Vekil," which recommended that Asiatic Turkey be divided into six regions. Five of these regions would have a European Inspector General, assisted by a European officer for reorganizing the gendarmes, and also a European Financial Counsellor. The sixth region would form a centre, a model territory of administration, all the chiefs of the departments to be Europeans. In this way "Vekil" argues that the financial reform would be immediate and general; and the administrative reform would have begun in the sixth region.—*Le Correspondant,* June 25.

Labor. By Baronne Brincard. The writer of this article narrates the sad conditions of the needle-women of Paris. The meagre pay given to the laborer has been discovered through the examination of the workers themselves, who are striving, out of their small pittance, to support not only themselves, but also aged parents and children dependent upon them. The writer appeals to the purchasers of these fineries, bought at an enormous price, to strive for a bettering of the conditions of the needle-women. She advocates a system in vogue in this country, known as the "Consumer's League." She also gives the addresses of business houses where the workers are banded together, and thus through union secure a living wage.—*Le Correspondant,* June 25.

Japan. Unsigned. This article first takes up the troubles, outside its own borders, which are causing Japan distress—the latest is the Alien Land Bill of California. The Japanese consider this a great insult to their nation, and absolutely refuse to consider the individual rights of the States of our Union. Yet it is not only in the United States that Japan is having trouble, but also in Australia, where the cry is "No Yellow Labor!" New Zealand threatens to follow suit, and this is causing great uneasiness to Great Britain.

But the greatest trouble for Japan is within her own Empire. With the accession to the throne of Yoshohito, the son of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, there has been a complete severance between the old and the new Japan. This really had begun before the death

of the late Mikado, and can be traced to the education of the young Japanese at the universities of England and the United States, where their students have drunk deep of the fallacious philosophies of Herbert Spencer and Immanuel Kant, and the Socialism of Karl Marx. With the introduction of these principles into Japan by their foreign-educated subjects, all that sacredness attached to the person of the Mikado, which had been a growth of centuries, died. In its place has sprung up the development of extreme socialistic and even anarchical ideas. This accounts for the attempts on the life of the late Mikado.

Another factor due to ideas of the Western world is that of materialism, *i. e.*, the greed for gold, which has become the passion of the race. It was as a lesson for his people that Gen. Nogi chose death by suicide.

Within the last six months, Japan has had three ministerial crises, and, unlike the Japan of former days, in all these different changes of government have shown a complete disregard and disrespect for the Mikado. Another cause of discontent was the Portsmouth Peace Treaty at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. The intervention of Great Britain and the United States has been a source of great disappointment to Japan.—*Le Correspondant,* June 25.

Spiritism. By Lucien Roure. Leon Rivail (Allan Kardec), the founder of spiritual philosophy, was born at Lyons in 1804. In 1847 the Fox sisters of New York began to attract attention by their séances. Meanwhile Kardec was investigating Spiritism, and in 1857 published *The Book of Spirits,* which in 1912 reached its sixty-second edition. Soon after the appearance of this book the *Spiritist Review* and the Spiritist Society of Paris were founded. Spiritism became a religion. The spirits, said Kardec, would render intelligible to all the words of Scripture; revelation had three principal stages: Moses, Christ, and Spiritism. Kardec's works are anti-Christian in doctrine and morality. Leon Denis, of Tours, was the most representative successor of Kardec; his work marks a new development in Spiritism and a further departure from orthodox Christianity. Spiritist authors have tried to take over the contemporary discoveries of science to confirm their teaching, and have identified themselves in some degree with the occultism of the East. Spiritism has in recent years made great progress both in Europe and America, due in large measure to the support

of such men as Lombroso, Wallace, Crookes, and Lodge. The Church condemns Spiritism as dangerous and superstitious.—*Études,* June 5 and 20.

Religion and Sociology. By H. A. Montagne, O.P. Durkheim, Mauss, Hubert, and others, calling themselves the sociological school of religious philosophers, heirs of the method and thought of Comte and Guyau, hold that religion has for its cause and its object society. It is true, as Brunetière said, every religion must be a society of beliefs. Protestantism, with its individual reason opposing the common *Credo,* is a dying faith. It is true, also, that proselytism, the desire to make others share what we strongly believe, is an evidence of the social aspect of religion. But is religion only "a universal sociomorphism?" Is it imposed on the individual from without by the collective body? Is the divinity, worshipped in religion, only society transfigured? Is there but one religion, that of humanity? They who answer "Yes," build upon an absolutely false method of observation. They take account solely of external facts—rites, ceremonies, and the like; and they rule out *a priori* the interior sentiments, the reasoned conclusions which gave birth to these rites. They deny the intervention of God because He is not an external fact. They confound the external forced constraint imposed by society with the internal free submission imposed by truth. They falsely assert that the act of faith is blind. But as M. A. Lanz, the anthropologist, says, religion is the spontaneous expression of the human soul, reasonably arguing to an Author of the visible world, which man did not and could not create.—*Revue Thomiste,* May-June.

The Religious Movement in German-Speaking Countries. By G. G. Lapeyre. The year 1912 has, in Germany, rightly been called "Election Year." The Centre Party has, indeed, lost somewhat in numbers, but it polled two million three hundred thousand votes, a greater number than ever before. The Socialists gained, and mostly in those districts in which the Protestant population predominates. 1912 has been, too, a year of congresses for both Protestants and Catholics. Catholic Congresses were held at Treves, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and at Vienna. One of the most important reunions was that of the "Society for the Protection of the Schools and Christian Education."—*Revue du Clergé Français,* June.

The Youth of France. By Francis Vincent. Two notable books on this subject have recently been published, one by "Agathon," pen-name of Messrs. Henri Massis and Alfred de Tarde, and another by Emile Heuriot, which prove by definite information how truly the convictions of the young men of France are turning toward the Catholic Church. Twenty-five years ago it was not thus. Non-Catholic, even Radical, writers are remarking the change. Novelists, poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, students of the normal school, students of law, medicine, in every important institution of education, and every branch of knowledge, publicly profess their faith, are monthly communicants, keep the night watch at Montmartre before the Blessed Sacrament, and are active members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* June 15.

The Tablet (June 7): *The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Schools:* In 1895 the Archbishops of Canterbury and York took the position that the Church of England did not wish the government to contribute its proper share to the education of children in denominational schools, a stand opposite to Cardinal Vaughan's; that as the parents of these children contributed to the public educational funds, they were entitled to share in them. The present Archbishop of Canterbury now pleads for the life of the denominational schools, which is threatened by the Liberal Party, not so much through adverse legislation, as through unjust, illegal discrimination, only to be set right by an expensive legal proceeding, which it is expected will ultimately exhaust the denominational school. He asks that a special fund be provided by the government to cover the cost of such litigation. He describes another means used by the Liberals to secularize the schools—the ultimate purpose of this party—the unfair competition to which denominational training colleges are exposed. By controlling the training colleges, and permitting no definite religious instruction to be given therein, and by permitting no inquiry into the religious training or fitness of candidates for teachers in the Provided (*i. e.,* Public) schools, sooner or later these schools must be without any religious instruction.

(June 21): *Sir Mark Sykes and the Irish Clergy:* A letter from the pen of this Catholic Unionist, personally opposed to granting Home Rule, refutes the charges made by the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* against the Irish Catholic clergy.

What the Irish are to-day and the strides forward they are making, Sir Mark attributes to the clergy.——The Roman Correspondent relates that the Pope on Sunday, June 15th, received five thousand children who had made their First Communion that morning.

(July 5): Monsignor James Canon Connelly summarizes a reprinted *Tract on the Present State of English Pronunciation,* by Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate.——A full report of the papers and proceedings of the International Congress of Catholic Women's Leagues, recently held in London, is given.——The ninth historical medal struck during the Pontificate of Pius X. represents the great seminary for the sixteen dioceses of Calabria, built and furnished by the munificence of the Pope. It symbolizes his efforts to suppress the small and inefficient seminaries which many poor dioceses, in obedience to the Council of Trent, were trying to support. Difficulties in the carrying out of his plans in Rome are discussed.

The Month (July): *The First Evangelist of America:* Father Thurston treats this question: "By whom was the first Mass celebrated in the New World?" His reason for the inquiry is the "extraordinary persistence of a quite baseless legend that has established itself regarding the personality of the first apostle of Christianity in America." The present article is given to a discussion of the untrue and distorted presentment of the career of the first evangelist. As to his identity, Father Thurston concludes: "For the present.....there is not a shadow of reason for affirming that there were two Bernardo Boyls, both eminent religious who lived in the time of Columbus. Secondly, it is now certain that the Boyl who went with Columbus on his second voyage was neither a Benedictine nor a Franciscan, but a hermit of the Order of Minims." These facts will be discussed later.——Father Sydney Smith, in *The Gospel of the Non-Miraculous,* scores J. M. Thompson's *Miracles and the New Testament* for his attitude towards the Gospel miracles. Those who believe in miracles do not, as Thompson hints, base their belief on the supposition that miracles "must have taken place, because there are excellent reasons why they should have done so," but on the contrary they look to the historical data, examined in the light of sound criticism for the conclusive proof that the Gospel miracles are historical facts. Father Smith shows the universal extent of Christ's miracles over all creation. The wind and the sea, man and the spirit world, were all

subject to Him. It does follow, as Mr. Thompson claims, that because we know of no natural laws by which men could walk on the water, multiply bread, restore men to life, that therefore these things did not happen. "Real intellectual suicide" does not follow from the admission of a true miracle, but rather from the out and out *a priori* denial of miracle."——R. Herdman Pender contributes a review of *German Catholic Literature.* H. Grierson describes *La Vernas,* where St. Francis of Assisi received the stigmata.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (July): *The Golden Jubilee of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests,* commends the Rule of the Union to those of the secular clergy who have not as yet adopted it. It is written by the same author, the Very Rev. Arthur Canon Ryan, who at the time of the silver jubilee of the Union made a similar exposition of the aims, the obligations, and the blessings attendant upon this union of priests to which the Pope has given such a cordial commendation.——*New Physical Theories and Old Metaphysical Concepts* is a criticism from a philosophical standpoint of the theories connected with the recently-published researches of Sir William Ramsay, Professor Collie, and Mr. Patterson concerning the presence of helium in x-ray and other vacuum tubes, with special relation to the notion of a single substratum and common origin of material substances. The author, Rev. B. J. Swindells, S.J., shows that "even in the light of modern knowledge, the old scholastic doctrines are by no means absurd or ridiculous," as is seen from a comparison of *materia prima* with the modern protyle.——*Pastoral Work in a Great City: Paris, 1913,* is properly called *A Study in Pastoral Theology.* It is a chronicle of the effort of zealous pastors to reach every member of their flock, and to bring to each the message given to the world so long ago by the Master of the Fold. "In every department of pastoral work," writes the author, the Very Rev. Patrick Boyle, "there is activity and progress;" a new spirit has been awakened, and during the past six years success has come in many forms to bless the efforts of those who have given their lives that all may come to a knowledge of the Truth.——*The Episcopal Succession of Killaloe (1326–1525):* An effort is here made by W. H. Grattan Flood to clear up the obscurity and the apparent inconsistencies in the line of succession of Bishops in the diocese of Killaloe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (June 15): In *The Penances of the Saints,* J. Rivière writes that no material affliction as such, unaccompanied by faith and love, has any merit before God. But granted these dispositions, the penances of a sinner may satisfy for his own sins; those of a saint for the sins of others, not indeed as a quantitative and juridical exchange of pain for pardon, but only as a more efficacious prayer. God's wrath is not softened by the sight of their suffering itself, but of the love manifested in and through the suffering. Then, too, all the unapplied merits of the Saints with those of Christ form a spiritual treasury from which the divine mercy distributes grace at will, and on which the Church offically draws when granting indulgences. Nothing in the economy of the supernatural order is lost.——F. Cimetier summarizes a volume by M. Auguste Rivet on the financial resources of Catholic institutions, and the means of safeguarding them before the civil law.——Michael d'Herbigny praises a study by the late Abbé Bousquet on the causes of the Greek Schism, the present condition of the " Orthodox " Church, and the prospects of reunion with Rome.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (May-June): Victor Delbos discusses the positions of Arnauld and of Malebranche on the nature and origin of ideas.——P. de Bernardis summarizes M. Le Roy's résumé of Bergsonism, and shows the relation of " the new philosophy " with moral and religious problems.——The Editors announce complete submission to the recent decree which put the issues of their magazine from 1905-1913 on the *Index,* and they announce a suspension of publication until next October.

Études Franciscaines (July): P. Hugues gives a complete summary and criticism of the Welhausen theory as to the composite character of the Pentateuch, and indicates the purpose and concessions of the decree of the Biblical Commission on this subject, with a glimpse at the recent attitudes of Catholic critics.—— P. Hilaire describes the dangers that beset the Capuchins of Paris during the Commune.

Recent Events.

France.

The Ministry of M. Barthou has proved stronger than was at first expected. Owing to its firmness in resisting the efforts of the Socialists to weaken the proposed measures of defence, the patriotic sentiment of the country has rallied to its support. The opposition to the Three Years' Service Bill has not scrupled to practise obstruction, and has prolonged the debate by speeches many hours in length. M. Jaurès, the most conspicuous opponent of the bill, was expected to take no less than three days in bringing forward his objections to the measure.

The discussion has been the occasion of bringing to light the extent of the anti-militarist propaganda, and the lengths to which it has been willing to go. In a certain degree the working classes are involved, that is, so far as the Confederation of Labor is their representative. This organization has adopted many methods of persuading the men serving their time in the army to desert the ranks, even in the face of the enemy. How large is the number of French citizens who are willing to act in this way cannot of course be exactly ascertained. It is large enough, however, to be a real source of danger. The government has not hesitated to take the most drastic of measures allowed by the law for the purpose of punishing the malefactors, and in the hope of preventing further efforts of the same kind. Existing legislation, however, does not give it the power of dissolving the Confederation.

It would be unjust to accuse the Socialists, who are opposing the army bill, of complicity in the proceedings of the Anti-Militarists. They are doubtless mistaken, but the position they take is at least a matter of argument. They deny the need of any increase in the strength of the army; or if there is any such a necessity, they contend that it can best be met by the proper execution of existing laws, and the better utilization of the reserves. In this way the people would be saved from the additional burden which the proposal will throw upon them. The extent of the German preparations, and the character of the sudden assault on France should Germany decide upon an attack, have, however, brought it home to the mass of the French people that the govern-

ment is right, and it is felt to be certain that the bill will be adopted substantially in the form in which it was proposed.

The government has made an effort to proceed with the Reform of the Electoral System which is considered so necessary. The members of the Chambers are now so completely under the control of their constituents, that they dare not consider the higher interests of the country. The constituencies are small, and the electors are chiefly bent upon the local or even personal advantages which they can derive from the assistance of their representatives in the National Assembly. The principal object of the reform is to free the members from this ignominious situation by making the bodies that elect them larger. The government has, however, so far found it impossible to reconcile the divergent views of the House and Senate. The chief cause of difference is the precise way in which to secure the representation of minorities.

One defeat the government has suffered, but it was speedily retrieved. Some Republican young men wished to place a wreath upon the statue of Joan of Arc; this wreath bore the inscription: "Joan of Arc, betrayed by her king and burned by the priests." The Director of the Paris Municipal Police refused to allow a thing to be done which involved such a perversion of the facts. For this he was placed upon the retired list. On further consideration, however, the Director was reinstated. The Radicals, thereupon, demanded explanations, and that the question should take the form of an interpellation. To this the government would not consent, and on a vote being taken were defeated by 267 votes to 257. The Prime Minister insisted upon an immediate debate. He admitted that the retirement of M. Touny, the Director in question, had been an error. It had now been rectified. When the motion of censure was put to the vote, confidence was expressed in the government by a substantial majority.

The principal event of the past month has been the visit to England of M. Poincaré, the President. The enthusiastic reception which he received has convinced the two countries and the whole world that the Entente Cordiale is still a living force, and the pivot upon which the European situation turns. M. Pichon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, accompanied the President, and had a long conference with Sir Edward Grey. Perfect agreement on all points of international relations has, it is announced, been established. The war in the Balkans has not rendered necessary any change in the grouping of the Powers.

From time to time reports of fighting between French forces and certain of the tribes in Morocco have appeared. There is still a Pretender in the field, and a few tribes are refractory. By far the larger part of the country has acquiesced in the French occupation. In consequence, competent witnesses assure us, the old state of barbarity, corruption, and cruelty has disappeared, and a new era of security and prosperity has been introduced. This work has necessitated many sacrifices, and may necessitate more; but no doubt is now entertained of the success of the work of civilization which France has undertaken. Native assemblies are being formed, schools are multiplying, and a judicial system is being introduced. The army numbers fifty thousand men.

A slight change for the better has taken place in the vital statistics for 1912. The addition to the population is about fifty-eight thousand, whereas it was the other way in 1911—the decrease then having been thirty thousand. Births, however, have only increased by eight thousand five hundred: the increase is really due to the decrease of deaths, which has amounted to no less than eighty-four thousand.

The celebration of the centenary of the birthday of Frédéric Ozanam, may serve as a reminder that there were true sons of the Church who were pioneers in the social movements which are distinctive of our time. In his earliest years he was touched by the misery of the working classes, their unproductive toil, their aimless lives. For their relief and uplifting he was able to form a fraternity which, beginning with seven in 1832, numbers at the present time more than one hundred thousand members.

Germany.

The celebration of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of the Emperor's reign gave rise to many manifestations of the satisfaction of the German people. It is generally felt that he has in a good sense disappointed expectations. From his demeanor and temperament at the beginning of his reign, the fear was great and widespread that he was bent on war; and yet peace has not once been broken. Pope Leo XIII. is reported to have said: "He will come to a bad end; he is an undutiful son;" and yet he has proved himself a faithful husband, and a good father. He is autocratic and domineering; and yet during his reign the German people have passed from a more or less feudal system to a condition where, to a large extent, democracy controls, and com-

mercial and industrial interests predominate; and however repugnant to the Emperor's feeling this may have been, he has never come into conflict with the will of the people. He has, in fact, been one of the first to promote the social reforms which have become in every country characteristic of our times; and yet so little has this been to the satisfaction of the German people, that one in every three is a Social Democrat. The one jarring note, indeed, was the abstention of that part in the Reichstag along with the Poles from being present at the Jubilee celebration. He found Germany at his accession in the possession of the greatest army in the world; he has been the cause of her now being one of the great sea powers. When he began his reign, Germany was, indeed, the most powerful nation on the Continent of Europe; she is now a power, with possessions in every part of the old world.

At one of the chief celebrations an interesting disclosure was made. At the University of Berlin a lecture was given by the Professor of History, Dr. Hintze, of which the position of Germany in the world and the way in which it had been reached was the theme. The professor went on to say that the idea of social justice was the necessary complement of world power, and claimed that it was this idea of social justice that had guided the Emperor throughout his reign. The conclusion of the professor was that the true aim of a State could only be realized by means of democratic institutions under a monarchical government. No one was less inclined than the present Emperor, he said, to govern in a sense contrary to the Constitution. This he showed by the following incident. It was by Frederick William IV. that the Constitution was given to Prussia. He was, however, much opposed to it; but his conscience not being elastic enough to allow him to break the oath which he had taken, he left a sealed document to be opened by his successors, charging them to reverse the Constitution before the oath was taken. This injunction was not listened to, on their accession, by William I. or Frederick, the intervening sovereigns. When it came in due course to the knowledge of the present Emperor, not only had he no thought of complying with it, but he ordered the testament of his ancestor to be destroyed, so that it might be impossible in the future for some young and inexperienced ruler to be influenced by it. He said to Dr. Hintze: "From the moment I saw the document I felt as if I had a barrel of gunpowder in my house, and I had no peace until the testament was destroyed."

The proposals of the government for the increase of the army have been accepted by the Reichstag without any substantial change. The way of raising the money to pay for this increase has met with greater modifications, although in this case, too, no substantial change has been made. Even the mediæval plan of seizing upon a portion of the capital of the subject for the service of the State has been accepted by the Budget Committee, although it was modified by graduating the amount to be taken according to the amount of the property in which the levy is to be made. It is for the non-recurring expense involved in the increase of the army that this levy is taken. For the recurring additional expense the Reichstag agreed upon a method which is called by the Conservatives a breach of the Constitution of the Empire, involving, as it is asserted, the assumption of a right not given by it to the Central authority to tax property directly in the several States. A strange coalition of the Centre and Liberals with the Social Democrats carried this proposal, in which the government acquiesced.

Austria-Hungary.

Another misfortune has befallen the Dual Monarchy. When Austria was holding Italy in subjection, it tried to effect its purpose by a system of spies. Upon the spies, too, there were spies, and upon these yet another set. The same system is still in existence in the Austrian as in other armies. It cannot, however, be continued indefinitely, for there must be a beginning. In this case the one at the top, an officer on the Chief Staff of the Army, has confessed himself to have been guilty of having sold to Russia, on the eve of what looked like a war between the two countries, the plans for the coöperation of the Austro-Hungarian and German armies. For fourteen years this staff officer, it is said, had been in the service of Russia, protecting her spies in Austria, and giving to Russia full information of the proceedings of the Austrian spies. Russia by this means had been placed in possession of every important military document. Nor was it to the Austrian plans alone that his revelations were confined, the close coöperation which has of late existed between Germany and Austria having given him access to the plans for their common military action. The extent of this on the part of the delinquent is not, however, certain. No wonder that there was a feeling of dismay in Austria in the public and the army at the discovery that the

Russian military authorities have been, by the treason of an Austrian officer, placed in a position to parry every blow that Austria and perhaps Germany would have struck had the war recently threatened actually broken out. Never during his whole life, it is stated, has the Emperor manifested so much indignation. If this manifestation of the demoralizing effects of the system of espionage should lead to its abolition, it would, indeed, be an instance of good springing from evil. But this is more than can be hoped for. It may, however, lead to less reliance being placed upon it, and to a search at least for some better way.

In Hungary, too, the moral sense of the country has been shocked, although in a somewhat different manner. In this case it is the Parliament and government that are at fault. The opposition has found no other way of doing its work than by adoption of the most defiant methods of obstruction. To this the government has replied by the use of force. Soldiers and police have been placed in control to such an extent, that finally the opposition withdrew altogether. This in one form or another has been going on for more than a year.

To the great satisfaction of the opposition, a recent trial in a court of law has brought the head of the government, Dr. de Lukacs, to the ground. Its result was to show that he had been guilty of corrupt practices in giving privileges to a bank, the consideration for which was money paid into the funds of the government party. Great rejoicing was felt at the condemnation thereby given of the odious practices which have been characteristic of his government. The rejoicing, however, was mitigated when the chief agent of the violent treatment accorded to the opposition was called upon to form a new government. This was Count Tisza, said to be a rigid Calvinist, who as President of the Chamber, has, up to the present time, made use of the violent measures by which the opposition was suppressed. The result of the change, therefore, is to leave things as they were; for scarcely any alteration has been made in the Cabinet. It will be hard indeed for the Tisza Cabinet to have a worse record than that of the one it has replaced. The Lukacs *régime* has been responsible for the maintenance of the Cuvaj dictatorship in Croatia; for the passing of an iniquitious Suffrage Reform Bill; for many acts of administration oppression; for not only securing the election of its own supporters by bribery and violence, but also for preventing the return by the same means of prominent representatives of

non-Magyar nationality. It has earned for the Magyar State the implacable hatred of both the Rumanians and Serbo-Croatians within the Empire, and has done great harm to the foreign relations of the monarchy.

Italy.

The soul of the Italians has been vexed in a twofold way by the Palace of Justice, which has at last been brought to completion. In the first place the building has proved an eyesore to their sense of beauty, being monstrous and hideous. In the second place, the contractors have reaped enormous profits—as much it is declared as thirty per cent, and this with the connivance of certain members of the Chambers. At least this was the report of a commission appointed to examine into the question. The justice and accuracy of this report were indeed called in question, and have been the subject of long and acrimonious debates in the Chambers. In the end two or three members resigned. It is yet to be seen whether or no further action will be taken.

The Freemasons, to whom for the establishment of the kingdom Italy is so much indebted, must now be feeling how true is the old proverb about the ingratitude of man. Some little time ago the Minister of War, General Spingardi, speaking before the Senate declared that it was not only desirable, but a matter of duty, that no member of the military service should belong to a secret association. This public manifestation of his views was to be taken, he said, as a warning to all who had doubts on the subject. The same views were expressed by the Minister of Marine, Admiral Cattolica. These utterances met with the complete assent of the Senate, being received with loud applause. The Liberal Press, even the organs of the Extreme Left, uttered no word of protest. All secret societies have at last been banned, no single voice being raised in their defence. The Press is warning all officers not to enter the ranks of Freemasonry in particular, and calling upon those who are already members to leave the association at once. The reason for this condemnation is the belief that its members are banded together for the selfish purpose of promoting one another's interest. This belief is so strong that the public in general is not satisfied that the government is acting severely enough against Freemasonry. They fear that its activity is not confined to the army and navy, but that the Civil Services as well are subject to its influences. No regard is now paid by the public voice to the

services admitted to have been rendered in the past. Its day is over. Freemasonry is an obsolete instrument.

The peaceful possession of Tripoli has not yet been secured; news comes of conflicts, generally of Italian successes, in one or two cases of reverses. The good faith of Turkey is being called in question; it is asserted that not a few soldiers of the regular army of Turkey are taking part with the Arabs in contesting the Italian rule. A reason is thus given for Italy's retaining the possession of the Ægean islands which were seized during the war.

Spain.

Affairs in Spain are in more confusion than usual. Within the short space of a fortnight, Count Romanones, the successor of Señor Canalejas, gave in his resignation, and in each case was asked by the King to continue to hold the reins. The cause of the first resignation was the refusal of the leader of the opposition, Señor Maura, to continue the normal functions of his position. In Spain there has long been a well-recognized system of rotation between the two parties. This is not of the sordid corrupt character which has ruined Portugal, but it springs rather from a recognition of the duty of the other side to bear the burden of governing the country. The Liberal government of Count Romanones had by and with the consent of the King entered into relations with the Republican Party. This was considered so great a departure from the old understanding between the Liberals and Conservatives, that the leader of the latter refused further coöperation. The King, however, would not accept the resignation of Count Romanones. The reason for the King's action seems to be the fear of revolution in the event of Señor Maura's return to office. His methods of governing are so detested by large numbers of the Spanish people, that his recall might be the signal for an uprising.

No sooner, however, had Count Romanones resumed the Premiership, than want of confidence was manifested among his own followers. Again he resigned, and a second time was he called upon to return. On his so doing, he adjourned the Cortes, a step which has excited more extended dissatisfaction. What will be the end of it all remains to be seen.

Another war in Morocco seems to be imminent. The Moors for the most part have acquiesced in the rule of the French, but for that of Spain a large number living in the zone now under

its control have manifested implacable hostility. They have risen in large numbers, and the Spanish government has had to send a large force to suppress the movement. Riots have consequently taken place in Barcelona, where the war is most unpopular.

The Balkans.

The state of things in the Balkans is so disgusting that the temptation is strong to ignore the whole matter. No one knows the real position, still less what will be the outcome. The latest report is that the Turks are on the move to recover their lost possessions, and that they have found an ally in Rumania. Bad as things are, this is the worst that could happen; unless perchance it should bring on the European war which has been so far averted.

The way in which was formed what has proved so short-lived a union of the Balkan States and Greece, has at last been revealed. The initiative came from the statesman who averted in 1909 a revolution in Greece—M. Venezelos. A previous attempt to bring about some kind of coöperation had been made in 1891 by another Greek statesman, M. Tricoupis, without success, however. The atrocities committed by the Young Turks in Macedonia led M. Venezelos in April, 1911, to propose to M. Gueshoff, then head of the Bulgarian government, that Greece and Bulgaria should coöperate to put pressure on Turkey in defence of the Christians who were being exterminated in Macedonia. There was no thought of making war against Turkey, nor at the moment of any other alliance. The negotiations were conducted so secretly that only two persons in Greece—the King and M. Venezelos—knew what was being done; the diplomatic world knew nothing. Equal secrecy was maintained in Bulgaria. The negotiations were protracted so long that it was not until May, 1912, that a treaty was signed. In fact Servia and Bulgaria were able to come to an agreement before that between Greece and Bulgaria was definitely made.

The treaty, as has been said, was not made with a view to the making of war against Turkey. On the contrary, the peace of the Balkan Peninsula was its declared object, and war was to come only in self-defence. Nothing was to be done to provoke hostilities; in fact the maintenance of good relations with the Ottoman Empire was one of its express objects. The chief end of the treaty was to bind the two States to exert their moral influence over the kindred populations in Turkey, to induce them to contribute sincerely to the peaceful co-existence of the elements con-

stituting the population of the Empire. Force was only to be resorted to in case of the unprovoked aggression of Turkey.

The negotiations between Bulgaria and Servia were begun later, but came to a conclusion earlier, than those between Greece and Bulgaria. A treaty between the two first-named Powers was made on the 13th of March, 1912. This is the treaty the provisions of which have formed one of the chief causes of the existing quarrel. It followed the same lines as that between Greece and Bulgaria. The alliance was to be of a purely defensive character, all aggressive action against Turkey was to be abstained from; but the two governments were to help each other in protecting their fellow countrymen in the Ottoman Empire in the enjoyment of their rights. This treaty, however, went further than that between Greece and Bulgaria, for it made definite arrangements for the partition of Macedonia between Servia and Bulgaria in the event of a successful war with Turkey. It is these proposals that have led to the unhappy conflict that is now going on. The last link of the chain which bound the Balkan States together was the adhesion of the King of Montenegro. In this case no definite treaty seems to have been signed, such as those between Bulgaria and Greece, and Bulgaria and Servia—there was only a mutual *entente,* at least at first. In September, 1912, however, just before the war broke out, an alliance was formed with Servia. Although the last to join, the King of Montenegro was the first to enter upon hostilities and the last to bring them to a close—if they have been brought to a close. It seemed, too, as if he had gained the least advantage from the war, but it is too early to say, things being as they are at present.

It will be seen that there has never been formed that formal Confederation of the Balkan States of which so much has been heard, nor was a deliberate purpose cherished of making war, still less of driving Turkey out of Europe. The war was forced upon the Allies, and the unlooked-for weakness of Turkey was one of the chief factors in their success. This success intoxicated them, and revived in each of the nationalities that perennial animosity towards one another which it has been Turkey's policy to cherish for the past five hundred years, and which of late has been the only condition of the existence of its domination. These animosities have proved too strong to be conquered by a few months coöperation, and when it became necessary to divide the territory, not one of the States was ready to make the required sacrifices.

For sacrifices were necessary on the part of each State, if any partition was to be reached, the various nationalities being mingled one with another in all parts, and to no one State could possibly be given merely its own nationals.

The evil spirit of the whole trouble has been Austria. It was her action that forced Europe for the sake of peace to form the new State of Albania. The formation of this State deprived Servia of a part of her conquests, and shut her off from any part of her own on the Adriatic. She sought, in consequence, a compensation from Bulgaria and a modification of the Treaty of March, 1812. To this Bulgaria would not listen, and held Servia to the strict letter of that contract. This cut Servia off from the Ægean as well as from the Adriatic. She was left as much isolated as at the beginning of the war. To this she would not consent, was unwilling, as it was put, to stand in the relation to Bulgaria that Bavaria stands to Prussia. Russia tried to intervene, but no terms at first could be found as a basis for arbitration—Bulgaria insisting on the treaty being taken as its basis, while Servia insisted on its being set aside altogether. Just before the hostilities broke out between the two States, it was stated that the difficulties had been removed, and that Russian arbitration had been accepted by the two States. The clash of arms, however, has set all this on one side.

It is hard to decide which of the States is responsible for the conflict which is now raging. All are more or less guilty, but it seems as if Bulgaria is the one chiefly to be blamed. She has insisted upon strict adherence to the letter of a treaty made in quite different circumstances, has been aggressive and overbearing, claiming the right to settle with each of the Allies separately what each shall receive, instead of by a mutual agreement made in a conference. By so doing she has incurred the enmity of the rest of the Allies, and now Rumania has taken advantage of Bulgaria to secure further "compensation" than that which she has already received. If Bulgaria has acted in so proud a way, some little consolation may be found in a doleful situation, in the fact that she has been defeated by both Servia and Greece, and has had to appeal to Russia for protection.

Turkey.

The assassination of the Grand Vizier Mahmud Shevket Pasha has been followed by the arrest of a large number of persons, and the banishment of a still larger number. Of those arrested,

twelve have been hanged in the presence of a large crowd. Their trial was not conducted in a way to inspire confidence in its fairness. The prisoners were not permitted to call witnesses in their defence, nor were they allowed the services of an advocate. All the proceedings took place behind closed doors. Newspapers were allowed to circulate reports clearly designed to prejudice the case in the eyes of the public. In fact, political animosity, and not the love of justice, was clearly manifested. There are those who fear that these proceedings are a prelude to a period of revolutionary violence and bloodshed. The reason for the assassination is not certainly known; there is ground to think, however, that it was an act of revenge on the part of army officers for the assassination of the Commander-in-Chief, Nazin Pasha. The new Premier is a member of the Committee of Union and Progress, and therefore no change has taken place in the character of the administration.

What Turkey's future will be no one can guess. The Powers profess the strong desire, based on their selfish interests, that its power in Asia may be maintained in strength and vigor. But it seems likely that the Near Eastern question which has so long been a source of anxiety, will be changed into one only a little farther East. Whether or no there is any truth in the statement that Turkey is taking advantage of the struggle between the Balkan States to regain her lost possessions in Europe, cannot, at the time that these lines are being written, be ascertained.

With Our Readers.

FREEMASONRY is anti-patriotic. It seeks its own advancement, and the welfare of its members, first; and to both it subordinates the welfare of the nation. The anti-patriotic spirit of Masonry is now arousing the spirit of the Italian people, and the Italian press, even where there is no clerical sympathy whatever. The absolute incompatability of Masonry and military discipline has been shown lately by such journals as the *Tribuna* and *Il Corriere della Sera*. The defence and security of the country, they realize, rest upon the discipline and fidelity of the army. Both are being undermined by the secret workings of the Masonic society. As stated in the Recent Events of this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the present Italian Minister of War, in a speech delivered on May 13th, laid stress upon the impossibility of any army officer, who is a member of a secret society, being faithful to his duty; he hoped that his words would stand as a warning; and he declared that measures would be taken against all officers who place their obligations as Masons before their duty as soldiers. In spite of his public declaration, the good faith of the Minister may be questioned, for his own attitude towards the Masons, such is their power, has been a favorable one. But public opinion is against the Masons—and so publicly the government Ministers must always wear an innocent face. Masonry in Italy uses the government, the army, and the navy; the schools, public institutions, and works of all kind to advance its own cause and its own influence. It constantly and secretly propagates the notion, that the influence of Masonry is an easy and sure way to secure promotion. In payment for such promotion, fidelity to Masonic plans and aims; securing contracts for fellow Masons; recommending in turn fellow Masons for promotion; political support and propaganda to have Masons appointed to high office, until the body political and social is honeycombed by this secret selfish influence of a secret, unpatriotic society of self-seekers. The infiltration of Masonry in the army in Italy constitutes a great national danger. Freemasonry, because of its secrecy and its selfishness, is unpatriotic. And for the irreligious and unpatriotic propaganda carried on in France by the Freemasons, we would refer our readers to a pamphlet lately published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, entitled *Freemasonry and the Church of France,* by Sir Henry Bellingham.

SPAIN is often spoken of by those who do not know as a country very backward in all that concerns modern physical comfort and material well-being. Clement K. Shorter writes in the London *Sphere* a letter that will be a great surprise to many:

* * * *

LET no one be deterred from traveling in Spain by fears that are constantly held over one of the indifferent railway accommodation or of the deficiency in hotels. The traveler who desires it may lunch and dine and sleep with all the luxury that he can obtain in London at the Ritz, the Carlton, or the Savoy. There is one hotel in Madrid, for example—the Palace Hotel—which has six hundred bedrooms, each of them with a bathroom, and it is no exaggeration to say that it covers an area equal to any two of the largest hotels in London. Then there is a beautiful hotel at Granada, the Alhambra Palace, in which I recall a perfect view over the town from its every window. Yet another hotel at Ronda has a magnificent view down unforgettable precipices, and still another at Algeciras has a garden always in flower, always in perfect foliage—and a superb view of Gibraltar in the near distance from every window.

* * * *

QUITE apart from these magnificent caravansaries, the visitor who desires a more homely Spain will now find in every town hotels of a secondary character, in which he will enjoy the novelties of Spanish life and Spanish cooking. This is a sordid aspect of the subject, and equally material is any reference to railways. Even here, however, something should be said, and the would-be traveler requires to be reminded that the International Car Company runs its sleeping cars and its restaurant cars to every important city in Spain, while to those who wish to take a daylight journey the very slowness of the train has its own charm. What matter that the guard and the stationmaster will hold long conversations with one another with a splendid indifference to time tables? The traveler from his carriage window may enjoy many picturesque experiences. Children will sell him oranges which have a quite different flavor to the palate than the same fruit when transported to another country, and there are many little things to pass the time, particularly in gay-hearted Andalusia.

* * * *

LET us hear no more of the old story, of which the writings of Washington Irving are largely responsible, of Spain as a place where the hotel and traveling accommodation is bad. In one respect, indeed, it will hold its own with any country to-day—in its extraordinary cleanliness. We note that particularly in the children with

their chubby arms and legs. Murillo children are around you at every turn, and beautiful children they are. Many of them might have stepped gaily out of that great painter's canvases. I will not weary my reader by going over familiar ground and tell of my visit to Burgos, with its splendid cathedral; to Madrid with its wonderful Velasquez pictures; to Seville, the city of beautiful women, always hatless, but with the rose in the hair and the fan in the hand, with which a thousand artists have familiarized us; to Seville with its Passeo de las Delicias so splendidly reminiscent of the joy of living.

* * * *

WHAT could be said of Granada to-day that would possess any novelty—that city of the famous Moorish palace and of the equally interesting Moorish towers? What of Ronda, or Toledo, or Cordova—all of them full of pleasant memories? How beautiful, indeed, are the cathedrals of Spain; but assuredly the most wonderful of all is that of Cordova, once a Moorish mosque. Its hundreds of graceful columns remain in one's mind for ever—even after a single visit.

DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, who has just been appointed Poet Laureate of England, is, as our readers will remember, the editor of the poems of Digby Dolben. A critical article on Dr. Bridges' editing and Dolben's poems was contributed by Louise Imogen Guiney to the September, 1912, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

MANY questions of great importance were discussed by the experienced members of the Catholic Educational Convention, held during the first week of July in New Orleans. The questions that received most attention were that of free parochial schools, and free textbooks; vocational training; and the need of a greater number of male teachers in our Catholic schools. It was generally agreed that in the earlier years of childhood female teachers were the better fitted, but that after the eighth grade male teachers should be employed. The danger of effeminization was emphasized.

Among the resolutions passed by the Convention are the following:

As Catholic educators we pledge ourselves to renewed efforts, under the direction of ecclesiastical authority to the service of Church and country in the grand cause of Christian education. We regard this work of religious education as one on which the future welfare of our nation depends.

We call attention to the great waste of public funds, and the evil of the constantly increasing burden of taxation. This extravagance has resulted largely from a tendency on the part of the State to do for children what should be done for them by parents, and to do for the citizen what he should do for

himself. Let the State urge and encourage the citizen to care for his children, but let it not place unjust burdens on those who, at great sacrifice, are discharging this primal duty of parenthood. Let the State cherish the idea of parental responsibility as one of the foundation stones of American freedom.

As there seems to be a general agreement among educators that pupils entering the secondary schools from the eighth grade are too far advanced in age, and that secondary education should begin at or about the age of twelve, we may be able to begin their high school course after the completion of six years of elementary work.

Whereas, Liberty of education has always been recognized in our country as a basic principle; and

Whereas, The right of the parents to educate is one of those fundamental rights which can not without injustice be interfered with; and

Whereas, The continued recognition of this right is essential to the preservation of a most cherished prerogative of American citizenship; be it

Resolved, That the Catholic Educational Association objects to any encroachment on this right to liberty of education; be it further

Resolved, That the Catholic Educational Association views with alarm the activities of certain individuals and corporations whose utterances and efforts threaten to interfere with the just liberties of private educational institutions.

Whereas, The Council of Education of the American Medical Association has elicited the aid of the Carnegie Foundation in the examination and classification of hospitals; and

Whereas, Said Carnegie Foundation has shown a spirit antagonistic to institutions under religious control; and

Whereas, There are more than five hundred hospitals in the United States under the direction and control of Catholics; be it

Resolved, That we hereby protest to the American Medical Association against the action of the Medical Council; and be it

Resolved, That we request the American Medical Association to instruct its Medical Council to discontinue the services of the Carnegie Foundation.

Whereas, All education should be so directed as to preserve moral purity, and the communication of knowledge relating thereto should be adapted to the age and growth of the child; and

Whereas, The communication of this necessary knowledge pertains of right to the parents and the divinely-constituted guides of the children; be it

Resolved, That we protest against and condemn as subversive of true morality, the imparting of sexual knowledge to children as at present carried on in many private and public schools in the country.

Whereas, Five thousand and more Catholic deaf and mute children, deprived of opportunity for receiving religious instruction, are losing their faith under non-Catholic influences, be it again

Resolved, That every effort be made to give these handicapped children the same educational advantages accorded to the normal children of our Catholic parish schools.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Apostle of Ceylon—Father Joseph Vaz. Translated from the French by Ambrose Cator. 60 cents net. *Blessed Sacrament Book.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. $1.50. *Meditations on the Sacred Heart.* By Rev. J. McDonnell, S.J. 90 cents net.

FREDERICK PUSTET & Co., New York:

The Life of Martin Luther. By Rt. Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D. 25 cents. *The Mother of Jesus in Holy Scripture.* By Rt. Rev. Dr. Aloys Schaefer. Translated from the German by Very Rev. F. Brossart, V.G. $2.00 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Collected Poems. By Alice Meynell. $1.50 net. *Collected Works of Francis Thompson.* Vols. I. and II., Poems. $3.50 net. Vol. III., Prose. $2.00 net.

ROBERT APPLETON Co., New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia Pamphlet.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

St. Teresa; or the Garden of the Soul. Text by Adele Bauvé. Music by Léon Farge. 20 cents.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Newman's Apologia Pro Vita Sua. Preceded by Newman's and Kingsley's Pamphlets. With an Introduction by Wilfrid Ward. 50 cents net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

Crime and Its Repression. By Gustav Aschaffenburg. Translated by A. Albrecht. $4.00 net.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1912. Vols. I. and II.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass. Compiled by Rev. George Stebbing, C.SS.R. 75 cents. *A Little History of the Love of the Holy Eucharist.* By Freda Mary Groves. $1.10 net. *The Tears of the Royal Prophet, Poet of God.* 60 cents net. *Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ.* Auctore Christiano Pesch, S.J. Tomus II. $1.60 net.

INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS, Kansas City, Mo.:

Between Eras from Capitalism to Democracy. By Albion W. Small. $1.65.

JOHN C. STALLCUP, Tacoma, Wash.:

A Refutation of the Darwinian Conception of the Origin of Mankind. By John C. Stallcup.

CATHOLIC BOOK AND SUPPLY Co., Portland, Oregon:

The Oregon Catholic Hymnal. 80 cents.

ST. ANTHONY'S COLLEGE, Santa Barbara, Cal.:

My Lady Poverty. A Drama in Five Acts. By Francis De Sales Gliebe, O.F.M. 35 cents.

P. S. KING & SON, London:

Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act. By Rev. Thomas Wright. 6 *d.* net. *First Notions on Social Service.* By Mrs. Philip Gibbs. 6 *d.* net. *A Primer of Social Science.* By Rt. Rev. Mgr. H. Parkinson, D.D., Ph.D. 2 *s.*

AMPLEFORTH ABBEY, Malton, Yorkshire, England:

The Spirit of Our Lady's Litany. By Abbot Smith, O.S.B. 1 *s.*

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLISHING Co., Amsterdam, Holland:

The German Centre Party. By M. Erzberger. 50 cents.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Culture and Belief. By Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. Pamphlet. One penny. *Adventures in Papua with the Catholic Mission.* By Beatrice Grimshaw. Pamphlet. One penny.

LIBRAIRIE ARMAND COLIN, Paris:

Mon Filleul au "Jardin D'Enfants." Par Felix Klein. 3 *frs.* 50.

EUGENE FIGUIERE ET CIE, Paris:

Les Blasés. Par Marcel Rogniat. 3 *frs.* 50.

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SHAKESPEARE: RECENT DISCOVERIES AND A REVIEW.

BY APPLETON MORGAN.

IT is to-day quite a quarter of a century since I first, and with considerable diffidence, offered to THE CATHOLIC WORLD a paper touching Shakespeare matters. I offered my work to THE CATHOLIC WORLD because I felt myself dilated over a discovery I thought I had made. It turned out that I actually had, originally with myself, made a real discovery. But, as will appear, others had made it before me, and I ought to have been ashamed of myself for not having read the lay-works in which that discovery was not only announced but elaborated!

Even at that date I had been, for almost as long a period of time as has elapsed since, a student of the Shakespeare environment and genesis, and had become dissatisfied with the standard biographies of the dramatist. (With the philological and textual-critical problems I had never been much, except incidentally, occupied.) All at once, in the midst of my attempts to reconcile facts with traditions, it flashed upon me that everything was reconciled with everything, and relatively explained, by supposing William Shakespeare, like his father and his father's fathers, to have been of the Old Faith!

This discovery, or acknowledgment, that the dramatist was a Catholic—true son of the Old Faith—however, had been announced, none too cheerfully, in that remarkable jumble of monody, solilo-

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quy, spasm, and incoherence which Carlyle calls a *History of the French Revolution.* But as I had never (as I suppose I should have done) acquired a taste for Carlyle, who, whatever he wrote, was always subjectively upon the stage himself, I had never happened upon it! That statement, or (as it was in his mouth) "Confession," is in Chapter II. of Book First of *The French Revolution.* Here it is: "Nay thus too—if Catholicism with and against Feudalism (but not against Nature and her bounty) gave us English a Shakespeare, and era of Shakespeare; and so produced a blossom of Catholicism—it was not until Catholicism itself, so far as law could abolish it, had been abolished here!" It is not always easy to imagine what Carlyle meant in his interjected matter. As he was supposed to be writing about things in France (though the name of France is hard to find in the opening chapters of his *French Revolution),* the "here" is ambiguous. But the term "us English" sufficiently confesses that it was the English Shakespeare which Catholicism produced.

Here, then, I might have found it! But I shall never forget the moment when it came upon me, with the impact of conviction, that every inconsistency of the biographies, and all the problems of circumstantial evidence, were explained, satisfied and laid at rest by just knowing that the English dramatist, like Cervantes and Dante (the greatest triumvirate of life and letters that the world has ever known or ever can know), was a son of the Catholic Church.

No longer is it a difficulty where Shakespeare derived that absolute command of his own past, that fullness in minute and current matters of past cycles—immaterialities that had earned only the slightest entry of record in records that had themselves perished, but of which in his alembic he could make just one apposition—and then himself forget! As in the list of his *Hapax Legomena,* he used once and then forever discarded a larger number of words than John Milton possessed in his entire vocabulary, so in the materials of his plays he absolutely foreclosed the material he worked in! Where did he get it? Where, indeed, but from the storehouses where alone was preserved the lore and the literature that otherwise would have been utterly lost to mankind—perished from the face of the planet—from the religious establishments, the monasteries and the convents, in which alone letters and learning had been cherished and its muniments preserved, during the Dark Ages, by the Catholic Church?

I.

When, under Henry the Eighth, these religious establishments were despoiled, stripped and razed by his royal escheaters (a title even then, for obvious reasons, abbreviated to "cheaters"), where could the dispersed scholars have recourse for food and shelter but to good Catholics like Shakespeare? And Shakespeare could not only have given them food and shelter, but employment too!

How simple the whole explanation is! No need of any Baconian theory now!

Was it strange that, when I found no escape from the truth that the literature that had been my adored study for almost a quarter of a century was Catholic—in that it was born of a Catholic pen and a Catholic Church inspiration—I sought the hospitality of a Catholic magazine for whatever I could add, or imagine that I could add, to the hermeneutics of Catholic Shakespeareana?*

Perhaps I may be suffered to note here just a few of the instances in these investigations, where the fact that William Shakespeare was a son of the Old Faith at once clears the air, and explains an item or a circumstance where we had been blindly guessing or conjuring up possibilities, or meandering away afield after all sorts of whimsical and bizarre theories to account for them ever since Shakespeare was studied at all!

King Henry had divorced himself from his pious and stately consort Katherine, not by axe and block (as he began to do later as his conscience required), but through form of what he called the "law!" The comment of the kingdom was not awry, however, as Shakespeare himself records in one deft Shakespearean touch:

> *Chamberlain:*—It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience.
> *Suffolk:*— No, his conscience
> Has crept too near another lady!

Henry the Eighth is the only one of the historical plays which was not published during Shakespeare's lifetime. Why?

A careless, even the most perfunctory, reading of that play shows us that the gravamen of the whole play is to ennoble and

*That the hospitality of THE CATHOLIC WORLD was ample, I may gratefully note the following references from its index: Vols. xl., 379; xlii., 212; xliv., 29; xlv., 348; l., 65, 723; lii., 849; lvii., 777; lxii., 449; lxix., 285.

eulogize the character of Queen Katherine. But Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Queen Katherine's rival and supplanter, Anne Bullen. To be sure, Shakespeare did not handle Queen Elizabeth's mother very roughly. He was too full of the milk of human kindness to deal very harshly with anybody. (Not Macbeth, or Richard, or even Iago, will Shakespeare dismiss without the best he can say of him. Even to Iago he gives a last touch of sympathy, and he always lets his villains go unpunished somehow!) And so in this play Anne is merely flippant. She lets Lord Sands kiss her. But kissing was the usual salutation between titled persons (Desdemona, according to the first folio, gave Othello for his pains "a world of kisses" instead of "a world of sighs"* as modern editions have it. And when Romeo at Capulet's masked ball offers to kiss poor little Juliet on a first meeting, she does not demur, although, in pretty allusion to Romeo's monk's robe and cowl, she says "Hand to hand is holy palmer's kiss"). And I cannot see why Anne, who has already begun to catch the King's drift, should not have naïvely protested that she would not for all the wealth in the world be a Queen, or why she should not have said to the old waiting-lady:

Anne:—Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her [Queen Katherine].
Old Lady:—What do you think me?

These are straws only, and very negligible straws too!

But, however lightly poor Anne Bullen is drawn, it is plain that the play was *lèse-majesté* in Queen Elizabeth's thinking! Her policy was in nothing more strenuous than to wean the public thought from her own bastardy by the Common as well as the Ecclesiastic Law. Indeed, even in the rush of her own coronation she did not forget it, and actually her first royal decree was to the effect that no play, broadside, or publication of any sort "in which matters of State or of religion should be handled or treated,"† should be permitted throughout the realm. So of course this play could neither be presented on a stage nor printed in broadside (what we now call the "quartos") during Elizabeth's reign. And so we note *aliunde* that Shakespeare uttered no word of eulogy or

*This reading, "kisses" instead of "sighs," is retained in all of the three succeeding quartos, 1632, 1664, and 1685.

†Proclamation of April 7, 1559. Repeated in Decree of May 16, 1559. Printed in extenso, vol. i., Bankside Shakespeare (The New York Shakespeare Society, 1888), page 6.

lament, or even expressed the least regret at Elizabeth's demise. (The theory so congenial to most of my colleagues that the passage in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* beginning "I saw a mermaid on a dolphin's back," etc., is eulogy of Elizabeth, may be correct. But it is only theory. And even if correct, it was only a sop to the Lord of Kenilworth.)

But as we now have it, the play is a dramatic solecism—a perfect Janus-Bifrons among plays! The first four acts are an exaltation of Queen Katherine—of her noble bearing, her courtly courtesy even to her enemies who are seeking to depose and divorce her. It is in every line testimony to the affection of the English people for her saintly character and her charities. Nay, it is even testimony to the admiration and respect for her cherished by the bloated King himself! No effect to beatify her is wanting. She is depicted as forgiving Cardinal Wolsey, in that he had aught to reluctantly do with her fate. For Cardinal Wolsey who would "have no Bullens"—is given the sympathy of the spectators and grandly eulogized, every honor paid him in his fall and every dignity in him satisfied, in those first four acts. More *lèse-majesté* from an Elizabethan standpoint.

But, *mirabile dictu!* In the fifth act, as printed in 1623, all this is changed! Anne Bullen's child is now the subject of eulogy —the child of the illegal (from every English standpoint) consort who has taken the queenly Katherine's place. We have the public rejoicing at the christening ceremonies, the pageants, the cheering crowds and, to crown all, the inconsistency, a glowing description of the "glories" of Queen Elizabeth's reign. (A reign, by the way, not yet a *fait accompli.* From any standpoint, not until the end of it, could it have been known to have been "glorious!" We might be reminded, indeed, of that genius who wrote a novel placing his scene in the year A. D. 800, and who makes one of his characters say, "We men of the Middle Ages.") But, knowing that Shakespeare was of the Old Faith, of a party that cherished the memory of Catholic Queen Katherine, and looked upon Elizabeth as a usurper, as was her mother, how clearly this difficulty is accounted for?

In order to make the play of *Henry the Eighth* publishable, Shakespeare's own fifth act is removed, and an entirely new one, eulogizing Elizabeth, is substituted. The *lèse-majesté* is removed, and the play is taken from beneath the ban of the stage censor!

Shakespeare's fifth act (the existence of which we predicate

upon the custom which he always follows of writing his plays in the canonical five-act scheme) was of course uniform in trend with the other four. This sufficiently appears from the Prologue:

> I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
> That wear a weighty and a serious brow, etc.

That Prologue would never have served to usher in such a pæan upon Elizabeth's birth as the present fifth act is, as it stands to-day!

That our external evidence agrees for once with the unanimous concurrence of every dramatic and textual critic, is surely a gratification! But every dramatic critic, at whatever consequence, admits that the present fifth act of the *Henry the Eighth* is a dramatic anti-climax! And that its style and phrasing is not that of the author of the first four acts, every textual critic admits! Such a concordance, I think, justifies us in the assertion that the stage censor went to work at the play with his hatchet; and that, when he had finished his work, the play was effectually purged of its Elizabethan *lèse-majesté* by the Lopé de Vega method of sacrificing consistency to practical purposes!

But I find it urged that Shakespeare, being the *alter ego* of Lord Southampton, could write as he pleased. I doubt if this can be very seriously urged. Not Southampton himself, any more than Essex or Raleigh, was permitted to relax himself in homage to Elizabeth's whims. The first use that the Tudors made of their great men was to cut the great men's heads off. And Elizabeth was every inch a Tudor. I don't myself believe in that Southampton story, as I have so often set forth. There is no trace of it in the Southampton family records or anywhere else. (Unless a couple of dedications are evidence in a day when publishers dedicated anything to anybody for commercial purposes. We have George Wither's exact testimony as to *that* publisher's custom!)

But, brushing my own theories aside, now comes Dr. Wallace with records proving that William Shakespeare actually lodged in Mugwell Street with a refugee Frenchman, who made wigs for a living in an obscure street, and eked out his livelihood by taking lodgers. Those who can conceive of Southampton in his palaces and Shakespeare in his lodgings at the wig-maker's, as Damon and Pythias and *alter egos,* are, I admit, impervious to arguments—mine or anybody else's. I think myself that Shakespeare's *Henry the Eighth* was not the play *All is True,* which was on the boards of the Globe Theatre when that edifice was destroyed by fire; at

the total loss, according to Sir Henry Wotton, "of a bit of straw and a few forsaken cloakes." (But that is a long question which I will not enter upon here.) The general explanation of the non-appearance of the *Henry the Eighth* among the quartos is, I believe, that the play was not Shakespeare's but Fletcher's, or Shakespeare's and Fletcher's, and this is proved by the neo-Shakespeareans, by counting the lines, classifying them as stopped-ending, unstopped-ending, etc., lines. This mathematics of prosody, I am aware, convinces many clever commentators. I have never taken it very seriously myself. But the fact remains, however, proved!

In all his dramatic career, Shakespeare never but in this single instance seems to have written a play "with a purpose." I do not mean without a trend. Doubtless the trend of Othello is to teach the reader to beware of jealousy, of Timon to teach the heartlessness of sycophants, and so on. Though whether Shakespeare ever felt, over and above his dramatic instincts, a compulsion to preach platitudes about anything to his fellowmen, I have my doubts. However there is no possible matter of doubt as to the purpose of the play of *Henry the Eighth.* There is a long story as to the part played by the drama of *Richard the Second,* and its performance procured by the Essex conspirators, which Elizabeth herself snuffed treason in, saying to Hayward, "Know ye not that I am Richard?" That episode is well enough recorded history. But in that case the play was not claimed to have been written for any treasonable purpose. It was only its presentation, at that particular time, of which Elizabeth complained.*

II.

To be sure there are at least an hundred labored volumes consorted to prove Shakespeare a Protestant and a Puritan, by means of passages, phrases or whole sentences, torn from their contexts throughout the plays. The very last of these volumes that has reached my notice is one by a Rev. Dr. Carter, which not only "proves" all it sets out to prove, but identifies the exact English translation of the Bible that Shakespeare used (the so-called "Bishop's Bible"). All these volumes are of course disposed of by such a timid suggestion as that, perhaps, even a Shake-

*The student of this play may be, I think, pardoned a little impatience, when he discovers not only this second playwright who eulogizes Elizabeth in the fifth act; but a *third* writer who, towards the end of this fifth act, runs in a bunch of lines apotheosizing King James, son of Queen Mary, whom Elizabeth murdered. ("So shall she leave her blessedness to one."—*Seq.,* V. V., 42.)

speare was a dramatist! That even a Shakespeare would put into the mouth of a character what that character would be expected to say; certainly not what he would *not* be expected to say! Even the Rev. Dr. Carter would not argue that Shakespeare was a liar, a scoundrel, and a murderer because he made Iago talk like a liar, a scoundrel, and a murderer! No candid Protestant critic, whatever his zeal for *tour de force,* can read the old and the later *King John,* and note the elisions made by Shakespeare (albeit he knew that the passages libelous of the Catholic Church were the very passages that would most appeal to his unspeakable audiences, the groundlings), and doubt what Shakespeare's religious attachments were! We have, I am beginning to think, almost enough of this sort of sign-post criticism, and about enough Dr. Carters!

And again: There is that item which always intrudes itself just about here, viz., the famous entry in the Stratford Town records that John Shakespeare "cometh not to Church for fear of process for debt!"* I have already stated in these pages that that entry was an evident subterfuge, since process for debt could not be served upon a Sunday; that according to the law of England

*Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will care to see this famous entry *verb. lit. et punct.* which is not dated, but was made, as the following entries show, a few days prior to September 1, 1592. In examining it one cannot escape the conviction that Queen Elizabeth's Acts of Contumacy were exceedingly unpopular in Stratford-on-Avon, and that the Burgesses sought every possible pretext to escape mulcting their neighbors for non-attendance on Protestant worship: every one mentioned on the two lists (except Widow Wheeler, who "is conformed") being found exonerated, as far as the Burgesses could exonerate them, from the statutory fine. It is interesting also to note that Shakespeare uses two of the names on the first list, Fluelen and Bardolfe, in his plays of *Henry V. and Henry IV.:*

Th names of suche recusantes as have been heretofore presented for not coming monthelie to th Churche according to Hir Maiesties laws, and yet are thowte to forbeare th churche for debte and for feare of processe or for some other worse faultes or for age sycknesse or impotencye of bodie

Mr John Wheeler John Wheeler his son Mr John Shackspeare Mr John Nicholas Barneshurste Thomas James alias Giles William Bainton Richard Harrington William Fluellen George Bardolfe	It is sayde that these last nine coom not to churche for feare of processe for debte
Mris Geffrewys. wid. Mris Barber Julian Coorte Griffin ap Roberts John Welshe Mris Wheeler	Weare all here presented for recusantes, and do all so continue saving Mris Wheeler who is conformed, and Griffin ap Roberts now deade. But the presenters saye that all or moste coom not to churche for age or other infirmities

(which is our Common law to-day in the United States too) Sunday was the *only* day when a debtor could safely stray beyond the portal of his house, which is his castle, *without* being served with process for debt. (I don't want to be considered too invariable an inconoclast, and doubter of tales merely because they are accepted! But I might not be able to resist the temptation to ask what debts John Shakespeare owed that kept him away from church if he had wanted to go? We have the Stratford town records. Who has found in them any entries concerning John Shakespeare's debts?

But let us settle this question of John Shakespeare's debts, as well as the question of John Shakespeare's religion, finally and once for all! If John Shakespeare had been in debt, it would have availed him nothing at all to stay away from church on Sundays. His creditors could have procured a writ of *elegit* whether he attended services at Trinity or not! An *elegit* was a writ issued to the sheriff commanding him to make deliverance of a moiety of the debtor's lands and goods (beasts of the plough only excepted). The sheriff on possessing himself of the debtor's lands and personality, issued an *inquest* to ascertain the value thereof. This realty and personal property is then delivered by the sheriff to the creditors, to be retained by them until the debt and costs are satisfied: the debtor meanwhile being a "tenant by *elegit*" of his own lands and goods. This process is as old as England, and in some of the United States is still resorted to. If John Shakespeare had ever been a "tenant by *elegit*" Stratford records or court appeals could not have failed to exhibit the fact. Malone or Halliwell-Phillipps would have unearthed the record. Even poor John Jourdan (who resurrected so many rumors and traditions that led to so many discoveries of fact) would have hit upon it somehow.

I am afraid that we will have to admit that this famous entry in the Aldermen's minutes was made not to excuse John Shakespeare, but to excuse themselves for not enforcing (as Elizabeth's statutes made it their duty to do) John Shakespeare's fines for his stout contumacy in refusing to attend the Protestant services at the newly-converted Trinity Church.

And how do we know that John Shakespeare fell into dire poverty? Why, it is proved—as so many things passing strange are proved concerning Shakespeare matters—by an effort of pure reason. *Videlicet:*

John Shakespeare must have been very poor, or he would not have removed his son William from the Stratford Grammar School at so early an age.

Question: How do we know that John Shakespeare ever placed his son William at that Stratford Grammar School at all?

Answer: Why, if he had not placed him there, how could he have taken him away?

But perhaps this is unfair. We argue mostly about Shakespeare in a circle to be sure. But really not quite so palpable a circle as that! It is bad enough as it is, without making it worse. Let us say, rather, that we prove that young William Shakespeare was a student at the Stratford Grammar School because his father was an Alderman, and that it is likely, and probable even, that a son of a Stratford Alderman should be sent to the Stratford Grammar School! Of course, once a scholar there (which is proved beyond the possibility of error by the fact that his father was an Alderman, etc.), young Shakespeare would have been removed from said Grammar School on his father becoming poor. (It is not necessary to prove such a self-evident proposition as that. Were it necessary we would start our circle in this wise:)

Stratford Grammar School was erected upon the ruins of the old Guild of the Holy Cross, which went with the rest, of course, when Henry the Eighth "conveyed" all church property to his own use by force of arms. The Earl of Warwick, however, had moved King Edward the Sixth to restore it as a Grammar School for the poor of Stratford-on-Avon, and he himself (Earl Warwick aforesaid) had become its Visitor and Patron. There were no fees at all. It was—as had been the Guild School which the Catholic Church had maintained—for the poor children of the vicinage. Except that, whereas, the Guild had fed as well as taught these poor children, King Edward's foundation only administered the Grammar School function of what was supposed to be purely intellectual pabulum.

And, being for the poor children—! But, alas here our circle comes to grief! If there were no fees, and the Grammar School was for the children of the poor, why was it necessary, when John Shakespeare became poor, that little William should have been taken away from its sessions? And echo answereth not! Nor are we informed, either, why John Shakespeare, owner in fee of three substantial residence-tenements on Henley Street with their curtilages, should be obliged to avoid payment of his

debts by the easy process of merely refraining from going to church on Sundays! Or what sort of a debt it was that under English law (at any period of English history, then or before or since) could not be collected out of the real estate, but must remain uncollectable except by what the late Mr. Micawber was familiar with as "civil process?" Would it not be passing strange if this whole fuss about John Shakespeare's poverty was a figment, born of the misreading of that single entry made to save the Stratford Aldermen from reprimand, or worse, for not proceeding against their old associate and fellow-Catholic?

How, in common sense (if common sense is permitted in studying Shakespeare matters) could an entry on the town records free John Shakespeare from a debt? Or how, by a perfectly transparent subterfuge, could he evade the law or take advantage of his own wrong? But as an excuse for remissness in proceeding to collect fines for non-attendance which Elizabeth's statute (I. Eliz., cap. 2) made it the Town Council's duty to collect, it was an ingenious minute to record, as tending to show good faith, or the attempt to do his duty, etc., should the necessity for pleading good faith arise. What the record tells us is that John Shakespeare, as any Stratford townsman might, had his financial ups and downs. But that he was ever reduced to squalor, driven to secrete himself from the bailiffs, or thrown into a sponging house, nobody knows (or, rather, everybody does know to the contrary). But so firmly has this idea of the father's poverty obscessed Englishmen, that to this day the manufacturer of Shakespeare "relics" forgets that William Shakespeare was the richest resident of Stratford, living in its stateliest mansion; and makes bogus relics of the meanest and most clumsy description—a broken pipe, a vinegar pewter mug, a clumsy shuffle board—and places them in a hovel that, however "restored," is but a hovel still. And the tourist to-day at "The Birthplace" (*malgré* the records of Stratford real estate transfers which bear witness that the dramatist could not have been born there unless he had managed to be born between his fifth and sixth years) is humbled and disgusted with this rubbish! This "Birthplace," by the way, is now an adjunct of the British Crown. So that it is actually the British Government that collects our fees and gives us in *quid pro quo* the Shakespeare poverty, with the corollary aforesaid as to the non-attendance at Protestant worship.

But it is to be feared that much more generally accepted propositions than this have accrued to general acceptance through

even lesser data. What biographer fails to assert, for example, that Shakespeare and his wife were estranged, and lived apart? And where is there the least authority for such a statement of fact? It has grown, I suppose, out of that "second best bed" interlineation in the will, as basis for a consolation that Shakespeare had forgotten that he had a wife at all: but, on his attention being called to the fact, interlineated a slurring bequest! But it is equally, as well as exactly, within the presumption that a man and his wife are not estranged; that Shakespeare made that interlineation from scrupulous anxiety, lest his wife should not have all that she was entitled to. She already possessed her dower; and, as we have now discovered finally, the dramatic rights and manuscripts of eighteen of the plays!

The real discoveries of the last twenty years of vigilant watchfulness for Shakespearean data, have actually been made only during the last four years by a young American, my friend, Dr. Charles William Wallace, but he has succeeded in unearthing matters that all the impulses and accomplishments of three centuries of students have never even suspected the existence of!

There is in London an establishment called "The Public Records Office." It is a building as large as, perhaps, the New York Custom House: and into it have been thrown pell-mell, for at least seven hundred years, millions of records of old lawsuits that nobody could be supposed ever to care to refer to; as forgotten as the parties and their grievances, whatever they were, could be. To these must by law be given a receptacle. But no statute can forbid them to fall to pieces by mildew or dry-rot, and mildew and dry-rot are the state in which Dr. Wallace found these parchments (or "skins," as called by the keepers). But, useless and uncared for as they were, the moment an enterprising young American startled the drowsy old custodians by applying for permission to examine them, they suddenly became objects of the tenderest and most scrupulous care! The application must be made at one office, viséed at another, certificates of good character of the applicant must be verified and approved, and the whole skein of red-tape submitted and re-submitted and recommended, either for further approval or final reference, until the entire Circumlocution Office had been memorialized or satisfied! And then, this routine exhausted, several custodians must be appointed and sworn to accompany Dr. Wallace upon his movements among these time-eaten skins. And when Dr. Wallace should find one

he wished to further examine or study at leisure, that skin must be first carried to an official, and registered and stamped with the great seal of the Records Office, thus identifying it as the property of the Crown (making a surreptitious possession or mutilation of it a sort of high treason without benefit of clergy)! However, Dr. Wallace was fortunate in possessing not only the zeal and ability of the true scholar, but, what rarely accompanies these attributes, that mental poise and phlegmatic temperament which enabled him to grin with good-natured imperturbability at all this red-tape, and patiently and philosophically to exhaust it, instead of permitting it to exhaust either his zeal or himself! Once this routine satisfied, the authorities concluded to give Dr. Wallace a table at a window, and every facility to dip into the work for which he had made his pilgrimage to London. Besides their condition after hundreds of years of neglect, these records Dr. Wallace found to be written in the old law jargon, or dog-Latin and English, both arbitrarily abbreviated according to each scrivener's fancy or convenience: a jargon compared to which Greek or Hebrew or cuneiform would doubtless have been a welcome sight to Dr. Wallace!

Dr. Wallace has not found, so far, that Shakespeare himself (except in one instance where he was formally joined as a party of record, in order that a friendly suit as to lands in St. Helen's Place might, when carried to a decree, bind all parties neighboring upon the premises involved) brought or was defendant or interested party of record to any lawsuits. But he (Dr. Wallace) has so far found five lawsuits that at once add marvelously to our knowledge of the London history and the London possession of William Shakespeare! These lawsuits—not to bother with the names of interpleaded parties—are Bendish *vs.* Bacon; Taylor *vs.* Heminges; Osteler *vs.* Heminges; Witter *vs.* Heminges, and Belot *vs.* Mountjoie. Musty and void of human interest as law papers usually are, it can't be questioned that these documents are over-full of interest to us. Each set of them reveals Shakespeare in a different relation. In the first-named suit, he is shown as a holder of real properties in the Parish of St. Helen's, London (which we have always known from the fact of some pence of unpaid taxes still remaining on the books—though it is fair to say that Mr. Hales lately found in the "Pipe Rolls" proof that Shakespeare was warranted in declining to pay them). In the next-named two suits, Shakespeare is shown as a holder of shares in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres, and as realizing about three thousand

dollars a year (present value of money), at the very least, from them. And in the last-named suit, we find the dramatist lodging at the house of a "tire" (wig) maker in Monkwell Street, where he was involved in a suit for a marriage portion brought by one Stephen Belot against the wig-maker himself, whose daughter Belot had married. The great discovery here is that when Shakespeare is cited to make a deposition he describes himself under oath as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-super-Avon in the County of Warwickshire: Gentleman." This is important, most important, not because we have not always been assured by the standard biographers that Shakespeare was entitled to be so described—but because here he, himself, says so under oath. This disposes of the doubters (and there are not a few of them, and more at present than ever before) who have claimed that the William Shakespeare of theatrical connection in London was not, and could not be identified with, the William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon!

Dr. Wallace is to be especially congratulated upon unearthing these invaluable documents, because, just prior to his searches there, an Englishman, the late James Greenstreet, had been stimulated by his friend, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps (who always maintained that in this same Public Records Office would be found large yields of Shakespearean information), to conduct investigations there. Mr. Greenstreet's sudden death prevented him unearthing much, but he did find these two entries:

> 1599, June 30, London, George Fenner to his partner Baltazar Gybeis Antwerp, Therle of Darby is busyed only in penning comedies for the common plaiers.*
>
> 1599, June 30, London, George Fenner to Sir Humfredo Galdelii or Guiseppe Tusinga Venice. Our earle of Darby is busye in penning commodyes for the commoun players.†

Now the fifth and sixth Earls of Derby were Catholics, and these items are original intercepted letters in answer to inquiries whether it would be well to call the attention of the then Earl of Derby to a project then in hand looking to a Catholic movement. The connection with Shakespeare is, that this very Earl of Derby was the real patron of the company of players of which Shake-

**State Papers,* Domestic, Elizabeth, vol. 271, no. 34.
†*Ibid.*, no. 35.

speare was a member, which was known as "Lord Strange's Company."

I do not agree with many of my colleagues in these studies who can see nothing good about Lord Bacon, or without crying that his ingratitude to Essex covers all he ever did with infamy! etc. Queen Elizabeth ordered Lord Bacon to take the part he did in Essex's trial; and if he had not obeyed, his own head would not have been worth an hour's purchase. I cannot see that it would have been impossible for Shakespeare in "taking humours of men daily" (as Aubrey says he did) to have absorbed or appropriated somewhat that came from so prolific a pen as Bacon's was. "That I light my candle at another man's candle does not destroy my property in my own wick and my own wax," said Jonathan Swift. And, as I am laying down my own Shakespeare exegetics, it seems to me that I cannot say more, nor well say less, as to the sundry contested physical sources of the Shakespeare text!

The Rev. Dr. Bowden has grouped in his fine book, *The Religion of Shakespeare,* the internal proofs of all these matters as to which it has been my limited province in this paper to present some minor items of physical valuation. Perhaps I may note—though not necessarily as a part of my argument—that Warwickshire was, all through those troublous Elizabethan years of the Old Faith, the headquarters of the Catholic Party. And it is notable that, when William Shakespeare applied to the Herald's College for a grant of coat armor for John Shakespeare, the tricking of the proposed arms made by the Herald followed the arms of Nicholas Breakspeare, the first English Pope, Hadrian the Fourth.

The Rev. Richard Davies, in or about the year 1685, and using a substantive that betrayed himself as, no less than Carlyle, an unwilling witness, testified that Shakespeare "died a Papist." From the foregoing it appears that Shakespeare not only died, but was born and lived a loyal Catholic.

A CHALLENGE TO THE TIME-SPIRIT.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.

T an exhibition of Futurist pictures in Rome there was a free fight. What was its significance? People usually keep their fists for politics or religion. Is there possibly something of both in Futurism? Politics has to do with authority in secular matters; religion with authority in spiritual matters. So in this free fight amongst the sight-seers of a picture gallery, we may see a symptom of the activity of the time-spirit. Futurist art illustrates the time-spirit at its worst: exaggerated subjectivism, extreme individualism; passion for revolution; lust after new sensation. It is self-perfectibility reduced to absurdity.

We may not judge the time-spirit solely by its extreme manifestations, yet they help us to discern its tendencies. The free fight in the Roman picture gallery shows that there is question of authority and independence.

We may describe the time-spirit as a general tendency to exaggerate subjective claims at the expense of objective evidence. This general tendency manifests itself in particular tendencies, all undervaluing authority—the authority of evidence; the authority of God; the authority of Christ; the authority of the Church.

Against the authority of evidence it attaches too much value to subjective moods and impulses. Man must realize himself, it says, must develop himself along the lines of his own nature. A sound principle truly, if only the time-spirit would take an adequate view of man's nature. If the time-spirit has discovered that man is not *merely* a rational animal, it must still admit that he is a rational animal. If it has discovered that he is an autonomous organism, it must still admit that he is a member of a larger and more complex organism.

Regarding the individual, the time-spirit is blind to the right relationship of intellect, will, and feeling. To the impulse of passion is often given a higher place than to intelligent will. And it ignores in the corporate organism the value of collective judgments. The time-spirit professes to be up to date, but it has not yet learned the new science of the psychology of crowds.

What is the genesis of this individualism? Kant fouled the sources of thought by confusing subject and object. Then Nietzsche fouled the sources of conduct by confusing intelligent volition and sensual appetite. The practical result in the multitude is a taste for vagueness of thought, lower morality, and decadent art.

Against the authority of God, the time-spirit manifests itself in some form of monism, either a pantheism or a humanism.

The effect of either is to veil man's mind as to his proper destiny, and to confuse his method of attaining it. For if man be God or a part of God, he is responsible only to himself, and knows no law other than his own. Or if he adopt a humanist concept of life, he still appeals only to himself as final arbiter of good and evil. All the boasted altruism of humanism is but egoism making grimace.

The time-spirit meets the authority of Christ, either with a frank denial of our Lord's Divinity or the exaltation of every man to a divinity equal to His in kind, if not in degree. In its attitude towards the Church, however, we find its most remarkable phenomenon. Herein the twentieth century time-spirit differs from that of the nineteenth century.

The nineteenth century spirit professed to return to the simplicity of Christ by casting off the accretions of Romanism. The twentieth century is inclined to allow that Christ's intentions and modern Roman Catholic intentions are one and the same. When Christ, for instance, said: "This is my Body," He enunciated the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. When He said: "Thou art Peter," He enunciated the Roman Catholic doctrine of Papal infallibility. But since these things are absurd, Christ must have been wrong. German subjectivism sees only a German Christ.

Turning from the rationalist to the pragmatist phase of the time-spirit, we hear that the authority of the Roman Church differs in degree only, not in kind, from that of the other Churches. She may have kept alive some truth, having devotional value, which other Churches have allowed to flicker out. Her authority is allowed to be similar to that of Christ, but dependent entirely on subjective needs and exigencies. When the very pertinent question is asked, who shall judge what is of healthy devotional value? the answer must be sought in the region of pure subjectivism. French pragmatism sees only a French Christ.

The problem of dealing with these tendencies is not solved by a wholesale condemnation of them. It is the ever-recurring prob-

lem of how to deal with human passions. Now human passions are not bad in themselves. They are only bad when they escape intelligent control. Reduced to intelligent control they are all good. So the aspirations of the time-spirit are not to be destroyed. Their due claims must be recognized, their rights allowed. But limits must be set. They must be adjusted to the higher claims of the Spirit of God.

This brings us to the formulation of our challenge in the words of the Sermon on the Mount: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

We call it a challenge rather than an invitation, because it implies a venture. Yet we are not asking for a blind venture. The evidence justifying it is not such as to exclude all doubt, but only such as to exclude imprudent doubt. Otherwise there would be no venture, and consequently no reward.

The reasonableness of the challenge and the prudence of the venture may be gathered from the harmony which exists between the revelation of Jesus and the discoveries, or rather re-discoveries, of modern psychology. The revelation of Jesus declared a sovereignty of the Spirit over the whole universe, nature and supernature. There are not two Gods, a God of nature and a God of grace, at variance with each other.

The world of matter and the world of spirit, all subordinated to the sovereignty of the one God, make up one beautiful and harmonious cosmos. Again, the mind of man, made and taught under the same sovereignty of the same Spirit, constitutes a microcosmos. The spiritual, psychic, and physical laws, which minister to its progress, are all reflections of the mind of the one Spirit. Nature is made perfect in grace.

But it is precisely the unity of the mind which modern psychology insists on most. Newman, full of the philosophy of the Scotch school rather than that of the scholastics, declares for an illative sense whose ratiocination and judgment shall sum up all the truth known by the individual, be it natural or revealed. Indeed, it was the fashion some time ago for modern writers like Mr. Sully to sneer at the scholastic theory, as if it meant that the human faculties were bound together like a bundle of sticks. But a deeper study of St. Thomas, and his exploitation by the neo-scholastics, has brought about a recognition of his doctrine of the complete organic unity of the human *ego*.

In the Sermon on the Mount we find these principles worked out in further detail. Just as in the natural order intellectual gifts are given for the purpose of attaining happiness or well-being, so also in the supernatural order Jesus assigned a special happiness to each infused intellectual gift.

To the gift of common sense there corresponds the happiness of clear vision. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." The divine gift of common sense tells us that God, being a Spirit, cannot adequately be represented by phantasms or by heretical ideas. This same common sense tells that contradictory religions cannot all be true. The sovereignty of the Spirit must be obeyed when It speaks. Thus common sense, making the venture of faith, is rewarded with a dim vision of God here, and a clear vision of Him hereafter.

To the gift of science there corresponds the happiness of fighting for the truth and of the satisfaction of gaining the truth. "Blessed are they that mourn *(lugent, luctus),* for they shall be comforted."

In the acquisition of science, especially the science of the spiritual life, the battle is not merely against ignorance, but also against sin. Whenever St. Thomas was about to sit down to study he used to offer up the prayer: "Thou Who art called the true fountain of light and the primary source of all wisdom, deign to shed on the darkness of my intellect a ray of Thy brightness, that it may remove from me the double darkness in which I was born, namely, sin and ignorance."

Now in the theological conflict there is nothing more mean and contemptible than the trick of imputing bad motives to those who differ from us. It is simply vile to impute sin where, for all we know, there may be only ignorance. Nevertheless all seekers after truth do well to examine their consciences. Have you some plan of sin before you? Are you fooling with some occasion of sin? If so, then you are not in a fit condition to form judgments as between faith and science, as between Catholicism and Modernism, as between one Church and another Church. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. But if you have made up your mind to seek first the sovereignty of the Spirit, then the conflict is a happy one, then your travails are sustained by the glory of the cause, then you know that in the end you shall be comforted, for all those psychic harmonies which you so keenly desire shall be added unto you.

To the gift of wisdom there corresponds the happiness of peace. Wisdom is that virtue of the intellect which puts things in order. The wise man is he who knows how to order vast complexities into one unity. Peace is not a quietness brought about by senseless force. Peace is the tranquillity of order. And this happiness follows on the gift of wisdom. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God." In them the passions have been reduced to order under the dominion of intelligence. In them the natural faculties have been subordinated to the sovereignty of the Spirit. They have "been made conformable to the image of His Son." Theirs is not the wisdom of the flesh, "for the wisdom of the flesh is death, but the wisdom of the Spirit is life and peace."

We ask the time-spirit again: Do you wish to make common sense the basis of your operations? Do you wish to follow a strictly scientific method, treating man as he is known to history? Do you wish to act according to the highest wisdom? Will you probe into the causes of causes and take into account the Cause of all other causes; will you consider the effects of effects and look forward to the final effect of them all?

First, then, put your economics under the sovereignty of the Spirit. Remember that your workmen are not your goods and chattels, but, like you, are sons of God and your brethren. Eighteen shillings a week is not a living wage. Some of our latest students will tell you that if you give your workmen more wages, you will get more work out of them, and that from the point of view of mammon you are making a good investment. But if you take that as your primary motive, you will have missed the whole point of the divine economics. You must seek first the sovereignty of the Spirit and the dignity of the sons of God. And you must wait for the result as it is distributed by the same Spirit.

Secondly, put your family and social life under the sovereignty of the Spirit. The Spirit happens to have chosen the family as the foundation of the social organism. Whenever, therefore, proposals are made, purporting to improve the race by changing the conditions of the marriage state, examine them in their social as well as in their individual aspect; in their intellectual and moral as well as in their physical aspect; in their eternal as well as in their temporal aspect. In nearly all the reforms suggested by eugenists, and those who would facilitate divorce, there is some apparently good reason. But that show of reason is only ob-

tained by fixing the attention on the material rather than the spiritual; on the individual or on favored sections of the community rather than on the whole social organism; on a very limited period of time rather than on all time and all eternity. In the long run, the material, the individual, and the temporal well-being also suffer, for the sovereignty of the eternal, all-loving Spirit must be counted with first, and then the measure of material and spiritual happiness will be breathed forth by Him according to His all-knowing wisdom.

Thirdly, put your fine arts under the sovereignty of the Spirit. They pertain even more to the Spirit than do the useful arts. They are of their very nature free. They are the expression of the human spirit that has freed itself from certain of the determinations and limitations of the flesh. There are two chief reasons why the artist should make the quest of this sovereignty his leading motive. The power of self-control which it gives to him enlarges and strengthens his craftsmanship. The ideal which it gives to him widens his field of vision, and multiplies his sources of inspiration.

The time-spirit, however, moving through the fine arts, seems to be bent only on the quest of formlessness. Now the formless can never be beautiful. And that is why our age is so sterile in poetry, in music, in drama, in painting, in sculpture. It has turned its face away from the Archetype of all beautiful forms. It has cut itself off from the source of liberal inspiration. We venture to say plainly to it: If you are tired of the old forms which are in our museums and galleries and libraries, if you want new forms which shall please you as much and perhaps more than the old ones, go look for them in the kingdom of the Spirit. That is the treasure-house of old things and new. Have a little common sense. Use your wits. Cease to be dragged and shoved and hustled by your impulses.

Fourthly, put your philosophy under the sovereignty of the Spirit. But, you will ask, is not that begging the question? It is a semblance of it, certainly, but only a semblance. St. Augustine masters the subtlety of the situation when he writes: "I could not have sought Thee unless I had already found Thee." We have granted that the quest is towards a prudent venture, not towards a blatant certainty.

If this be a seeming begging of the question, the other alternative is a real one. If you take for granted that there is no over-

ruling Spirit, if you take for granted that there is nothing of the nature of spirit in man, and that what we call thought is nothing but a kind of sensation, then you have not only failed to make the venture, but you have also hopelessly begged the question. Let us say it again: our challenge is to a venture.

Fifthly, put your theology under the sovereignty of the Spirit. You seek a more perfect knowledge of the divine immanence. You will not find it unless you first seek a more perfect knowledge of the divine transcendence. Either you follow Spinoza, and hold that God and nature are identical, or you follow Hegel, and hold that nature is a mode of God's being, a necessary phase of His self-realization. With Spinoza you make God and nature two different aspects of the same substance. With Hegel you allow that God is more than nature, at least in the order of thought, if not in the order of time.

But neither of these forms of immanence satisfy the demands of wisdom, science or common sense, for neither admits a doctrine of real transcendence. God's immanence must be transcendent, and His transcendence must be immanent. They are attributes, the distinction of which exists only in our minds, not in God.

Ask yourself in your pragmatic way, what ought to be the pragmatic value of the divine immanence? You must admit that it is to explain to us, in some manner, the sweet accessibility of God to the human soul. Now examine your conscience, and ask yourself what has the pragmatic value of your doctrine of immanence become? You must admit that it has been to exalt man to the level of a divinity; to make him a law unto himself; to inflate him with a sense of absolute independence and absolute self-perfectibility.

No. Before you can properly appreciate the pragmatic value of true immanence, you must understand something of the pragmatic value of true transcendence. It explains to us the absolute independence of God and our absolute dependence on him. It is His sovereignty, both in the order of being and in the order of thought, which comes first. Seek you first the sovereignty of God, and then your true dignity and happiness will be added unto you.

There were those in our Lord's time to whom the Baptist came with this same doctrine of the divine transcendence immanent in the world. But they would not believe it. Jesus said to them: "Amen I say to you, that the publicans and the harlots shall go

into the kingdom of God before you "—the publicans and the harlots who had believed.*

The same psychological laws are operative in us as in our Lord's hearers. In us, as in them, the same Spirit worketh. To us, as to them, the same challenge is given. If we wish to make the best use of the material world, we must subordinate it to the spiritual. If we wish to develop our own characters and personalities to the highest extent of their potential obedience *(potentia obedientialis)*, we must submit to the operative action of the Holy Spirit.

There is a natural preparation, however, for this temporal mission of the Holy Spirit. Every act is conditioned by the potency into which it is received. The fruitful operation of the Holy Spirit presupposes that the various faculties of man are in fair working order, the intellect guiding the will, the will controlling the passions. The acts of natural preparation and supernatural operation may be intimately commingled, but with, at least, a theoretical distinction between them.

Thus the challenge to make a due equipoise between the kingdom of the Spirit and the kingdom of the flesh involves an equipoise between intelligence and sensation; between objective influences and subjective receptiveness; between authority and autonomy.

Hence there is such a thing as a sane subjectivism. The objective world must be subjectively appraised. The difference between a moderate and an exaggerated subjectivism is, that the one is rightly informed; the other either uninformed or misinformed.

How, then, can the subjective be rightly informed? By using our wits. If a man accepts a proposition because it is beautiful or because it is good, it is not yet a permanent light to him. He must also accept it because it is true. He must use his wits as well as his sympathies.

It may savor of platitude, yet we dare to write it down: What the time-spirit mostly needs is a little common sense. If we would be saved from mental suicide, let us not be tempted from our platform of common sense.

*Matt. xxi. 31, 32.

IN MEMORIAM: FATHER DOYLE.

(Died August 9, 1912.)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE rippling dawn the beech wood crowned,
The nightingale sang one last note,
The sun upon the water wrote
The aubade of the glorious sound;
Yet desolate
This splendid morn for us who wait!

For us who felt the light and cheer
Of him whose life was one pure flame,
That burned out thoughts of pride and shame,
And made our doubtful vision clear;
He was the morn
In which new hopes and joys were born!

The Junes were once so full of him,
Who was as warm and kind as June!
Above the clouds the August moon
Is shadowed to a silver rim;
He passed from sight—
A moon upon an August night!

The nightingale in sombre leaves
Of his great soul a symbol is—
So deeply hid that heart of his!
So deeply hid the bird that grieves,
And yet his voice
Makes our poor, longing souls rejoice.

Who knew this soul were not the gay
  Or pompous or the proud of heart,
  But those to whom the bitter part
Oft made them hate the light of day,
  What words can tell
  How sweet his benedictions fell!

How useless words! A voiceless prayer,
  Perhaps the paintings of the sky,
  Or hay-scent where the cornflowers lie,
Or music in the summer air,
  May fitly speak
  The grace—his grace—to help the weak.

But when I heard the nightingale
  Thrill through the leaves upon the beech,
  I knew that his was the one speech
That from my dumbness rent the veil;
  Sweet, strong and sweet,
  His message thrilled out, true and meet.

Against his heart he pressed the cross,
  Its message was in all his voice,
  And through that sorrow we rejoice:
(The pain of loss! the pain of loss!
  Sad August day!)
  And yet Our Lady led the way.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

RICHARD dismounted on the outskirts of the crowd, and pushed his way through the human wall that surrounded the main shaft of the mine. Men, women, and little children were there, all drawn together by that pitiful cry for help that Richard had heard in the arbor.

"What has happened?" he asked of one of the onlookers.

The old miner, his face blackened by coal dust, shifted his quid of tobacco and answered calmly: "Little fire in the mine, or mebbe it's only the smoke from the last shots that was fired. All the men out, thank God. Half holiday—we all come out on the one-thirty cage, but that thar woman says they ain't all out!"

"My Peter, my Peter," cried a mother's frantic voice, "he is down there I know. He staid to feed the mules. He is not out. He is not home."

"He's drinking whiskey in the village," said one brutal bystander.

"No—no—my Peter is but fourteen. For God's sake, mister, let down the cage. I will go myself to find him."

"I believe thar's others," said one young miner scratching his head. "I ain't seen Costi, nor Angelo, nor Foliano. These here dagoes don't know enough English to keep them alive. Boss went round notifying the diggers to quit, and I reckon they never heard him."

"Where's the superintendent?" asked Richard.

"I tell you this is a holiday."

"Where's the mine manager?"

"God knows."

"Haven't you any system of checking off the men?"

"Dunno; that thar superintendent is a young fellow, and he ain't worth his salt. Never was a mine run like this one."

"Where's the pit boss?"

"Pit boss ain't obliged to stay round here all the time. I tell you this is a holiday, and I reckon the pit boss is off on a spree. I

ain't going down there to rescue no blind mules—ain't nothing but one of the mule boys been smoking in the stable."

"Maybe it ain't nothing but a hay wagon on fire, but I ain't sure," said one of the men. "Here, Jake, let down that cage. There sure is smoke; ain't anybody round here got the sense he was born with?"

"I'll go with you," said Richard quietly.

The two men stood out, leaders in the little impotent crowd, and two others came forward to join them as they stepped into the cage. There was some talk of signals, the engineer nodded as if he understood, and the careless crowd watched with some degree of interest as the cage slowly descended into the cavernous depths.

The terror-stricken mother, finding solace in this attempt at rescue, stopped crying and began to pray: "Holy Virgin—guide him—save him! God have mercy—lead him—spare him!"

"They'll have the fire out in no time," said the old miner comfortingly. "They can hitch up the hose and get water in the air pump."

"Ain't the first time a hay wagon took fire."

"Pete's out bird-nesting."

"Bet your life no boy's goin' to stay in that hole on a holiday."

"Ain't got any business lightin' a mine with kerosene."

"Well you can't work in the dark."

"Ain't got no electricity."

"Why?"

"Main cable's water soaked."

"Wa'n't that a signal?"

"No, they ain't belled yet."

A tense hush of expectation fell upon the crowd. On the wooded hill around them birds chirruped joyfully; bees droned in and out of the pink cups of the wild honeysuckle; the calm peace of the summer afternoon seemed to preclude calamity.

"Looks like more smoke coming out the shaft."

"My Lord! see that flame. What's the matter with Jake? Why don't he hoist that cage?"

"Stop the fan. Don't yer see yer feeding the fire?"

"For God's sake, Jake, hoist that cage."

"He's waitin' for the signal."

"Who's that comin' down the road?"

"Miss Fielding riding like mad. Wish to the Lord it was the superintendent."

"*Hoist that cage, man*—that mine's ablaze!"

The old engineer looked through the smeared window of the engine house, an agonized expression of uncertainty in his eyes.

"They said three bells—three bells," he repeated defensively. "I ain't heard 'em yet."

"Hoist that cage, you crazy fool—that rope's a-shaking. Hoist 'em, I tell you, you're cooking 'em alive."

The crowd, at first so tranquil in its disbelief of possible tragedy, was now roused to a frenzy of hysteria. As the cage ascended a sickening stench filled the soft summer air, flames shot upward from the shaft. Women shrieked. The cage itself was full of fire. Six human bodies were ablaze. The miners rushed to the rescue, but there was a scarcity of water. Men beat out the flames with their coats, with the shawls they snatched from the women's shoulders, but their comrades lay blackened and inert before them, their hands and feet drawn up in convulsive postures; one of them, in his effort to escape the flames, had climbed to the top of the cage, but he had perished like the rest. The old engineer had obeyed his orders too well—he had hesitated too long. As they lifted the six bodies, one by one, from the smoking cage and bore them by his window, he sank on the floor beside his engine, overcome by the terrible catastrophe he had caused.

Peter's mother clawed at the dead men's clothes like a wild creature.

"He is not here," she cried. "My Peter is not here. They are men, all men. My Peter is but a boy."

"And the young man," said the old miner to whom Richard had first spoken. "Where is the young man?"

Miss Fielding was beside him, her face white with terror. "Did—did Dick Matterson—go—down—there?"

"Yes, that was him, I recollect now—the Colonel's son. God! it's an awful way to die." Tears fell unregarded down his rugged face. "They can't have brought him out; those men are all undersized—they—three of them are dagoes."

She clasped his ragged coat sleeve and leaned heavily on his arm. "We—we—*must*—do something," she cried.

"We can't now, lady," he said with the dull resignation of age. "The timbers have caught fire. No man could live to get down

there. Fire must have been burning ever since we quit work. Thar ain't no help could reach him now."

Jefferson Wilcox, touring gaily along the country roads with Betty and the Colonel, stopped his machine abruptly when he saw the crowd gathered about the mine.

"Looks like something had happened over there," he said carelessly. "I thought the men stopped work at three-thirty."

The Colonel was not much interested. "Reckon one of the niggers has fallen down the shaft and broken his good-for-nothing neck," he said.

"Oh! hear that," cried Betty starting from her seat. "Women are screaming—something dreadful must have happened. Go on, Mr. Wilcox. Let us go and see."

"We're on the wrong road. I'll have to go around. Machine will never get across that stubble field; there's a ditch in the way."

"Oh! look—look!" cried Betty. "There's a woman running to meet us. It's Jess Fielding. I wonder where is Dick?"

But Jefferson was heedless of her question. He was out of the car hastening to meet the girl who came flying towards them. Her blue dress was soiled with coal dust; her heavy hair, shedding all hair pins in her mad flight, now hung about her shoulders.

"Dick—Dick is down there," she cried breathlessly, pointing to the mine. "What can we do? Oh, God! how can we save him?"

Jefferson held out his arm to support her, she was trembling with terror.

"Down—down where?" and even as he asked the question, he had guessed at most of the truth.

"He—went—to—save—a boy," she sobbed, "the mine is on fire—the other men—are out—and they are dead, burned alive, and Dick—Dick—is down there. Don't let them seal the mine—don't let them bury him alive. Oh, come—come quickly, they say there is no hope, that he is dead."

"Dead," repeated the Colonel, and he seemed to shrivel suddenly into a feeble old man, "Dick dead in that hole?"

Betty sank down in the coarse grass, and covered her face with her hands. "You're dreaming, Jessica. Oh, tell us it is not true."

"Come—come," she said wildly, pulling Jefferson by the hand. "You must not let them shut the mine—they will not listen to me. Come—come."

Jefferson moved mechanically. He could not speak; his throat was choked; his feet were leaden weights. Jessica leaned upon him for support, sobbing pitifully, her explanation growing more and more incoherent. They had nearly reached the shaft, when they heard a glad shout break from the wailing crowd, and they saw Richard—Richard rise, as if by a miracle, from the earth itself. He staggered from the escape shaft, which was about two hundred yards distant, with Peter, the mule boy, strapped to his back.

With a wild cry of exultation, Jefferson rushed forward. The crowd surged around him. For a moment Richard stood like one bewildered, blinded by the sudden glare of the sunlight, then, falling down upon the ground, he murmured weakly:

"Unstrap the boy—I—cannot—help—"

The ropes were cut by eager hands, the mine doctor hurried to his aid, glad of an opportunity to show his skill after his ineffectual efforts to revive life in those stricken bodies on the hillside. Peter's mother was pushed to her son's side, she knelt beside him inarticulate in her joy. After the suspense, the dread, the certainty of death, she was emotionally exhausted.

The little foreign doctor bent over Richard solicitously, and administered his restoratives. "He will live, thank God," he said triumphantly. "He is a hero, and he will live." Then, as he turned to Peter, the boy sat up.

"I'm all right," he said in his shrill, quavering voice, "'twas my foot. What yer cryin' about, mother?—tain't nothin' but my foot. It got twisted somehow and I fell. Heard the cage goin' up and I hollered. He came back; he roped me on his back; said 'twan't no other way of gettin' up them steps."

The crowd pressed closer to hear. Here was someone at last who could tell them how the tragedy had occurred—someone who could reveal his resurrection. The boy wanted to talk. After the blackness, the isolation of the mine, he found relief in the sound of his own voice.

"I went to sleep—must have fallen asleep—forgot about the holiday. That thar torch must have dripped kerosene on to the hay car. First thing I knew it was afire—tried to push the car to the pump near the mule stable to get water, but the car was too heavy; then I saw the timbers were afire. I was a-runnin' for the escape shaft to hike up them steps when my foot turned. Reckon it's broke, Doc. Reckon I'd been burned same as a wisp of straw if that man hadn't heard me when I hollered."

He went on talking all the time the doctor was bandaging the foot, crying out once or twice with the pain, and he watched anxiously as some of the men improvised a litter to carry Richard to the automobile.

Jessica suggested that they bring Richard to her house, but the Colonel, once assured that his son was alive, took command of the situation; he did not propose to accept the Fielding hospitality if he could avoid it.

"We will take him home," he said. "I will ride Spangles. Mr. Wilcox drive the car as slowly as you can. Doctor, will you go with us?"

The doctor acceded willingly. Patients of such apparent distinction were a rarity in his professional experience. The dead men lay in a rigid line beyond his help; Richard was the only one left in need of his service.

Jessica watched the automobile as it disappeared in the black dust of the beaten roadway. She felt weak and faint, but, in Richard's greater need, no one had given a thought of her. She seemed to stand alone and desolate in the midst of the crowd. Had she the strength to mount her horse and go home, away from this scene of horror, far away where she could not hear the convulsive sobbing of the three women who had been widowed by their husbands' heroism, or were there more than three who had joined Richard in his work of rescue? Someone had told her, even in the midst of the excitement, that the Italians had no one here to mourn them; they were newcomers. Somewhere perhaps in the purpling vineyards of their native land mothers and sisters waited hopefully for glad tidings that would never come.

Some compelling force drove Jessica back to the group that surrounded the dead men. The bodies, so strong and full of health half an hour ago, now lay impotent in their stillness, their blackened faces upturned to the smiling summer sky. The three wives, one with a baby at her breast, were now sobbing softly. Life for them had held little else than tragedy; the lines around their youthful mouths showed power to suffer and endure. Tenderly Jessica lifted the baby from the aching arms of the mother. "Come home with me," she said to the weeping women. "We can do nothing here. You and the little children come home with me."

Chapter XV.

But Richard did not recover with the promptness that the mine doctor had prophesied. He was so ill that Jefferson daringly took his place in the household. He hired labor without stint; he telegraphed to the nearest hospital for two trained nurses, and he brought a famous specialist a thousand miles to consult with the little mine doctor, who was plainly puzzled by Richard's condition.

"It is not only the result of the disaster of which you speak," said the great man. "It is fever; he must have been sick a long time; the fact that he refused to acknowledge his illness has but augmented the seriousness of the case."

For weeks Richard lingered, unconscious. One night when his fever was at its height, they thought that he was dying, for he started from his bed in his delirium crying out those wonderful words of Isaias:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me; He hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to the captives, and deliverance to them that are shut up."

"What is he saying?" said the Colonel. "Is he trying to pray?"

"He doesn't know," said the nurse with calm practicability. "I must reduce his temperature somehow. We must have more ice. I'll give him another alcohol bath. His fever should break to-night or—"

"Or," the Colonel repeated the small word with paternal solicitude. "I see, madam, you mean or he will die?"

"He is very ill," admitted the nurse reluctantly.

It was the next morning that Richard woke to a dim realization of his surroundings. Jefferson was seated by the window, and caught the first normal glimpse of his eyes.

"Been sick a long time?" he questioned, holding up a white hand that seemed almost transparent in the sunlight.

"Well, I guess," said Jeff joyfully, coming close to the bedside. "I'm glad you've waked up at last."

"Have you been here all the time?"

"Didn't expect me to leave you in this fix? I've been running the farm."

Richard smiled faintly. "Universal genius, eh?"

Jefferson grinned. "You've guessed it. Now don't talk or that nurse will blame me for a relapse."

"Then you do the talking," said Richard. "Tell me what has happened all this time. Is that mule boy all right?"

Jefferson took a chair by the bed, and began to smooth Richard's bare arm soothingly. "Couldn't kill him with an axe," he answered. "Been here every day since you've been sick, brought all kinds of messy dishes that his mother cooked for you. Nurse wouldn't let you eat them, so she gave some of them to me—don't know why she has designs on my digestion. Then, of course, the neighbors have hovered round. Sometimes I've felt I was in the midst of a county delegation—just like a presidential candidate shaking hands with the gentry. You've had a carload of jellies sent you and a hothouse of flowers. You're a hero you know, though your heroism isn't your fault, it's inherited from your father, and your great-grandfather, and the Lord knows who. This is a great part of the country—nothing seems worth while unless it is inherited."

"And the Colonel?"

"The Colonel's blooming under all this publicity. You've been a great political asset to the Colonel. You know old Senator Wurth is dead, and durned if they haven't asked the Colonel to go to Washington and fill out his unexpired term."

Dick turned weakly on his pillows. "And is he going?" he asked.

"Going! of course he's going. The Colonel may not agree to what his party demands, but he's got very definite views that the country is going to the bowwows, and he wants to tell a few of the Senators what he thinks of them. I think I'll spend the winter in Washington, and engage a permanent seat in the Senate gallery."

Richard closed his eyes wearily, and was silent for a long time, then he said: "If the Colonel is provided for we can drop that Texas claim."

"Drop it!" Jefferson ran his fingers through his yellow hair until it bristled. "I'd like to tell you a thing or two, if I wasn't afraid you would have a relapse."

"I'm not relapsing."

"Well just settle down there and keep calm. Think you'll get a fever if I tell you that the Texas claim is settled, that we compromised for half a million out of court?"

Richard's fingers tightened on those of his friend, "Oh, Jeff, you didn't—not when I was—like this? I don't think it was fair to—her."

"Her," repeated Jeff defensively, and a strange expression came into his eyes. "Why she did most of it herself. Did I tell you that I had been here all the time? Well that was a lie. I went to Texas; was gone ten days. I found out the amazing fact, that even the Colonel begrudgingly acknowledges, that this Mr. Fielding is an honest man. It required neither my brilliant intellect, nor my forensic ability, to convince him that we had a clear case. You see the old letters that you had proved your grandfather wasn't in Texas at the time, and Jessica had sent her father a peck of special deliveries with Miss Prunesy's story in them. We spent the best part of a day digging out the old deed, and the signature was a sort of caricature on your grandfather's. You see the trouble was old man Mike couldn't cart the blackboard copy around with him. Then there was another point: Mike was your grandfather's overseer, and acting as his agent, and according to the laws of Texas—well I won't go into the legal aspect—I learned a lot. Claims are different down there; the fact that Texas was a republic, and came into the union owning its own land, seems to make a difference, and I tell you the rights of women and minors are respected."

"Go on," said Richard anxiously.

"Well, Mr. Fielding, who proved to be a very pleasant fair-minded person, said he thought the matter could be arranged out of court. You see nobody had gobbled up your land, it was still there, and he proposed to give it back to you. He said that he had never questioned his father's legacy; that the ground had given him his start; he was down and out when he went there eighteen years ago and began raising cattle. Every time he made an extra dollar, if he didn't buy cows, he bought land. Then he struck oil, not on your land but on his. Now—well his bank account would even make Wall street sit up and take notice. There was a syndicate wanted to buy your ground; offered half a million. I nosed round there long enough to find that that was a good price for it. Colonel wired me to close the deal."

"Then—then what did she mean by saying that she would have to work for a living?"

"Well, I don't know; maybe she thought so, maybe she didn't. That girl would keep anybody guessing. She's been here every day

since the accident. I heard her ask Betty what she thought you would do next?"

Jefferson paused, the question was very vital to him, and he had chosen this way of asking it.

"Why, I'm going back," said Richard simply. "I'm going back, they won't need me now. I've been lying here half-awake wondering if the way wouldn't open somehow. I didn't speak because it hardly seemed worth while. I believe I've been vaguely conscious for a long time. I seemed to feel people moving around me, waiting on me. I seemed to hear voices without being able to understand what they were saying. My soul, the spirit part of me, seemed to be caught in a trap—trapped in my body. I believe suffering makes people feel like that, unless they are wide enough awake to take the transcendental view. As soon as I'm free I'm going back."

"Do you want to go?"

"Want—what do you mean, Jeff?"

"I mean do you want to go, or do you feel that you must?"

"Both," he smiled feebly, "the want seems to make the must. In my dreams I've felt the old force pushing me on. Down in that mine helping that poor little devil to the daylight, I felt that I would have to go back to the seminary. That mine seemed to symbolize what I wanted to do—lifting people out of the blackness to a glimpse of the supernatural. Since I've been home I've been too tired to think. I even fancied I might have been mistaken in my purpose in life. I dreamed of settling down here and living forever, writing a thing now and then to settle world-wide questions. I believe I even dreamed vaguely of marriage."

Jefferson sat up waiting eagerly for his next words; his hands rumpled his hair nervously.

"It was only a passing mood," continued Richard. "I believe my grandfather's extravagant love letters set me wondering why I didn't have some sentimental emotions of my own. But a wife—well, I wouldn't know what to do with one. If I married a girl I should always feel that she deserved some consideration, and I wouldn't want to consider her. I have always wanted to be free."

"Poor girls!" said a mocking voice in the doorway, and looking up they saw Jessica standing in the dim light of the sick room, her arms full of flowers. "I'm so glad you've waked up at last."

Betty came bustling in behind her. "Oh, Dick—Dicky—did

you know that we were really going to Washington? I'm so excited I can neither eat nor sleep;" she knelt down beside the bed and clasped Richard's hand. "I feel like a fairy princess."

Jessica came nearer and scattered the flowers over the bed. "They count you a hero, even if you are a woman hater," she said.

"I feel more like a corpse," said Richard humorously, viewing the flowers.

"Nonsense," said Jessica, "you look like Sleeping Beauty in my fairy book."

"I'm sure I do."

"And I'm sure you must all get out of here," said Jefferson. "I hear the nurse coming. If she sees you she will blame me for letting you in."

Richard made no protest as Jefferson hurried his visitors to the door. His attempt to think, to adjust his mind to his new situation, had exhausted him, and when the nurse came in a few minutes later she found that he had fallen into a restless sleep.

Jefferson walked through the shadowy woods with Jessica. He had formed the habit of seeing her home every afternoon that she came to inquire for the invalid. Usually they rode on horseback, but to-day they walked, leading their horses through the fern-bordered bridle path. It was Jefferson's suggestion that they dismount. It was easier "to talk" he said. Jessica had demurred at first. With a woman's quick intuition she had guessed his reason.

"We have known each other for six weeks," he began after a long silence.

"Seven," she corrected him.

"It is a long time."

"Wouldn't it be more flattering to consider it a short time?" she teased.

"Oh, it's no use to play with words," he said hopelessly, and his eyes looked care-worn and afraid. "During those weeks we've talked about birds, and bushes, and the Lord only knows how many other things in which I did not feel a particle of interest. I believe you know what I want to say, Jessica, and you know, too, that I don't know how to say it."

She stopped by the side of a big oak, and she let her horse walk deliberately between them. "Is this intended as an ardent proposal?" she asked.

"It is—it is," he cried pushing the horse aside and clasping

both her hands. "You know that I love—love—you, and I did not feel free to tell you so until to-day."

Her soft eyes had lost their look of mischief now.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—I thought Dick Matterson wanted you, and I thought perhaps—"

"Go on," she urged.

"I thought perhaps you cared for him."

"And suppose—suppose, Jeff, I confessed that under some circumstances I might have cared?"

His face looked haggard in the sunlight. "What circumstances?"

She hesitated. "Well, perhaps the most important circumstance: if he had cared for me."

"Then you are in love with him?"

"No—no," she contradicted, "I only had symptoms—you see he was indifferent."

"How could he have been?"

"Of course it was amazing," she smiled, "he wanted something else in life. I knew it all the time, that was one reason I cared."

"I don't exactly see."

"Of course you don't, it was too complicated an emotion even for me, for if he had given up all his high aspirations, his religious ambitions, and loved me, no doubt I should have hated him."

"Then you really did not want him after all?"

"No, I suppose I didn't."

He took her unresisting in his arms, and smiled happily down upon her. "I believe I've had a few symptoms myself," he said.

[THE END.]

THE CENTENARY OF FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM.

(April 23, 1813–September 8, 1853.)

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH.D.

A YEAR or two ago Spain fêted the birth-centenary of one of her most brilliant sons, Father James Balmès, who in his brief life of thirty-eight years wrote several volumes of philosophy, history, and apologetics, which, seven decades after their publication, still retain their interest and their worth. This year Catholic France celebrates the hundredth anniversary of another knight of the pen, Frédéric Ozanam, *un preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,* whose whole ambition was to spend and be spent in the service of the Church.

Forty years was the short span of life accorded by Providence to this champion, only forty years, yet how full they were in good works! Not satisfied with his duties as professor, nor his renown as an author, he inaugurated the St. Vincent de Paul Societies, devoting his time and attention to their expansion, and it is, thanks to his energy and zeal, that they have ever since held a large place in Catholic life. He was also instrumental in bringing Father Lacordaire to the pulpit of Notre Dame. And he it was who accompanied Monsignor Affre, Archbishop of Paris, on his glorious and tragic embassy to the infuriated populace, where the prelate won the martyr's crown.

Frédéric Ozanam descended from an ancient French family of the district of Bresse. This family, originally Jewish, had been converted to Christianity by St. Didier. A certain Jacques Ozanam was a distinguished mathematician in the seventeenth century, and merited a eulogy from the pen of Fontenelle. He had, also, more wit than usually falls to the lot of geometers. Alluding to the theological quarrels of his time, which were convulsing France with factions, he used to say: "It is the business of the Doctors of the Sorbonne to dispute, of the Pope to decide, of mathematicians to go straight to heaven by the perpendicular."

Frédéric Ozanam was born at Milan, April 23, 1813. His father, who had been first an officer in the armies of Napoleon,

and then engaged in commerce, had finally established himself there as a doctor. Ozanam *père* prepared his more famous son for college. He was, as his son testifies, a man of rare information, and of still rarer application. "My father loved art and science and study. After leaving the army he had read the Bible of Dom Calmet from cover to cover, and knew Latin as we professors no longer know it now."

Thus prepared, Frédéric completed his preliminary studies with the greatest success. His father wished him to study law, so after remaining a year with a barrister at Lyons, the young man was sent to Paris at the age of twenty to complete his studies and take his degrees. His inclinations were, however, for poetry and literature, and while following the law course he found time to attend many a lesson in history and belles-lettres as well. He also utilized his opportunities of learning foreign languages, for which he had a great aptitude. A letter to his young brother tells of the severity of the régime he followed, and the drudgery he imposed on himself. "In 1837," he writes, "for five months I worked regularly ten hours a day without counting class hours, and fourteen to fifteen hours the last month." Thanks to his talent and unwearied application, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Laws at the age of twenty-three, and two years later that of Doctor of Literature. His theses on this occasion—one in Latin, *On the Descent of the Heroes into Hell in the Poets of Antiquity,* the other in French on Dante—were so brilliantly presented and defended that Cousin, whose reputation was then European, exclaimed: "Mr. Ozanam, your eloquence could not be surpassed!"

After teaching a year or two in Lyons, and refusing several tempting offers elsewhere, in 1840, at the age of twenty-seven, he became supplementary professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, and in 1844 full professor, a position he held till his death. During these thirteen years of teaching he amassed an immense quantity of lore and erudition, only some of which has ever seen the light in his published works. In the edition before me, as I write, there are nine volumes in octavo, and two large volumes of *Mélanges* in quarto. Yet his editor and friend, Ampère, warns the reader that vast collections of his MSS. remain unpublished. He adds, with a poignant touch of pathos:

> During the last sad visit that Ozanam made to Italy in the years 1852 and 1853, he had the courage, although dying, to

**Lettres,* vol. i., preface xiv.

> write on his travels as he alone knew how; to make laborious researches in the libraries of Florence, Pisa, and Siena; to copy several lengthy fragments of the sermons of Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris in old French;.....to trace a plan for the history of the commune of Milan, which was to form portion of a work on the Italian communes.....His intention was to follow the trend of civilization and literature in Italy from the fifth century to the thirteenth. In the notes of his lectures which have relation to this vast subject, he begins with the arrival of the Goths in Italy; the works of Boëtius, the writings of St. Gregory are analyzed, and the life of this great Pope told.....The life of St. Benedict, the Carlovingian period in Italy, the celebrated book of Peter Lombard, the philosophy of St. Anselm, are thoroughly gone into. The doctrine of St. Thomas, the mysticism of St. Bonaventure, are explained by that fine mind, which showed as much force in dealing with philosophy as it displayed taste in treating of literature.*

Ozanam was still a collegian when, with the splendid audacity of youth, he dreamed of writing a "Demonstration of the Truth of the Catholic Religion from the Antiquity of Religious and Moral Beliefs." To realize this plan one should, he affirmed, know ancient history in all its branches, and be master of a dozen languages. As an initial step towards carrying out this rather extended programme, he set himself bravely to work to add Hebrew and Sanscrit to the ancient and modern languages he already knew.

A tour through Italy gave another direction to his thoughts, and inspired him with a passion for the Middle Ages. This led him to select for his doctor's thesis: *Dante and Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century.* In this work, anticipating to some extent the neo-scholastic movement of our own times, he shows that Dante drew his philosophy from St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure. To interpret the great Florentine with authority, Ozanam tries to plunge himself in the *milieu* where that *animo sdegnóso,* so sinned against and sinning, lived and thought and suffered. In the first commentators on Dante, and more particularly in the MS. texts of the *Divina Commedia,* he finds the key to that strange poem, which has proved so puzzling to critics.

Protestants saw in Dante merely a forerunner of Luther; patriotic Italians looked upon him as the prophet of their national independence; Fauriel, the immediate predecessor of Ozanam at

**Civ. au 5 Siecle,* vol. i., preface, pp. 23, 24.

the Sorbonne, would lower the glorious epic to the level of a vulgar love-song. But Ozanam, noticing that symbolism and allegory were the predominant notes of the literature of the Middle Ages, remarking also that the Fathers of the Church applied the same method to the interpretation of the Bible, finds therein the explanation of Dante's sublime though obscure cantos. After pointing out that, according to the Fathers of the Church, the personages of the Bible have, in addition to their historical position, a prophetic rôle and significance, he continues:

> The genius of Dante fed on the Bible must have proceeded in the same way. The personages whom he introduces are real in his thought and prophetic in his intention; they are ideas clothed in flesh, figures endowed with life.....It is essential that this image be borrowed from realities, that it coincide with the idea it represents, that one find in it, according to the original energy of the word, a *symbolon,* that is an approximation.*

The *Divine Comedy* seen thus is an historical poem in the literal sense, and a philosophical poem in the figurative sense. It is also a political poem, wherein Dante gives his personal views on the burning questions of the time.

Dante was Ozanam's first love, to whom he ever after remained true. He says somewhere that a whole lifetime would not be too much to give to explaining Dante, in order to make this great man understood and loved, and to teach the due appreciation of the things greater than himself which he loved and sung. As time went on, he devoted other works to the interpretation of the poet. He published a work on the *Sources of the Divine Comedy,* one on the *Poètes Franciscains en Italie,* also *Documents Inédits pour servir a l'Histoire Littéraire de l'Italie,* and, last but not least, after seven years study and meditation, he gave to the world a commentary and translation of thirty-three cantos of the *Purgatorio.*

Great poets and thinkers often throw some reflection of their fame on the humble commentator or scholiast, whose business it is to explain and illustrate the Master's thought for the benefit of the uninitiated. Servius is always associated with Virgil; Atticus and Tiro with Cicero; Malone with Shakespeare; Spencer with Pope; Boswell with Johnson; Cajetan with St. Thomas. So it

*Second edition of Dante, p. 53.

has been with Ozanam. According to Father X. Kraus, the prince of modern Danteists, this is the part of Ozanam's work that is of greatest value to the scientific historian; it is also the part with which time has dealt most leniently, for even to-day no student of Dante can afford to pass by the pages of interpretation written, and the documents gathered together by the industry of this Sorbonne professor of the early nineteenth century.*

From the thirteenth century, the culminating point of the Middle Ages, Ozanam turned back to their dim and uncertain beginnings in the fifth. He discovers a triple origin to them, namely, barbarian, Roman, and Christian, all of which he treats in his *Études Germaniques,* and his *Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle.* His object is to show how the Church produced modern civilization from the ruins of Roman and barbarian times. "In the history of literature," he says, "I study principally that civilization of which it is the bloom and flower, and in civilization I notice particularly the work of Christianity." Should anyone object to this mingling of history and apologetics on the ground that the author strives to establish a thesis rather than to relate history, to sustain a foregone conclusion rather than to draw conclusions from ascertained facts, without hesitation or shame he admits the objection:

> Those who repudiate religious belief in a scientific treatise will accuse me of lack of independence; but to my mind nothing is more honorable than such a reproach. I know no self-respecting man who would meddle with the difficult trade of writing, unless he has some conviction that sways him, and by which consequently he is bound. I do not want that wretched independence, whose watchword is to believe nothing and to love nothing. Certainly it is not advisable to be too lavish with one's professions of faith; but who pray would have the courage to treat the most mysterious points of history .....without ever taking a side on the everlasting questions it raises? From the writer two things only may be expected: firstly, that his conviction be free and intelligent, and the Christian faith wants no other; this is the *reasonable adhesion* St. Paul demands. Secondly, that the desire to prove a belief never lead him to distort facts, or to content himself with doubtful testimonies and unauthorized consequences.†

*Kraus, *Dante sein Leben und sein Werk,* pp. 17, 383, 426, 435. See also Jordan, in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique,* October 15, 1912; and Moeller, in *Revue d'Histoire Ecclesiastique,* April 15, 1913.

†*Œuvres Complètes,* vol. iii., p. 16.

The man who wrote thus, and proposed such high ideals to himself, was not likely to go astray through lack of inquiry, or indulge unduly in private pet theories to the detriment of sound criticism. If he erred sometimes, if later searchers found some of his conclusions unwarranted, and some of his authorities of doubtful authenticity, it was not through any *esprit de système* on his part, but because his were the limitations of his age; as an historian he was not ahead of his time, nor could he be expected to profit by documents and studies unknown in his day. In this connection a very beautiful and eloquent passage may be quoted on the aims and limitations of Catholic science.

> It (Catholic science) is humble, and does not think a whole life too much to give for any truth however small. It is patient, too, because it has hope and confidence. We pursue, microscope in hand, the smallest details of vegetable life; we bend over the retorts and test-tubes of our laboratories; we reconstruct with difficulty effaced inscriptions and languages in ruins. It is not given to us to see the end of these dry investigations; but we know that others will draw from them conclusions glorious for God's providence. We are only at the very beginning, and the road is long, but we know that God is at the end. When our forefathers laid the first stones of their cathedrals at Paris, at Chartres, at Rheims, they knew full well that they would never enjoy the fruit of their toil. But no matter how long the process of building might last, they knew their faith would last longer still. They trusted and believed in their Catholic posterity. They dug down into the earth and rock to place therein the deep foundations in the hope that future generations would build up those walls and towers, until after five hundred years the cross rose proudly above the steeple.*

Ozanam himself, notwithstanding his enormous reading and almost encyclopedic knowledge, would be the last to assert that his lectures or his books gave the final word on any point. "I never pretended to exhaust any of those subjects, one alone of which would afford ample employment for many lives."† Naturally historical science, as well as every other, has made immense strides during the last sixty years, and Ozanam's histories in the opinion of specialists have been excelled, and to a large extent superseded, by more modern publications—for instance, the monu-

**Œuvres Complétes*, vol. iii., p. 123. †*Lettres*, vol. ii., p. 185.

mental *Histoire Littéraire de France* in thirty quarto volumes, or its German synopsis by Elbert, *Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendland*. But for the educated public who need merely a careful and fairly accurate presentation of any period, and do not crave the excruciating exactness of the specialist, his works have retained their interest and popularity, as is evidenced by all having reached six and seven editions. The elevation of his thoughts, the felicity of his comparisons, the harmonious swing and lilt of his oratorical periods, added to the very real information they convey, make his books most agreeable and stimulating reading. And we venture to prophesy that many decades must yet pass by before his works will have lost their fascination and hold over his countrymen.

Ozanam, the writer, acquired for himself deserved renown, but still more precious because rarer and more difficult is the aureola of Ozanam the philanthropist. Talented men are usually to be found in sufficient abundance for all practical needs, but unselfish and self-sacrificing men are pearls of great price met with only once in a lifetime, and our eloquent professor was one of these. While pursuing his studies at Paris, the irreligious youth with whom he came in contact often pointed the finger of scorn at his religion, saying, that although Catholicism had done great things in the past, she was now a dead tree without sap or foliage. Stung by this taunt at the age of twenty, Ozanam, with seven other students, founded a Conference of Charity, which afterwards they re-named the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Let him tell us himself of the humble beginnings of the work as he told it to his confrères of Florence in the year 1853.

> I must tell you that it is not due to my personal merit that I have become Vice-President of the general Council of Paris, but simply owing to my seniority. You see before you one of the eight students, who twenty years ago, in May, 1833, grouped themselves together under the protection of St. Vincent de Paul. We were then deluged by philosophical and heterodox theories which made great noise in the world, and we felt the need to strengthen our faith in the midst of the attacks made against it by a false science. Some of our student companions were materialists, others disciples of Saint-Simon, others of Fourier, others again deists. When we Catholics spoke to these stray sheep of the marvels of Christianity, they all replied to us: "You are right if you speak of the past: Christianity formerly

worked wonders, but to-day Christianity is dead. You who boast of being Catholics, what do you do? Where are the works that at once prove your faith, and will make us respect and receive it?" They were right: their objection was not without some foundation. Then it was we said to ourselves: come! let us get to work! let our acts be brought into accordance with our beliefs!.....Let us help our neighbor as our Lord did, and let us place our faith under the protection of charity! Eight of us then gathered together with this determination, and at first as though jealous of our treasure, we did not want to receive others into our ranks. But God had willed it otherwise. The tiny association of intimate friends that we had originally in view, became in His designs the starting-point of an immense reunion of brethren, who were to spread themselves over a great part of Europe. You see then that we have no right to decorate ourselves with the title of founders: it is God Himself Who wanted and Who founded our Society!

I recollect in the beginning a good friend of mine, who was fascinated by the theories of Saint-Simon, said to me with a feeling of pity: "What do you hope to do? You are only eight poor students, and you dream of alleviating the poverty and wretchedness which flourish in a city like Paris! And even if you do meet with some success, you will not have done much after all! We, on the other hand, are building up ideas and a system which will reform the world and eradicate pain and misery for ever! We shall do in a moment for humanity, what you will not be able to do in many centuries!" You know, gentlemen, how these theories have turned out which so deluded my poor friend! And we on whom he had such compassion instead of eight, are now, in Paris alone, two thousand, and we visit five thousand families, that is about twenty thousand persons, or one-quarter of the poor whom the immense city contains. In France alone our branches number five hundred, and we have branches also in England, in Spain, in Belgium, in America, and even at Jerusalem. Thus it is that by humble beginnings one succeeds in great undertakings like our Lord, Who from the lowliness of the crib rose to the glorification of Thabor. And thus, too, God has deigned to make our work His, and has spread it throughout the world and crowned it with blessings.*

Even in Ozanam's lifetime the tiny mustard seed had grown into a mighty tree, and to-day in nearly every Catholic diocese in the

*Mélanges, vol. ii., pp. 41-45.

world there is a St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the sums expended in organized charity amount to millions. The Popes Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and Leo XIII. issued briefs in favor of the associations, and granted numerous indulgences not only to the alumni, but also to the poor assisted by them, and to the families of the members.

As long as Ozanam lived, his time, his talents, his purse were at the service of the poor. Every year he made it a point to distribute to them at least the tenth part of his annual income. Whenever he visited them, he always left behind him, besides money, some pious object, such as a crucifix, a picture, or a small statue. One New Year's day he heard that a family he knew had been obliged to mortgage some heirlooms. His first impulse was to go to their assistance, but his wife dissuaded him, presenting many plausible reasons. When, however, night had come, and he looked around his own comfortable home, and noticed all the presents he had received from friends, pupils, and admirers, he could no longer restrain his pity for those whom want had forced to part with their cherished possessions, and then and there he went to the pawnbroker's and redeemed the heirlooms for his protégés.

For several years he had been helping an Italian, and finally got a good situation for him. But the foreigner was guilty of some misconduct, and had to be dismissed. Unabashed, he appealed again to his protector, but Ozanam turned a deaf ear, and sternly refused him any assistance. Scarcely had the unfortunate left the house when Ozanam's conscience began to prick him, and he said to himself, "a man ought never to reduce another to despair, nor has he the right to refuse bread even to the vilest criminal; one day I shall need and expect that God will not be merciless to me, as I have been towards one of these creatures redeemed by His blood." Immediately he picked up his hat, ran after the Italian, and made up by a generous alms for his first and quite legitimate indignation.

Such a strenuous life: study for ten and twelve hours a day; writing articles for reviews and newspapers; giving lectures to various societies; collating manuscripts, and searching libraries would have sufficed to undermine the strongest constitution. Ozanam had always been delicate, and already at the age of thirty-three his health began to fail. The various tours he made with a view to recuperation scarcely afforded him any rest, as everywhere new literary projects, new problems to examine and to solve

presented themselves to his insatiable mind. Indeed, as already mentioned, some of his most painstaking investigations, some of his most delightful books, were the fruits of these so-called vacation rambles.

During the Easter session of 1852 he was very ill, but hearing that his pupils were calling for him at the Sorbonne, he rose from his dying bed and hastened to the University. To the remonstrances and entreaties of his wife and his physician he replied: "I want to do honor to my profession." When he reached the classroom pale and gasping, the students received him with a tempest of applause, and enthusiastic acclamations were renewed several times during the lecture. For a nervous, artistic temperament like his, the sympathetic welcome of his pupils was just the spur required to raise him to the highest flights of eloquence. He launched forth into a magnificient improvisation, ending with the touching words:

> Gentlemen, they reproach our century with being selfish, and they say that the professors suffer from the general epidemic. Yet it is here we ruin our health, here we wear out our vital forces; I do not complain; our lives belong to you, we owe them to you until our last breath, and you shall have them. As for me, gentlemen, if I die, it will be in your service.

It was the song of the swan; never again did he hear the plaudits of the youth, who had crowded around his chair for thirteen years.

The following summer and autumn he spent in Spain. His wish was to make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of St. James at Compostella, but he had not strength to travel beyond Burgos. He published his notes and souvenirs of this trip in the charming study entitled, *Pélérinage au Pays du Cid,* to be found in the first volume of his *Mélanges.* The winter of 1853 he spent in Italy, principally at Pisa. Although sick and dying, he left no stone unturned to introduce the St. Vincent de Paul Societies into Tuscany, for hitherto the then archduke and his executive had refused to authorize them. But even cynical politicians could not resist the magnetism of Ozanam's personal appeal, and within a few months societies were established at Florence, Pisa, and Siena.

The valiant champion felt now that his work was done, and he began to prepare himself quietly and calmly for the end. His

death, which took place at Marseilles, September 8, 1853, was that of a saint, full of piety, unction, and the most perfect resignation. When the priest who assisted him in his last moments, urged him to have confidence in God, "Why should I fear Him?" he answered, "I love Him so much." In his will he expressed the wish that his relatives and family might forever remain faithful to their heritage of the Catholic religion.

For the edition of Ozanam's works published in 1883, Pope Leo XIII. deigned to write an apostolic brief to the author's widow. In this document His Holiness says:

> We are certain that you desire nothing more than to preserve piously that faith and filial piety towards Mother Church, and thus to follow the footsteps of him, who consecrated himself to Her, as you say, and who was for his fellow-citizens a model of religion and good works. It is then a pleasure and a joy for Us to see the memory of this illustrious man honored, in order that the number of those who wish to share in the same glory may increase; particularly at a time so critical for Christianity, when the struggle against the wicked must be sustained by brave men of deep knowledge and earnest endeavor, who will uphold the cause of truth, and lead others to the love of virtue.

Could there be for any child of the Catholic Church a higher reward than such weighty words of commendation from the Vicar of Christ Himself, or for Frédéric Ozanam a more glorious epitaph?

THE AMATEUR BARGEE.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

IN this jaded world new amusements have their value. Ours, one summer, lay very near the ground. It is wonderful how long a person can contemplate a thing, love it, and even desire it, without developing the instinct to grab it: and equally wonderful how contagious is grabbism, once it gets recognized as a practical thing. Here were several of us, all independently given, it seems, to hanging over bridges, and watching with longing the movements of barges on English canals. Oh, that utter rest from all art and all morals betokened by a long grimy boat, drawn by a single horse on the tow-path, slowly, slowly gliding under a dark arch, with its generally invisible crew! Oh, blessed and justifiable envy, directed towards folk who so passed their days! The bicycle, the train, the motor, the aëroplane, and every other contrivance for getting there—what are they but vanity? Pre-historic transportation, the embodied negation of hustle, wore a halo by comparison.

> We therefore thought it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

We sighed for the barge! More, we got it. It took some study, and even diplomacy, plus various fees, not exorbitant, to find a disused specimen. An aged nondescript, called the *Moll,* lay at her moorings in another county: we had her emptied, fumigated, made water-tight, and painted. This worthy receptacle, when sent down to us, proved to be a sort of gigantic coffin, scooped deep, and about seventy-two feet long from stem to stern. She was adorned with many movable planks, each laid deckwise when not in use as a gangway. Two sets of uprights, forming a double stockade and placed well apart, served to make progress from one end to the other a truly gymnastic matter; incidentally, they offered to hold up at need a huge tarpaulin, not without its uses, we thought, under the wet English sky. As a matter of fact, it was never stretched over the hold but once. We intended the *Moll* for a beast of burden, not for a habitation, but the vast cavern was a

convenience for luggage. There was a small cabin aft, full of cupboards and crannies, and built up with stuffy berths; the roof of this formed a large, pleasant, and necessary loggia. At the entrance to the cabin was the square of flooring for the steerer to stand in, cheek by jowl with what seemed to be one of the most enormous rudders known to man. One small "steps," moved hither and thither, served as our only apparent means (short of supernatural levitation) of getting from the hold to the saloon deck, or to the upper stage of it farther along, which was the point of vantage on the cabin roof. The cargo for a seventeen-days' cruise included some pots and pans, a firkin for drinking-water, a spirit-lamp, a flashlight, a mandolin, groceries, charts, a few topographical books, a portable bathtub, a long chair, a dog, two tents, five camp-beds wed to a prodigious array of blankets, rugs, and old coats and shawls; also a medical and surgical case for accidents and injuries, such as duly poured in upon us with a very abandon of frequency and cordiality.

The crew, headed by Wags, the terrier, was six in number, under the true out-of-doorer, the lady whom we elected captain. Add to these a horse; and lastly a man-of-all-work. We stipulated, at the canal company's office, for a nice one: could they recommend or obtain such? Promptly appeared a paragon, aged twenty-five or thereabouts, and exhibiting all the steadiness and serenity of advanced eld. Poor Watty had a history already. His young wife had made a fatal misstep on the black slippery barge-planks, while they had drawn up near a lock for the night, and her Watty was absent, having gone up to the village to get milk for the two babies; after that the canal was a bitter place to the widowed lad, and he had taken up coal-heaving ashore. It was two years ago, and more; and now he was persuaded to walk the tow-path again.

Watty was, to be brief, a brick: silent, patient, all-comprehending, infinitely quick, and pleasant to look at. He was spare and straight, with a light curly head, a fine coat of tan, and a blue dogged eye meeting yours squarely: the perfect type of some imagined British private in *The Daily Mirror,* saving the colors in a far-away scrimmage. He knew his business, and made a loyal scout to the women and the men whom he must (at least at the outset) have thought completely crazy. His costume was corduroy of a cinnamon brown, hot weather as it was; his sleeves were rolled back to the elbow over nervy arms tattooed up, down, and across with Lillie, and the ineradicable marginal scroll-work to the same; his trousers

were clipped below the knee with metal rings, displaying to great advantage shoes hobnailed and iron-crescented like the horse's own; his buckled belt was mediævally gay, and carried in the middle, behind, the huge key of the half-hundred locks we were to travel through. Watty was a bargee born and bred, but had no opinion of bargees as a class. For those wanderers of the Gentile world to whom he alluded as "roadsters," he had less "dis-veneration."

Bargees were too rough for us, he said. This depreciation whipped up our interest not a little. The women we passed all wore striped calicoes and black sunbonnets; they were strong, taciturn, big-boned creatures, generally stationed at the helm, and managing the huge tiller with half the fingers of one hand. The men, one to a craft, trod the path with the plodding beast, and threw the loose guiding-rope over bridges and boats with the most careless dexterity. Watty was a wonder in the exercise of this primitive but not uncomplicated art, stimulated, doubtless, by the consciousness that his fares were there to be edified. He put on an aggressive air as human beings hove in sight: one saw his responsibilities coming erect, hair by hair, exactly as on Wags' absurd little back. Watty certainly went prepared to defend us with his life against the jibes our unexpected appearance might well have provoked. For every other vessel on the canal was sunk low to the waterline, transporting coal or stone, while ours towered high in air as an "empty;" their crew were working-folk on their rounds, and ours only tired brains frivolling in search of rest.

It behoved us to be civil toward the native element (a people as much apart as the gypsies), whose realm we were traversing. Civil we were, with our six honeyed "Good-mornings!" full in the teeth of the black-browed men, the stolid women, of the inland waterways; civil they inevitably had to be in return. Some of our party neither had, nor affected to have, any interest whatever in the very young of the species, who invariably accompanied their parents on the gaily-painted domestic part of the *Ethiop* or *Wild Rose* or *Royal Rover*. But what most brigand-like bargee on earth could resist A's perfectly genuine tributes: "See that de-licious tiny mite! What curls!" etc., etc. We got nothing but smiles from O—— to B—— and back again: hard, weather-beaten, quizzical smiles, the substructure of which must have been common or garden contumely. "It gave delight and hurt not." In fact, the dire threats we had heard went up in smoke. Apparently, there was no real incompatibility between brother vaga-

bonds, the aloof tribe and our idling selves. Our whole party got quite corybantic, the third day out, on the subject, and filled the lonely miles with neo-Georgian balladry of the impromptu sort. It ran something like this:

Soprano solo. Animato, piano.
They told me of the cruel Bargee
With blood and oaths defiled:
But, oh! [*allargando*] the Bargee that I have met,
Than sucking-pig [*con tenerezza*] more mild!

Bassi. Furioso, ff.
They told me of the brass Bargee
Upstanding devilish grim:

Chorus. Molto soave ma marcato.
But, oh! the Bargee that I have met,
Would I were good like him!

And so on, interminably antiphonal. So very pleasing seemed the situation!

Just where did we go, just what did we see? One must be non-biographical, to do honor to that journey and those adventures. Nobody kept a diary; we set out with one unanimous passion and aim: to get nowhere and to do nothing in particular. There is a careful and charming book called *Inland Navigation,* worth the study which it never won from any of us. Of course we carried divers local charts, the inch-to-a-mile ones. They added greatly to our lazy pleasure. Our course was a purely fatalistic choice: we stuck to the local canal. It is one of many delectable and intersecting waterways which cross the country in every conceivable direction, but go unnoted by the casual scanner of ordnance maps. Almost all the English canals were laid out at a time when inland navigation was in its prime, and while nobody dreamed of any upstart invention which might supersede it. Even when the great railway companies became well-established, and had bought up their sleepy water rivals, they were in most instances bound by contract to maintain the canals in perfect repair: hence these have been well-kept through centuries of practical disuse. Even the Sapperton Tunnel in the Cotswold hills, where no boat enters now, is open and passable through its dark difficult miles; and if one finds a blocked way, as for instance in some of the loveliest scenery of Berkshire and Wiltshire, it serves as occasion for the just wrath

of the conservative, and a grievance finds vent once more in the newspapers.

A more delightful device for going the longest way round, and with the greatest possible expenditure of time, cannot be imagined. Our own actual rate of speed was little over two miles an hour! The route lies, more often than not, through the most unfrequented and romantic places, but sometimes in the near vicinity of villages, and once in a while sheer across a town. Lowlands and low hills are the natural *mise-en-scène* for a canal, unless this runs, as it does on the Welsh Border, and elsewhere, along the mountain sides. The velvet banks, the winding, tree-shadowed reaches, the presence of fish and water-fowl, make these man-made channels as full of natural graces (save only that there is no gurgle of motion) as a stream. A canal always has some river, indeed, for neighbor, and into the river, at given points, the canal lock opens, so that for a hundred yards, or it may be a mile, the two are one. Then a boat is received by an oozy gate, swinging to behind; the sudden torrent pours from under the keel, or shoulders it buoyantly higher and higher until, upborne to the level, the voyager emerges through the second gate upon the more sluggish waters. A great charm hangs about these little old solitary pound-locks. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have invented them, and they seem well worthy of that eternal dreamer, while you let yourself in and out of the roofless stone chamber, tapestried with moss, and frescoed with emerald, bronze, and copper stains. A bridge, being a road-carrier, is almost always hard by a lock, so that the helmsman of a barge has the pleasure of shooting not only the narrow lock-entrance, but an equally narrow stone corridor under the arch: this has usually the perverse distinction of being diagonal, and barely an inch wider, on each side, than the clumsy craft it grudgingly accommodates.

The bargee idea of efficiency is of course to go through without bump or hitch. The enormous tiller is as responsive as possible; yet some study is exacted from its ruling spirit, owing to the whims of a deballasted hollow boat as long as a house. What does for the fore part, in the matter of direction, will decidedly not do for the middle or the rear; and a cross wind, with such a broadside on, makes the craft quite unmanageable, without a counter-push from the near tow-path to play up to the horse's rectangular rope-pull ahead. This counter-push generally turned out to be Watty's unaided business. Much of his time, during our first days, was spent

in shoving the bulky *Moll* from banks and mud-shoals. Wind had something to do with such curvatures, but so had the 'prentice hand. Seventy times seven times per day would Watty seize that hooked pole, on, under, or with which he performed, uncomplainingly, his acrobatic feat. One's cumulative skill in steering eventually saved him the necessity of like efforts; but while they lasted, he was watched with thrilling concern. It seemed impossible that the pole he was so grimly pushing into his person, to save our seamanship, should not run out through his disinterested vitals, and dislodge the lock-key in the process!

The professional bargee, unlike the amateur, cannot move about in his grimy shell, laden as it is to the water's edge with a heavy cargo. He is free only of the stuffy cabin where he eats and sleeps, and of the bit of flooring from which he descends to it. In the phenomenal English summer of 1911, the *Moll* became an unbearable Tophet, with her black tarry sides, deep dungeon, blistered planks, and ever-slipping little stairway, which with persistence worthy of a better cause, broke all our skulls, spines, shins, and elbows, one by one. We generally struck camp and started on our way about half-past eight each morning, ran into the most available bank before eleven, and kept under the shade of trees thereabouts in peace until about four, when all trooped aboard again, and became re-disposed " for to be'old the world so wide," until night should fall. Our only use for the *Moll* was to loll on her high poop, or range along her counter-like side to snatch a precarious late supper from her Spartan larder. In the long exquisite English twilight, we would begin to bivouac about eight o'clock, laboriously dragging all the collapsible beds and their bedding into some sloping field which took our fancy. We always offered the usual extremely moderate legal camping-fee; but in one instance only was it accepted. Roasting weather as it was by day, we all went to sleep clad in every extra old coat and dressing-gown to be had, and snuggled down under a pile of rugs peculiar, one would think, to a Polar expedition. Nobody ever complained of heat at night: which marks a sufficient difference between Albion's isle, and our unspeakable after-dark thermometer in a New England July, peopled by mosquitoes. The sounds we heard were all soothing. It was too late for the nightingales, but the wood-pigeons cooed enchantingly. Old belfries bespoke us hourly over acres of cornfields, or the grown lambs, with their yet unbroken treble, bleated once or twice from the nearest fold; even

the Great Western had a far-off, not unmelodious rumble, mingled with our dreams on some velvety hillside under the dark-blue midnight sky. And what sleep it was! of godlike depth, opacity, and duration. We had nothing to learn from the Seven of Ephesus.

One night an extremely wrathful thunderstorm broke suddenly over us, and of the five who slept without tents, only three chose to go under cover. The two effiges who lay out had "the time of their lives," not falling out of step thereby with a soldier ancestry of hard campaigns. Conscious virtue lulled them to sleep again, and there were no ugly rheumatics by the morning light. Night is always divine under the stars, and in the fragrance of blossomy fields. We grew quite soft and Capuan, and cast about for an environment of haystacks, or for hedges providing wild roses aloft or wild thyme underfoot. One of the party habitually said his night prayers, and laid him down to sleep on the cabin roof of the *Moll,* under a sheltering willow bough: a romantic site, and not roll-off-able. But it had its disadvantages, as to the thus easily-localized victim fell the lot of drawing all the water for ablutions in the morning, while our man Watty foraged among the farms for milk, eggs, bread, and butter.

In the captain's roomy tent stood the tribal tub: a fearsome shallow rubber thing, clean but squshy, from which in turn the family emerged, looking its loveliest, in bewildering ole clo'. The canal being ineligible, the swimmers of the party had often to travel far in search of a pool, a thing not hard to find in normal weather, but just then desperately rare; once, however, they found the pool most beatifically realized in a disused ancient monastic reservoir, far up in the hills: very deep it was, and pure yet, though so bearded with thick tall reeds that ingress and egress were muddy and prickly matters, causative of cruel jibes from the non-amphibious minority. At another time they tried the almost empty Cherwell, and had hardly forded it to a sand-floored basin just under five feet deep, and paused in a conclave consisting of heads to scan the beauty of our

> ....little patch of sky,
> And little plot of stars,

when as silently as a shadow, and unaware until he was full upon them, came a youth in a canoe, his face brightening into a sort of affectionate apology as he glided past while the assembled kelpies

grinned their best at him the while, as at a visitant from the unknown world. It was all an idyll of a moment, an idyll of lonely places, like something out of Theocritus.

The weather saw to it that excursions were at a minimum. Not that little walks and drives were wholly out of the question. The smouldering antiquarianism of some of our party flamed up almost daily, and involved much mooning over venerable churches on hills and in vales. And of course the Catholics had to travel to Sunday Mass: distance was literally "no object!" and quite material as well as spiritual was the reward when in their hot boots they reached the door of some little Gothic sanctuary with a cool quiet interior, and a reverent country congregation singing the *De Angelis* under their own Roodbeam, with all their hearts.

Our table had limits, but was admirable within those limits. It was a sad day when we had to deplete our stock, by throwing overboard every pot of the jam, honey, and marmalade, with which all Great Britain is on such loving terms. The unwonted heat brought a plague of wasps all over the countryside; literally thousands of them boarded the *Moll,* intent, not on molesting us, but on raiding our preserves. It seemed judicious to come to a quick decision. As Newman says somewhere of a bore, "You may yield, or you may flee: you cannot conquer." One day we were fated to run short of drinking water, though fortunately not of oranges. Many were the British blessings, in those Lenten days, showered upon canned sweet corn and Heinz's baked beans, and other life-saving American condiments! Moreover, we were all poor together, and unaffectedly gay on half-rations. Nor did we fail to "count our blessings." "There's the wind on the heath, brother!" was not quoted, or taken, ironically. All work, including cooking, went by turns; dishwashing, though reduced to a minimum by paper serviettes and cardboard plates, was not the most popular department. Rather, it was the bedmaker who lived in clover. The bursar managed to get the accounts straight, share and share alike, to a ha'penny: the senior man and his pipe were miracles of first aid and good-humor; the two midshipmites, nineteen and sixteen, went barefoot, shelled nuts, sang wild nonsense-songs, and raised such complexions as have never been seen off an ebony post: such were their *magna opera,* their contribution to the arduosities of life on a barge. The beaming things! No anathema could so much as scratch them.

Then, to add to the joy of life, there were always the two

beasts. The Irish terrier, Wags, a tight wiry rogue with an all-knowing eye, never got entirely reconciled to the business which his missis seemed to have adopted for life: gypsying was not quite what he would have chosen for that adored being. When he was not leaping ashore and back again, sometimes miscalculating, and flopping sensationally into the muddy water, for the sake of hearing her oboe-like plaint: "Oh, *Wag*-let mine!" he kept tearing up and down the unintelligible, unlovely moving house where no manly diversion, not even cat-chasing, was to be had for love or money. However, one morning, on his first surreptitious prowl, he captured a mole in the hedges: the poor little velvety funnel-shaped beastie gave one dying squeak which woke some of us before dawn.

On another occasion we arose unanimously and blessed Wags (really not a murderer by instinct or habit), for purely eleemosynary reasons. At the turn of the lane, in a village so enchanting that we hung about it for five whole days of our short seventeen, sat a large white contemplative hen. What she said to Wags, going by alone, has not been clearly revealed; but whatever it was, her fluffy upholstery promptly strewed the ground. We bore down in a body, wildly apologetic; Wags' contrite missis walloped Wags, and offered liberal blood money; the bereaved farmer, grinning from ear to ear in the teeth of such a tragedy, went her one better, and had the holocaust plucked and roasted for us! It was literally our only meat, save a cooked ham brought aboard when we first loaded for the voyage. After that, large white hens, doubtless in blind obedience to their owners, sat continuously at that turn of the lane as the chastened, or sated, Wags went by; but silver flowed perforce no more from his lady's depleted wallet.

Then there was Dobbin, the strong little horse, perfectly tractable, but used neither to barge-pulling nor to bargees. Watty was good to him, laughed at him, fed him, taught him much strange lore, and sometimes expended upon him a vernacular not without vigor. Overworked Dobbin was not. In fact, when we camped so long in humble and beautiful C—— (chiefly, I fear me, because King Charles, arrayed "in a velvet surcoate and white armour, with ye collar of yé George," won a fight there once, down by the bridge where Roundhead spurs and swords are washed up yet in the freshets), Dobbin went to glory. Introduced into the big "green caravanserai" where our fixtures and belongings lay from

five to fifteen feet apart, he got upon his back, and kicked and rolled among them the whole length of the field; and this performance he repeated every time we looked at him, with or without mention of sugar. Now a certain solemn little old donkey, with the loveliest dove-gray coat, was the proprietor of that broad, beautiful field, with its close-cut slope, its walnut-trees, its hedgerows, its water-front, and its view of the distant hills, its music of thrushes and of church-bells. It was his, and he said so: not only to Dobbin and Wags, but to four English and two Americans, singly and conjointly; also to Watty. Not being heeded, he took up an attitude of unique protest. An attitude indeed it was.

Our memory of C—— will always include in the foreground that long white nozzle, those resentful and utterly parallel little legs, always and immovably turned towards the intruders. He ate not, neither slept; whatever was his vocation in the rural world, he eschewed it totally for the time; he made it his sole business to stand and stare. At breakfast-time, at noon, at dusk, there Neddy's statue rose on its mound-pedestal. Out of many naps, diurnal or nocturnal, we awoke to find the eye of Neddy dominating the situation, never a hair's breadth from the spot, where with the indignation of the landed gentry driven to bay, he first watched our entry. He was there when Watty swung the last planks aboard the *Moll,* and began his tow-path trudge homeward, with his hand on Dobbin's rope-hung, rotund back; when we looked our last from the fold of the uplands, over the still water, to the vanishing tower of C——, there was the consistent creature, still playing his psychic solo, by no alien blandishments subdued. Bless his one-idea'd little British heart!

Two nights before we were mustered out, we parted with the gentle and resourceful captain, and with her Wags. Their belongings went off in a country cart, and themselves, met by friends, on foot over the fields. Emotionally, then, Wags had no further interest in the barge, the one loved being having abandoned it with him, in favor of home. But intellectually he continued to take a vehement interest in all our goings-on. The *Moll* had by now quitted the canal (which was to be closed over bank holiday) and had worked into the upper Thames, where, among lush meadows, we made our last bivouac, about a mile from Wags' domicile. Down he came alone on each evening, planted himself on the opposite bank, and with a most controlled civility, for an hour on end rolled his eye heavenwards, inquiring why we still sat in the stalls

when the play was over? Was there not a house yonder, his house? Did not bipeds of our species usually prefer houses? Was not the pearl of the company, the crown of creation, the peerless she, our own friend, in that house? Was not himself (this with a world of ingratiating swagger), in that house, and more than ready to give us all bed and board of a kind we were foregoing, under this hard necessity of bargee life? And after the long argument, he would unstiffen his tail, and go very deprecatingly on his way, often looking back with that unsatisfied Why-in-the-name-of-common-sense query in his rational little brown eye.

We had set out, as I have said, with next to no plan, but we traveled far and fell on divers wonders. Farmsteads, great and small, with their perennial life and homelikeness; venerable churches in lonely places, full of architectural interest and historical mystery; old battlefields, most critically crossed and recrossed, chart in hand: —these are but three of the ever-recurring delights of our odd outing. Better even than these was the personal hold one seemed to take on great things: on limitless horizons, spoiled by no city's smoke, and on

> ....lights and shades
> That marched and countermarched across the hills
> In glorious apparition.

No one of us ever so enjoyed motion: the dustless, unfelt, unsmelt, motion of the creeping keel, whereby one comes through such a primitive archway of pleasure into the inheritance of simple hearts. Bargees are not a talkative people: none are, who live in the open. We fell into their ways, and exchanged the high compliment of much silence. The best outcome of the adventure was that, when we came reluctantly to the urban canal wharf, beyond which lay conversation and clothes and menus and brainwork, and the other burdens of our mortal lot, we knew that we loved one another better for a not riotous holiday, and a temporary withdrawal from the world. May any who follow in our wake capture from nature and from human nature, if no more numerous statistics, at least as much of peace!

THE RECTOR'S RESTITUTION.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

I.

"IT seemed to me," remarked the Reverend James Broughton in a meditative manner, as he handed his coffee cup to be refilled, "that I heard various unaccountable noises during the night."

Mrs. Broughton gave vent to an impatient ejaculation as she took up the coffee pot.

"What nonsense, James! Here take your coffee. I must beg of you not to let anyone hear you talk about noises in the night, and that kind of rubbish. It is an old house, and, of course, the church is older still, but we shan't keep our servants a week if you set them off on ghosts. Besides there are no such things."

"I have no intention of doing so, my dear," replied her husband mildly. "Even if I were convinced that I heard sounds which are not easily to be explained or described, I should not dream of taking my domestics into my confidence on the subject. But there most certainly is a peculiar atmosphere about the place which I noticed the day we arrived. However, since it annoys you—" He paused expressively, rose from the table, and passed through the French window into the sunny garden.

It was only a week since James Broughton had been appointed Rector of Marshley, and his friends and acquaintances considered that he was in consequence a very lucky man. It was a living of seven hundred a year, a charmingly situated house with a garden and orchard sloping down to the bank of a river, while the picturesque church of the early Norman period dated from the thirteenth century, and was a joy to the antiquarian.

"I wish James would not get such extraordinary notions into his head," reflected Mrs. Broughton when she was left alone. "If he once imagines there is a ghost here, Sybil will too, and there will be no peace at all. Atmosphere indeed, I wonder what he meant by that!"

Mrs. Broughton belonged to that class of human beings who are extremely definite in their views upon every subject, and are always prepared at a moment's notice to give evidence to the faith—

or rather lack of it—which is within them. Those things which she could see and feel she believed in, but those others, and they were a large number, which lay outside and beyond the circumscribed limits of her personal experience, she unhesitatingly labelled rubbish. She was not only entirely devoid of sentiment, but also of imagination, considered all novels trash, and freely expressed her opinion that a man who wrote poetry was next door to a fool. It was this woman whom James Broughton, with his head in the stars and his dreamy scholarly nature, had fallen in love with and married, and it was not until the end of the honeymoon that he had discovered that what he had fallen in love with was an ideal of his own creation, and what he had married bore not the most remote resemblance to it. It was not, however, an unhappy marriage on the whole. They got on fairly well together on the surface, but, the days of glamor ended, neither entertained any illusions respecting the other, and it was to his only daughter Sybil that James Broughton turned for that sympathy and comprehension which is to men of his type the one essential. He was waiting for her to join him now as he paced up and down the broad grass walk by the old sundial, for she always kept him company while he smoked his morning pipe, and in a few moments he saw the flicker of her white skirts among the laurel bushes as she ran across the lawn.

"I couldn't get away any sooner, dad, I was awfully late for breakfast, and mother has been giving me her views on early rising and punctuality and several other things, and that took time. She seemed rather rubbed up somehow."

There was a passing gleam of amusement in the Rector's eyes as he looked at his daughter. In one respect he was not exactly true to type, for he was possessed of the saving grace of humor. Not a great deal of it perhaps, but just enough to carry him cheerfully over the rough places of life.

"I was telling your mother that the atmosphere of this place struck me as a little out of the common."

Sybil nodded sympathetically, and her eyes lit up.

"Oh, I see, yes, that would account for it. Mother hasn't any use for atmosphere. But you are quite right, dad, and I am awfully glad it affects you too. I feel it everywhere. What do you think it is?"

The Rector considered for a moment. He was a studious, cultivated man, had read much and thought much, and had conse-

quently realized that his knowledge amounted to very little. Unlike his wife, he was seldom prepared to give a definite opinion. "I think it may possibly be on account of its past history," he said at last. "Strange things may have happened here, and you and I who are susceptible to such influences may find ourselves affected by them. That is what I think—at least I should not be surprised if that were the case."

"It was awfully queer, the other afternoon," went on Sybil. "I went into the church for a few minutes on my way home. It was getting dusk, and I had the oddest feeling that there was someone else in the church, though I couldn't see anyone. I wasn't frightened exactly, more excited and interested, and I felt very strongly that it—whatever it was—wanted to get into communication with me and couldn't do it."

The Rector fixed his eyes on the gorgeously-tinted autumn leaves which he was rustling with his feet, as they walked up and down. His daughter had inadvertently but most accurately described his own sensations during the early morning service, a fact which he considered it wiser to keep to himself.

"We must not let this idea take too great a hold on us, my child," he remarked with an abstracted air, "it will possibly wear off as we grow more accustomed to our new surroundings, and in any case—er—it doesn't interest your mother."

Sybil smiled roguishly. Without being strictly pretty, her face was full of charm, and her smile was a thing to be remembered. "'Doesn't interest' is rather good, but I could have put it much more forcibly. Well, we will keep it to ourselves all right, but my conviction is that instead of wearing off it will become stronger, till it—or they—have found some way of letting us know what they really want. There's mother calling, I must rush."

James Broughton continued his quarter deck exercise for some time after his daughter had left him. He was reviewing in his own mind the sensations he had experienced during the early service that morning, and finally arrived at the conclusion that Sybil had somehow or other hit upon the word of the enigma. "That is it," he murmured to himself, "whoever or whatever it is whose influence affects us so powerfully, wants something or other, but what, and how could we possibly give it to them? That is the question." And it was one which the Rector of Marshley found himself totally unable to answer.

II.

"What is the matter, James? You are very silent this morning. No one can get a word out of you."

It was a fortnight later, and the Rector of Marshley, and his wife and daughter were at breakfast, Sybil having for once managed to be in time and so escape maternal admonitions.

"Oh—er—am I more silent than usual, my dear?" inquired the Rector taking refuge in evasion.

"Well, you have made exactly two remarks since you came into the room, and one was to ask for the butter."

James Broughton glanced hastily and somewhat furtively at his daughter, who was watching him intently from the other side of the flower-decked table, and cleared his throat in an embarrassed manner. It was useless—he had proved it by long experience—to hoodwink his wife. As well might one hope to distract a fox hound when the scent is burning, and his quarry but one field ahead.

"Well, my dear, the fact is," he began hesitatingly, "I—I am not feeling very fit this morning. I—er—I had rather a bad night."

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Broughton triumphantly, "I knew it. You have been imagining a ghost again. How a man of your age and—well not exactly sense, but a certain amount of intelligence—can lend yourself to such follies, is one of those things which I shall never be able to understand."

"I thought you understood everything, mummie," murmured Sybil, dropping her eyes to hide their laughter, as she helped herself to a piece of toast.

"Don't be impertinent, Sybil. Well, James, what was your visitor like? Was it dressed in a long white robe, and did it lay an icy finger on your forehead? Let us hear all about it. It will be quite amusing, and we all seem a little dull this morning, it may cheer us up."

Mrs. Broughton was in a playful mood, and though her persiflage on these occasions resembled somewhat the gambols of an elephant, they were yet the best she could accomplish in that line.

The Rector summoned his dignity to his aid. "I had no visitors as you express it, and my imagination does not run away with me to the extent of fancying I see white-robed figures. As

I told you I have not had a very good night, and—we will leave it at that. I should like a little more coffee if you please."

Mrs. Broughton filled his cup in silence. It was very rarely that her husband asserted himself, but when he did it usually subdued her—for the time being. As soon as he had left the room, however, on the pretext of an important letter to answer, she began again:

"I cannot conceive why your father should have taken such odd ideas into his head about this house. It doesn't strike me as being what foolish people call haunted."

Sybil rose from the table with a little laugh. "No, mummie, I daresay not," she said. "You see you are not susceptible to supernatural influences, and dad and I are."

"Supernatural fiddlesticks," exclaimed Mrs. Broughton. "Really the way modern girls talk is too ridiculous. When I was young no one knew anything about such rubbish."

"No, mummie, and *you* don't now, so it's no use my trying to explain it to you!" And before her mother could find fitting words to express her wrath, Sybil had made her escape and joined her father in his study.

"Well, dad," she began expectantly.

The Rector looked up from his writing, and laid down his pen. "Well, what?" he said with a smile.

"Oh, don't be tiresome, dad; you know what I mean quite well. Did you feel anything special last night?"

The Rector hesitated. Chums as he and Sybil were, he was not sure how far he was justified in taking her into his entire confidence on this point, especially as their occult discussions were a source of annoyance to her mother. He was no longer in love with his wife, but he was very loyal to her, and that sums up the man's character as well as anything.

"You may as well own up," went on Sybil, "because I felt it too."

The Rector looked at her with a startled expression. "Felt it? Felt what, tell me what you mean, child?"

Sybil laughed and perched herself on the arm of his chair.

"Ah, that is rather turning the tables! However, I suppose I shan't get anything out of you till I have given you a lead, so here goes for the first fence. Well, I woke up suddenly last night, just as though I had been roused, in fact my first idea was that someone had awakened me, and I wondered drowsily whether you

or mother were ill, so I started up in bed. The next instant I was wide awake, and there was nothing to be seen, but the feeling that somebody was in the room was unmistakable. You felt it, too, I'll bet you anything you like."

"Well, yes," replied the Rector. "My feelings were almost precisely similar to yours, but we must remember that waking up suddenly is by no means an uncommon experience, and the fact by itself is hardly sufficient to substantiate a proof that—er—"

"Bunkum, dad, don't use such long words. You think it is your duty not to encourage me in occultism—that's understood. Now, let us talk sense. I know as well as you do that lots of people wake up suddenly in the night, but it was not only last night that we felt it. We have been in this house for three weeks now, and ever since we entered it we—you and I that is to say—have been haunted, yes, that is the word, haunted by an invisible presence, and why?—that is what I want to know."

The Rector remained silent for a moment. His nocturnal experiences had differed from his daughter's in this respect, that he was possessed all the time by the conviction that the presence in his room desired something at his hands. There had been a compelling force about it which had completely banished sleep, and this was by no means the first or second visitation of the kind.

"I am inclined to agree with you that something is required of us," he said at last, "but I cannot imagine what it can be, or why either of us should be selected as likely to gratify whoever or whatever it is."

"Oh, that is easily explained," returned Sybil. She got off the arm of the chair, and crossing over to the window gazed dreamily out at the green smoothness of the lawn. "If there is anything in this house or church, and I feel it more strongly there, that wants anything, it wouldn't be likely to go near mother. She would pay as little attention to it as she would to a mouse, less in fact than in the case of a mouse, and the—the influence, I don't know what to call it, knows that we shall at any rate feel it."

"You say you feel it in the church?" questioned her father. "That is strange, very strange, it would almost seem—"

"Dad!" interrupted Sybil, "I have got an idea—let us have the house blessed like Roman Catholics do, perhaps it can't rest until something of that sort has been done."

"Blessed!" echoed the Rector in horror. "My dear Sybil, the Church of England does not hold with such superstitious practices, and besides," he added naïvely, "I am not at all sure that I should know the correct procedure."

"Oh, it would be no use for *you* to do it, dad. It ought to be a priest; you see this church was a Roman Catholic one once upon a time, and this house was probably inhabited by Romans too. If it is a ghost of that sort, it would take more than a clergyman to get rid of it."

"My dear child, you are expressing yourself in a very extraordinary fashion, and while you are in this flippant frame of mind I see no use in continuing this discussion. I should, besides, be glad to get on with my letters."

Sybil danced over to him, and gave him a butterfly kiss on his forehead. "There, he shan't be plagued any longer." Then as she reached the door, she turned and looked back at him. "You think it over, dad, and you will find there is something in my idea."

The Rector's letters remained neglected for sometime while he pondered over recent events. It was quite true what his daughter had said, both he and she, and practically ever since their arrival at Marshley, had been haunted by an intangible, indescribable influence which dogged their footsteps day and night. And it was especially, as Sybil had also remarked, in the church that it made itself felt. It was with this thought in his mind that late in the afternoon he went there by himself, and paced up and down the side aisle. It was growing dusk, and he could hardly distinguish the glowing colors of the stained glass windows. One of them, that which was above the communion table, was of far greater antiquity than the rest. It was a representation of the Nativity, and he could just make out a glimmer of blue on the Madonna's mantle. As he stood peering up at it, Sybil's words recurred to him. Once long ago this church had belonged to the ancient faith, and although he was not a ritualist, the Rector of Marshley, in his secret soul, hankered after a more gorgeous ceremonial, a fuller ritual than that which belonged to the religion he professed. He had an artist's eye for color, and an intense appreciation for beauty in nature and in art, and there was very little of either in the somewhat dreary form of worship which it was his duty to conduct. As he stood alone in the empty church in the twilight, he tried to reconstruct his surroundings, picture

them as they had been in a monastic past. He imagined the altar radiant with numerous lights, and the flashing of gems on a jewelled monstrance. He heard the solemn chanting of sonorous Latin words, and saw the blue smoke of incense as the censer was swung slowly to and fro. In an instant it had all become real to him, and it was with a tremendous effort that he detached himself from it, and brought his thoughts back to the prosaic present. As he did so, he heard, apparently at his elbow, a sigh, long drawn out and unmistakable, the sigh of someone whose burden was well nigh greater than he could bear. The Rector turned round quickly, and stared into the fast gathering gloom.

"Is there anyone there?" he said aloud.

There was no answer. The wind moaned among the cypresses in the churchyard outside, and the sudden cry of a screech owl, like a child in pain, came from the belt of elm trees by the river, but as far as he could see he was alone. Then, all at once, half-frightened by the echoing sound of his own voice, he made for the heavy oak door, opened it and locked it behind him.

III.

Not even to Sybil did the Rector make any comment regarding his twilight experiences in the old church. He told himself—though he could not make it sound convincing to his inner ego—that it was all imagination, that he and his daughter had become obsessed with the idea of an unseen but deeply-felt influence, and that the less they discussed it between themselves the better. He told himself this, but it left him unconvinced, and it seemed to him as the weeks wore on, that the unexpressed wishes of the shadowy presence, which had sighed at his elbow, grew more and more intense.

The feeling began to weigh upon Sybil too, although outwardly she was her usual gay, audacious self. And it was noticeable that during her frequent talks with her father, she rather avoided the subject. One day, however, when he and she were returning in the gloaming from a long walk, she broached the matter of her own accord.

"Have you ever examined any of those old documents in the vestry, dad? I expect they would be awfully interesting, and," she hesitated, and glanced up at him with a roguish smile in her

eyes, "they might possibly throw some light on our invisible friends!"

The Rector started. It was a new light to him at any rate. "Why, yes," he said slowly, "that never occurred to me, so it might."

"Because you see, dad, there is getting to be just a *little* too much of them even for my taste, and you know I love everything connected with spooks."

"I cannot understand it," remarked the Rector pathetically, "no one in the neighborhood seems to consider that the house is haunted. I have made several inquiries lately—guarded ones of course—in that direction, but have elicited nothing in the shape of what one might call spiritual information. Even old Patty Clack has nothing to say on the subject, and she would say it fast enough if she had."

"Yes, indeed. And I don't think that any consideration for our nerves would stop her if she had a spicy story to tell. But," Sybil paused with an unusually serious expression on her piquant features, "in this case I don't think that it is the *house* that is haunted but us!"

"But why, in heaven's name?" broke out the Rector forgetting his self-imposed vow of reticence, "such a thing has never happened to us before; we were all right at Mapperley."

"That was not a pre-Reformation church," returned Sybil with the air of an oracle. "I have been reading up some old history books lately and—" she paused, broke off abruptly. "Well, dad, you take my tip and examine those documents, and now we will try to forget all about it."

For the remainder of their walk she laughed and chatted in her usual lively vein, and when they caught sight of the lighted windows of the ivy-covered rectory gleaming redly through the dusk, she took hold of her father's arm.

"I say, dad, what do you think mummie would say if we broke to her the fact that her husband and daughter were haunted?"

"Sybil, my child," exclaimed the Rector nervously, "I must really beg of you—"

"Oh, all right, dad, I am on, we won't break it to her." And with a glance at her father's disturbed countenance, she gave way to a fit of irrepressible laughter.

The following afternoon the Rector went off by himself to the vestry, and for nearly an hour pored over the old documents in the

muniment chest. At the end of that time, however, he was not very much wiser than when he began, for the deciphering of the abbreviated script was a task beyond his powers. There was one in particular which interested him more than the others, and he finally brought it away with him, and took it to his study to examine through a magnifying glass. But although he was a very fair Latin scholar, he could make very little out of the ancient black lettering before him. A name, that of a Sir Fulke de Hèron, occurred in it frequently, but in what connection was a riddle which he found himself totally unable to solve, so with a sigh of baffled curiosity he took it back to its former place. The November afternoon was closing in as he re-entered the church, but as he opened the oaken door he could just distinguish a faint shadowy form pass into the vestry. He stopped short, his heart beating rapidly, and then pulling himself together made his way quickly up the nave.

"It might have been Sybil," he murmured half-aloud, "she has a light gray dress on, and it's getting too dark to make anything out clearly." And then he entered the vestry, and was in reality not at all surprised to find it empty. He replaced the document with somewhat shaking fingers, glancing once or twice nervously over his shoulder as he did so, and then leaving the vestry shut the door behind him. As he walked down the side aisle rather quicker than usual, he caught sight of a figure in one of the lower pews, which started up on his approach.

"It's all right, dad, don't be dicky, it's only me," said Sybil, and the Rector heaved a sigh of relief.

"Did I see you go into the vestry just now?" he asked.

"No, I came in this minute while you were there; what is the matter, you look—anyhow—have you—have you seen anything?"

"Nothing that I could swear to," returned the Rector in a guarded manner.

"But you thought you did?" said Sybil eagerly. "Oh, dad, tell me all about it, do."

"It was imagination, I am convinced it was imagination; our eyes play odd tricks with us in the dusk, but I *thought* I saw something gray flit into the vestry, and—and I concluded it must be you."

"Humph," murmured Sybil reflectively, "our friend is beginning to materialize itself then. Dad," she went on with a sudden change of tone, "have you been looking at those documents?"

"Yes, and I can make nothing of them; they are written in the old style Latin, which I am not sufficiently expert to understand."

"Oh, what a jolly nuisance. I wish we could get hold of an expert. Don't wait for me, dad, if you want to go, I—I came here to—" she paused and laughed a little to herself.

"I shall not leave you here, Sybil," remarked the Rector with unusual firmness. "It will do you no good to sit mooning here in the dark, come home with me at once." And the unexpectedness of his manner so impressed Sybil that she obeyed.

Next Sunday, the Rector of Marshley preached a sermon that somewhat astonished his hearers, as varying from the customary lines of his discourse. He dwelt upon the supernatural influences which surround the human race, he touched upon the gossamer-like texture of the veil which divides the spiritual from the natural world, and wound up by exhorting the congregation to cultivate the spiritual side of their nature, and not to scoff at the existence of mysteries which they could not understand. He spoke well and eloquently, his dreamy eyes alight, and Sybil listened with a proprietary glow at her heart.

"It seemed to me, James," remarked Mrs. Broughton, as she carved cold beef at the early dinner, "that there was a decidedly Popish tone about your sermon this morning, and what wasn't Popish was nonsensical. Thin veils indeed, I suppose you were thinking of your beloved ghosts, but I don't consider that it is the right thing for the Rector of a parish to encourage his parishioners in all that sort of thing."

"I regret that my sermon did not please you, my dear," returned the Rector mildly, "but I was not aware it had a Romish tendency, and I cannot recall any mention of ghosts."

"I thought the sermon was top hole, dad," put in Sybil vehemently, "but I expect mummie," she went on turning to her mother with an ingratiating smile, "it was just a tiny *wee* bit over your head, and that was what made you think dad was talking through his hat."

"I consider myself capable of understanding any of your father's sermons, and I cannot conceive where you get your extraordinary expressions. James, I should be obliged for the horse radish sauce."

IV.

One morning, about a week before Christmas, Mrs. Broughton came into her husband's study with an open letter in her hand. "Sir Guy Darrell wants to come over and see the church, so I have asked him to lunch to-morrow."

The Rector looked up blankly from his paper. "Who is Sir Guy Darrell, and why should he be invited to lunch?"

"Really, James," said his wife briskly, "you grow more mooney every day, and Sybil is as bad. I went to look for her just now, and she said she had been in the church, and when I asked her what for, said she wanted to think there. *Think!* I never heard such rubbish in my life. Why don't you lower your blinds, James, the sun will spoil the carpet, and it really is quite sunny to-day."

"Yes, my dear, certainly, as you like, but—er—when are we coming to Sir Guy?"

"Oh, I am coming to him if you give me time. What was I saying? Oh, yes, he is stopping with the Frasers, and she wrote and asked if he might come. It appears some of his ancestors used to live here or somewhere in the neighborhood, and he wants to look up something in the registers; he is writing a book or something of the sort. I want to be civil to the Frasers, so I asked him to lunch, and look at things leisurely. He is young, apparently, and well off, and—" she paused and played with the tassel of the blind.

"You thought he sounded eligible for Sybil," put in the Rector with unusual perspicacity where his wife was concerned. "Well, well, my little maid must choose for herself if she marries."

"I do not think you need be at all alarmed on that score," remarked Mrs. Broughton, with dignity as she walked to the door. "Sybil is not in the *least* likely to allow herself to be guided in the matter, even by *you*." And with that parting shot, aimed in return for his having fathomed the motives of her unwonted civility to a stranger, she disappeared.

But it failed in its effect, for one idea was filling the Rector's mind to the exclusion of everything else. Sir Guy might be able to throw some light on the meaning of the old Latin documents, and it was on this account, and not as a possible suitor for Sybil, that he was prepared to accord him a welcome. The same idea had occurred to his daughter, and as soon as her mother had told

her of the expected visitor, she went to communicate it to the Rector.

"This man, dad, mother has told you I suppose? She seems quite keen perky about it, heaven knows why. He may understand old Latin, he is a Roman Catholic you know."

The Rector looked at her in surprise. "A Roman Catholic!" he echoed. "How do you know? Your mother said nothing about it; is she aware of the fact?"

"Oh, probably not; she would not be so keen about him if she were, but it's true. Dick Fraser was telling me about him when we were playing golf on Thursday. His family, Sir Guy's I mean, have always been Romans, and he is related somehow to the people whom Marshley Court belonged to centuries ago; not this present lot. He goes in for archæology and ancient legends, and all that sort of thing, so these old documents will be nuts to him."

"I am quite sure that your mother does not realize that the young man is a Romanist," said the Rector, his interest in the documents momentarily banished by this new element in the case. "In fact—she—er—well, I gathered so from her remarks."

"Oh, what does it matter? If he can tell us what we want to know he may be a Mohammedan for all I care; we have no other use for him you know. Now hurry up with your letters, and we will go down to the links for an hour before lunch."

Mrs. Broughton had received the news of her expected guest's religion—carefully broken to her by her husband—with unusual resignation, remarking that as the poor fellow was born in error, he was really not so much to blame, and on his arrival the following day, she greeted him with unwonted cordiality. He was a tall, well-built man of thirty-one or two, clean shaven, with a pair of observant blue eyes, which allowed nothing to escape them, and a firmly-cut mouth and chin. There was a virile magnetism about him, which immediately attracted the Rector, and Sybil, mentally comparing him with Dick Fraser and her other male acquaintances in the neighborhood, decided that the comparison was not to their advantage. The conversation at luncheon turned upon archæology and the interest inseparable from ancient buildings, and when the coffee had made its appearance, the Rector suggested an adjournment to the church. Sybil cast a beseeching look at him, and he smiled back at her in a comprehending manner.

"You had better come with us. She is very keen about all this sort of thing," he added turning to his guest.

Guy Darrell's eyes rested searchingly on the bright expressive face opposite to him. "Really," he remarked, "I should like to enlist your services, Miss Broughton. I am sure you could put me up to a lot about this place."

"I will tell you all I know," returned Sybil, "and I expect," with a significant side glance at her father, "that you will be able to enlighten us on one or two points."

Mrs. Broughton refused to accompany them to the church, but watched them with some complacency as they walked to the gate. "It was rather smart of James to suggest that Sybil should go too; I should not have credited him with so much sense. As for the man's religion, it's a pity of course, but I daresay he is not very set on it. It seems the fashion with Romanists to be a little lax nowadays, and as the son-in-law of a Rector he would naturally realize that he must give it up."

Meanwhile the unconscious object of her thought was waxing enthusiastic over the beauty of the old Norman edifice, and the exquisite carving of the oaken pulpit.

"Can you read old Latin?" inquired the Rector as he led the way through the low narrow door into the vestry.

"Well, yes, to a certain extent," answered Guy. "I have been obliged to make a special study of it on account of—" He paused leaving his sentence unfinished. "Surely, he exclaimed, "that is a very old specimen of stained glass in that window. I see the de Hèron's crest?"

The Rector started. "De Hèron, why that was the name in the—"

"Who are the de Hèrons, Sir Guy?" broke in Sybil eagerly, her eyes fixed on the heron in the stained glass above her, a relic of very ancient times.

"The people who owned Marshley Court before the Reformation. They were connected with my ancestors, and Sir Fulke, I believe, was buried in a side chapel of this church. Have you ever found any traces of his tomb?" he went on turning to the Rector.

"No, I had no idea of it," he murmured. He felt, though he could not have explained why, that he was on the brink of an important discovery, and the invisible presence seemed at the moment nearer to him than usual. He glanced at Sybil, and noticed that she, too, seemed curiously moved; her cheeks had lost their color, and her eyes were shining.

"Come and look at these documents," he said hurriedly, and after a little search he produced the one in which the name of Sir Fulke figured so prominently, and handed it to Guy. For a few moments he studied it in silence. Sybil gave a little shiver, and creeping closer to her father laid her fingers on his arm. The mysterious influence was weighing upon her as it had never done before, and she felt as if she were surrounded by unseen witnesses. She stared nervously when Sir Guy spoke.

"This is apparently," he said, "a deed of gift of a considerable sum of money left by Sir Fulke de Hèron in perpetuity to this church, in order that Masses might be said for the repose of his soul and those of his descendants."

"And ever since the Reformation," put in Sybil quickly, "there have been no Masses said for him here."

"Precisely, the Reformation robbed him and his descendants of them, and the money thus bequeathed has gone into the pockets of Anglican—" He stopped short and laughed in an apologetic fashion. "I beg pardon," he added, "I—er—I did not realize what I was saying, but it is a subject upon which I have always felt very strongly; it—it seems so beastly unfair, don't you know."

"It does," returned the Rector slowly. "Now that you have mentioned it, it does seem most unfair." He returned the document to its place in silence, while Sybil watched him earnestly, but made no further comment. They left the church in silence, and when they reached the lych gate, the Rector paused and faced his companion.

"Is there no way," he began, "it sounds an unbusiness-like proposition, but then as my wife would tell you, I am not a business man—is there no way in which restitution could be made? For instance, could not the money be restored to Sir Fulke's descendants, to be made use of as they consider fit?"

Guy shook his head. "The family is extinct, has been for over a hundred years, and even so, his living descendants would have no claim on the money. It was left as a foundation of Masses, you see, for the dead, and the only way in which restitution could be made to them would be by having the Masses said, which is now—er—not exactly feasible. I am awfully sorry to have upset you," he added, struck by the ashy grayness of the Rector's face, "and if it is any comfort to you, I can assure you that this is by no means an isolated case. There are a large number of old churches throughout England endowed by Catholics,

and containing similar deeds to this one of Sir Fulke's. You have appropriated our cathedrals and our churches, and also—though I really believe that a good many of you do not realize it—our money too."

The Rector sighed. "You are right," he said; "I at any rate, had not realized it, and I am obliged to you for opening my eyes."

"Do you think they know?" asked Sybil, suddenly as they reached the Rectory.

Her father had gone in, and she and Guy were standing together in the porch.

"They?—who?" asked Guy with a smile. He was feeling rather compunctious for the evident distress he had caused to both father and daughter, and would have liked to bring back the laughter to the girl's troubled eyes.

"Why the dead; do they know that the Masses haven't been said for them, and could they—is it possible, do you think, that they might return to find out?"

"Well, they would know probably, because they might be detained in Purgatory until the Masses had been said for their release; that would certainly rub in the knowledge pretty sharply. As for their returning—well, of course, the general idea is that the dead do not return, but my views on the subject are rather peculiar ones, so perhaps I had better keep them to myself."

"But so are mine," returned Sybil promptly. And then, urged on by some undefinable impulse, she told him of the invisible presence which had haunted herself and the Rector at all times and seasons, but more especially in the church and vestry. Guy listened in silence. They were pacing up and down the rose walk by the old sundial, and the last rosy glow of a stormy sunset was fading from the sky.

"Do you think it really could have been Sir Fulke?" asked Sybil when her story was finished.

"Well," returned Guy thoughtfully, "one hears of such things, and in nine cases out of ten disbelieves them, but under these exceptional circumstances, I personally am inclined to think that it may be Sir Fulke de Hèron who is impressing himself so strongly upon you and your father, both of you being extraordinarily sensitive to supernatural influences."

Sybil nodded. "Yes, we are; we always have been, and mother thinks it all rot."

"There is this also," went on Guy, "neither of you knew

the story, you had no idea that money had been left for a foundation of Masses, so there was no suggestion at work."

"No, that notion never entered our heads. All we knew was that somebody wanted us to do something, and father has felt it more frequently, and I fancy more strongly, than I have, and that—"

"Sybil, bring Sir Guy in to tea," called Mrs. Broughton from the drawing-room window, and it was with the feeling of being fast friends instead of merely the acquaintances of a day that Guy Darrell and the Rector's daughter entered the house.

Dinner that evening was a very silent function. James Broughton was wrapped in a brown study, from which not even the gibes of his wife could rouse him, and Sybil contributed but little to the conversation, which gradually became a monologue delivered by Mrs. Broughton in praise of their late visitor. Later on Sybil made her escape from the drawing-room and joined the Rector in his study, where he had retired on the plea of preparing his sermon. He was seated at his writing table, with his face buried in his hands, and she stood behind him with her arm on his shoulder.

"What are you going to do about it, dad?"

He raised his face, and she noticed how white and drawn it looked under the electric light. "God knows!" he answered, "that is what I have been thinking of ever since that young man left us—what am I to do?" It was a question to which Sybil could make no satisfactory reply.

"I don't see what you can do," she said at last. "Unless, of course—oh, but that would be impossible."

"What do you mean, Sybil? If you have ideas on the subject at all, I must beg you to communicate them to me."

"Well, dad, what I thought was that you might ask some Roman Catholic priest to say a certain number of Masses for Sir Fulke's soul, as that is apparently what he wants, and then he might leave us alone, but I suppose as a Rector of the Church of England you could hardly do that. Besides you couldn't tell the priest you were haunted, he would think you were dotty, and—no, I don't see what you can do unless," she paused and her eyes lit up.

"Well, unless, go on Sybil," put in the Rector sharply.

"Well, unless you resigned your living, and became a Roman yourself—there! that's what I meant, you *would* have it. Then

you could devote part of your income to having Masses said for the de Hèrons, and it is the only way I can see in which you could make a real restitution."

The Rector looked at her with a dazed expression in his dreamy eyes. "Sybil, have you entirely taken leave of your senses? I, the Rector of Marshley, become a Roman Catholic! What—what—" he stopped short, and his daughter finished his sentence for him.

"What would mother say? Yes, I know, that is where the greatest difficulty would come in, and there she is calling me now, I must run." She left him, and the Rector, after glancing uncertainly at the blank sheets of sermon paper before him, sighed heavily and let his face fall again into his hands.

V.

"There has been quite an excitement in our part of the world lately," remarked Dick Fraser. "What will you drink, Darrell, whiskey and soda?"

"Thanks. And the excitement is?"

It was a warm night in June and Dick Fraser and Guy Darrell were dining together at the Trocadéro, the latter having recently returned from Italy.

"Well, you would never guess it, though you have met the parties concerned. Do you remember that mooney old Rector with a pretty daughter and an overpowering better half? You lunched with them I believe when you were with us in the autumn."

The somewhat-bored expression on Guy's features was immediately replaced by one of keen interest. "Yes, rather, I remember them all quite well. What have they done?"

"Well, the Rector has unfrocked himself, or whatever you call it. Resigned his living, and a jolly fat one it was too, refused to accept another, and has gone to live abroad somewhere. In some fusty old Belgian town I fancy, at least he and Sybil have, the Rectoress I am told refused to accompany them, so there is a parting of the ways."

"But why?" asked Guy eagerly. "What made him do it?"

"That is what everybody is asking. There is a rumor going about that the Rectory was haunted, but of course that is all bunkum. Anyway he and Sybil have taken some crotchet into their heads and sloped, and it's a great pity as far as she is concerned."

"Do you know where they have gone?" inquired Guy. He had already solved the word of the enigma in a manner which gave him the keenest satisfaction. "He was a white man after all, that dreamy old parson," he reflected, "but it is I who am responsible for his uprooting! I wonder whether his daughter blames me."

"I can't remember the name of the place," returned Dick. "What do you want to know for?"

"Oh, idle curiosity," said Guy lightly. "Why Belgium? He has not become a Catholic, I suppose?"

Dick stared at him across the little table. "Why in the world should he? I never heard he had any leanings that way. Didn't go in for fal lals in his services or anything of that kind, and yet—Jove! it never occurred to me, perhaps that is the real explanation of the matter. And Sybil, too," he went on, with a disturbed look on his boyish face, "she was a jolly little girl, but of course if *that* is the case—" He paused, and began absently to trace a pattern on the cloth with the prongs of a fork. "Oh, it was only an idea of mine," remarked Guy carelessly. "I daresay there is nothing in it, but he must have been impelled by some very strong motive. Well, Fraser, I must be off now. I promised the mater I would call for her at ten, and take her to this affair at Devonshire House."

Guy Darrell hailed a taxi, and was driven swiftly through the brilliantly-lighted London streets, but his mental vision saw once more the ray of winter sunshine which had lit up the crest of the de Hèrons one November afternoon.

AN APPEAL.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

MEN of to-day, whose footsteps echoing
  Pass down the aisles of time with hollow tread,
You who build upward, but whose voices ring
  With mocking mirthlessness, what Hope hath fled
Down vistaed years and left you sorrowing,
Left you no dreams to dream, no songs to sing,
  No eyes to wonder with, or souls to dread?

Turn ye aside a moment; have ye thought
  That those who have possessed the earth 'ere us,
A thousand generations that have fought
  With fevered breath that ye might conquer thus,—
Do ye not know that they have reared and wrought
With that before them which your hands have sought
  To desecrate, the Vision Luminous?

There was a time when pierceless mystery
  Lapt earth in its embrace, when stream and clod,
And the vast mountains and the wailing sea
  Were strange and wonderful, and only God
Was known and near, and His eternity,
Enfolding time and space, wrapt tranquilly
  The borders of the narrow paths men trod.

That was the time when rose the Gothic spire
  To slender-shafted glory, when the earth
Thrilled with the melody of Dante's lyre;
  When all the dream and wonder leaping forth
In aspiration, touched with sacred fire,
Burst from Aquinas' lips, and rising higher
  Kindled the Heavens with its holy mirth.

But you are sad, you Toilers of to-day,
  You that cry out, "Behold the ceaseless stream
Of the earth's progress bears us on its way;
  Gone is the vision, banished is the gleam,
For we have found that earth is common clay."
Say, have you aught to show as fair as they,
  Or found one truth more real than was their dream?

Yea, brethren, your eyes are full of care,
  Your shoulders bowed with labor, and your brow
Bent earthward. Is it then so fair,
  The brown dull earth ye lift with spade and plough?
So sweet the rhythmic measure of the share
That ye must needs forget the heavens wear
  A state more kingly than the clods below?

There was a time when man was king or clown;
  When some lay fasting in the solitude
Of sandy wastes, and some for earth's renown
  Emperilled hope, and yet in brotherhood
Might all clasp hands, because they bowed them down,
Helmet, and tonsured head, and royal crown,
  In worship of a Higher Kinglihood.

That was the time when men were glad and strong,
  When all their hearts leapt forth to ban or bless,
When love and wrath burnt red, and like a song
  Their worship sanctified the wilderness;
Yet were both king and serf, the weak or strong,
Quick to confess the measure of their wrong,
  Because they owned their common sinfulness.

But you who lift a puzzle-strainèd brow,
  Who know not if the sky be gray or blue,
You who forgive because you say you know
  Virtue nor vice, nor falseness from the true,
You who would say, "Because we know not, lo,
There is nor sin nor wickedness below"—
  Can you forgive as they who sinned and knew?

Mourners with haggard eyes and garb of gray,
  Dust on your heads and dust beneath your feet,
You who despise the world of yesterday,
  You who go wailing for to-day's defeat,
Have you, with grieving, done as much as they,
Who, looking down, have found that earth was gay,
  And looking up have found the heavens sweet?

Ah! ye that say, "Behold a newer light
  Hath risen o'er the earth, a keener sword
Of truth and love hath pierced the veil of night
  And showed us Man to be the Living Word

Whom all might worship," have you guessed aright
Man's exaltation to what lofty height
By him who saith, "I love thee in the Lord?"

Ye that cry out, "The earth is full and free,
There are no vows that bind, no laws that tame;
Beauty and Truth, all things that breathe and be,
Sink back into the darkness whence they came"—
Look ye within the temple-gates and see
A service sweeter than all liberty
To those who tend the Lord's fair altar-flame.

For have your gospels, preached from east to west,
Drowned in confusion and by Babeled tongues,
Lifted the burden from one troubled breast,
Or reft, as theirs, the iron-binding thongs
That knit the soul to earth; have they but blest
One weary heart with peace, one harm redressed
From out the countless scoring of their "Wrongs?"

Say, have your promises and prophecies
Lifted one poet, crowned one lofty brow
With immortality, or have your skies
Opened to yield one prophet; can you show
A Tuscan who looked forth with quiet eyes
And scanned earth's mystery of mysteries,
A Leonardo, or an Angelo?

Then wake and rise! cast off the tainted pall
Of your denials and your doubts, and give
The faith withheld, the love for love; and all
The wondrous things for which you blindly strive
Shall be fulfilled. But rend the binding thrall,
And like a shroud your withered creeds shall fall—
You shall look up, and shall be glad, and live!

They hear me not. O Lord Whose bounteousness
Gives and forgives, and calls from out the deep,
Wilt Thou not hear the voice of their distress
That cries against Thee, whilst their spirits keep
Watch in the night for Thee? O turn and bless;
Lord, have Thou pity on their foolishness,
And let Thy finger touch their trancèd sleep.

TWO FLOWERS OF CARMEL.

BY WILLIAM VOWLES.

IT has been frequently said that God plants His choicest flowers in the enclosed garden of Carmel—and two beautiful books recently published* brings a testimony of this truth very forcibly to our minds. God creates saints in every walk of life and in every age. In every phase of civilization He sets aside certain souls who shall serve Him with special love and fidelity. Such souls are the pillars of the universe; to them we may apply most aptly those words of Holy Scripture which say that God's delight is to dwell with the children of men. Their vocation is primarily a contemplative one—they first seek the kingdom of God, then having labored at their own sanctification and re-established in themselves all things in Christ, God may or may not permit the history of His dealings with their souls to be revealed to others. Their apostolate is efficacious in proportion to the ascent of the soul, and the greater the height to which they rise the more practical they become. St. Paul's "All things to all men" was only possible after he had been ravished to the third heaven, and the same law applies, though in a lesser degree, to any soul passing along the road of time to eternity, and wishing to help his fellow-travelers on the way.

Our own personal sanctification will always be the measure of our usefulness, and the lowest degree of purity of conscience and progress in pure love will be more acceptable to God than all the zeal for souls or exterior works undertaken for the good of others. The sacrifice on Calvary was agreeable to God because of the perfect Victim; our Lady's great prerogatives came to her through her sinlessness; St. Peter's supremacy was granted him when he had proved his ardent love; St. Paul's zeal was only effective after he had done penance, and the good he did in the Church was measured by the degree of his share in the Passion of his Master. In the lives of all the saints we can trace the same mysterious

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The Praise of Glory. Translated from the French by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. New York: Benziger Brothers, and R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd., London. Price, $1.25 net.

dealing. As they advance in detachment, are freed from self and all things, a secret virtue goes forth from them, which draws souls to follow in the same paths of perfection and peace. The saints love silence and solitude, they "keep their strength" for the Lord; they know that the noise of the world drives away the Holy Spirit, and therefore they shun contact with it, and hide their secrets from it most carefully. But God Himself takes care of their honor by granting favors to others through their intercession, or by placing them in such conditions in this life that there is near at hand a sister-soul ready to seize on any self-revelation or exterior sign of the intense life and silence within.

It is unfortunately true that in many cases the lives of the saints have been written without the necessary reticence and discernment; the accessories of sanctity have been made its distinctive marks, and the dangerous path of visions, ecstasies, and miracles put forward as the reason of holiness rather than its unusual expression. To-day we have fallen to the other extreme: in reacting against the exaggeration of the past, authors of saints' lives are inclined to fill their volumes with too much erudition, treating us to long discourses on hysteria, psychology, philosophy, and history; while not going to the lengths of another school of hagiological writers, aptly called "*dénicheurs de saints,*" who eliminate the supernatural whenever they meet with it, these do, however, throw a certain distrust over the miraculous occurrences which frequently take place in the lives of God's elect. On the one hand, the more human qualities of the saints are thrown into the background, and on the other, divine grace is minimized and brought to the level of a natural life. Is it not the fusion of the strong nature with the transforming power of God's love that makes a saint? God creates the strong will, the ardent temperament, the bright intelligence, and vivid imagination, and then unifies them by the gift of reason guided by faith and love.

What stronger proof could we ask of this union of natural faculties and supernatural graces which makes the saint, than in the lives of the two Carmelite nuns, one known already throughout the Christian world as "The Little Flower of Jesus," the other that of Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, whose vocation she herself summed up in a name gathered from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, "Praise of Glory?" They are both peculiarly beautiful examples of lives of the most intense spirituality allied to the soundest common sense. The miraculous has a very small part in the story of their souls, and commences chiefly after their

death. They are essentially "modern" in their appeal, possessing the mentality of our day; without having passed through the "schools" or absorbed any artificial culture, they were endowed with what is far better—a keen and quick intelligence, doubled by a will-power and logical sense which made them understand from very early years that Christianity is not a creed for dreamers or system makers, but one where logical consequences must follow the accepted faith.

It is as though they had known that sentence of their spiritual father, St. John of the Cross: "God is—that suffices," and had acted throughout their brief span of life in strict compliance with it. Their "modern" touch is seen in the "divine discontent" and world weariness which both experienced early in life, not indeed that weariness which seeks repose, but that of the Christian longing for transfiguration in a higher and more intense life and light. Both were highly strung, sensitive children, with immense capabilities in any direction; both were born into pious homes, and were surrounded in youth by loving and serious influences. The Hand of God was upon them from the beginning, and His sanctifying grace was given to each with a generosity that clearly indicates a special predestination. Although they were assured by their confessors that they had never lost their baptismal innocence, yet in the life of each there is a special time from which they date their "conversion."

Sister Teresa speaks of "a miracle on a small scale" which was needed to give her strength of character *all at once,* and tells us that God worked this long-desired miracle on Christmas Day, 1886, when she was nearly fourteen years old. This miracle was the grace of overcoming an extreme sensitiveness, and withdrawing her from those childish failings and innocent pleasures of which she had been trying to cure herself since the age of four and a half. "Since this day of grace," she writes, "a spirit of self-forgetfulness took possession of me, and from that time I was perfectly happy." This grace also kindled in her heart a burning zeal to save souls; this consuming desire "to snatch sinners from the everlasting flames of hell" was confirmed by the sudden repentance on the scaffold of a notorious criminal, for whose conversion she had specially prayed.

Sister Elizabeth dates her "conversion" from the time of her first confession. The strong will power which is such a characteristic of her whole life, already shows itself at this time; she made a resolve to control her fiery temper, and to hold well in

hand her impulsive nature. By the time of her First Communion the victory was won. Henceforth a visible change was noticeable: no movement of impatience was ever seen in her.

The Bridegroom had set aside these two souls for Himself, and both received a vocation to the cloister in early childhood. Sister Teresa writes of Carmel as the desert where God wished her to hide, and adds that she felt it with the certainty of a divine call. Although she was only about nine years old, she confided her secret to one of her sisters, and eventually to the Mother Prioress of a Carmelite convent, where another of her sisters was a nun. Both believed in her vocation, but she was told that postulants were not received before the age of sixteen, and the Little Flower had many a trial to go through before blossoming on the summit of Carmel.

Sister Elizabeth had said, when a child of seven, "I shall be a nun! I will be a nun!" but it was seven years later that she received the grace of a definite "call," and heard the word *Carmel* pronounced within her soul one day after Holy Communion. Six more years were to be spent in weary waiting before her one desire to be hidden behind the grille was realized.

Such mysterious dealings of Providence with chosen souls when in extreme youth is not rare in the lives of the saints. More exceptional is the clear perception of the spiritual way by which each of these souls was led towards perfection; strongly attracted, fascinated from their earliest years by the love of God, Sister Teresa was to attain to it by the path of "spiritual childhood," and Sister Elizabeth by that of "interior recollection." Neither of these souls understood half measures. Their minds made up, no reasonable sacrifice was thought too difficult. To become saints was the end in view. Sister Teresa, being, as she said, "too tiny to climb the steep stairway of perfection," wished to find *"a little way, very short and very straight, a little way that is wholly new."* This was the path of "spiritual childhood." As in this age of inventions people do not trouble to climb the stairs, but use lifts instead, so she would try to find a lift by which she might be raised unto God, and thus realize the desire of her heart in spite of her littleness. She discovered what she sought in the two texts, "Whosoever is a little one, let him come to Me" (Prov. ix. 4), and "You shall be carried at the breasts and upon the knees; ....as one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you" (Is. lxvi. 12, 13). Here was the light she wanted—the arms of Jesus would be the lift to raise her up to heaven; and to get there she

need not grow up; on the contrary, she must remain little, she must become still less. Her way would be the way of a child's love, proved by never allowing any little chance of sacrifice to escape, making profit out of the smallest actions, and never allowing a word or a look to escape without casting them as flowers at the feet of Jesus.

We can trace back to the day of Sister Elizabeth's First Communion, the awakening of her soul to the special way which would lead her to sanctity. She was reminded that according to the meaning of her name, she was the happy little " House of God." She seized hold of this idea as though it were an inspiration from heaven, and when at a later time she was told that she would never be heroic until the time when she would be " completely recollected " in herself, she turned to this interior solitude and silence, as though drawn there by the action of the Holy Spirit. In the depths of her soul she remained in continuous adoration of the Blessed Trinity; there it was she found Christ to be her peace, and dwelt with Him " in the invincible fortress of holy recollection."

Both these chosen souls furthered the work of grace in their souls by the unflagging practice of the most entire self-renunciation. The war they waged against the senses, the first impulses of nature and every tendency to fall into the commonplace, or to be influenced by the promptings of self and its sensibilities, was continued relentlessly; both knew that the path to sanctity lay through suffering, and consciously they chose it, and never turned aside; rather were they spellbound by its charms and inflamed with desire for it. Saintliness of this stamp in such young children might easily lead to over-seriousness, but both retained great natural liveliness of character, and were singularly endowed with that rarest of gifts—personal charm. Their love and devotion to their families is deepened and strengthened in proportion to the advance they make along the path of perfection.

Sister Teresa's devotion to the young martyr, Théophane Vénard, was mainly inspired by his tender love of his own family. " I, too, love my family with a tender love; I fail to understand those saints who do not share my feelings." These words were said by her to her own sisters shortly before her death. Sister Elizabeth's letters to her mother and sister show us the same intense love for kith and kin—indeed it would be impossible to find two more striking examples of the power of religion to spiritualize and to intensify all that is best in the human heart than in the case of these holy nuns. To go still further, we would add that

neither of them would have attained their perfect development outside the cloister, either in the affections or in the intelligence. The school of perfection to which they were drawn by grace taught them not only the love of God, but in learning to love Him, they found as well the full life of the soul, and that also of the heart and mind.

Both would have been remarkable women in any walk of life; it would be difficult to discover two finer types of all-round development than these "flowers of Carmel." Their natural gifts were far beyond the average. I have already mentioned the force of will, so strong in each; in intelligence they are the worthy daughters of St. Teresa; both wrote faultless French, and possessed a literary style which is as rare as it is beautiful. Both were blessed with that rarest of gifts—the creative faculty, doubled by a vivid imagination. Their descriptions of nature, more especially of flowers and of the sea, are of real poetic worth. Both were inspired poets, their verse being full of ardor and expression. Sister Teresa excelled in painting, while Sister Elizabeth was a musician, with a genius for interpreting the great masters. Sanctity no doubt is an effect of indwelling grace faithfully preserved in the soul, but God surrounds the soul with those natural faculties upon which He intends to build up the spiritual edifice, and although in certain cases He leads His saints by the path of ignorance, so that the infused knowledge of the Holy Spirit may be more clearly manifested, yet the more normal road would be that by which He led our two Carmelites. Here indeed is the practice of virtue in a heroic degree, but without any semblance of the extraordinary; here is the strong faith which removes every obstacle and wins answer to prayer. The miraculous is mainly to be found in the accounts of favors obtained through their intercession after death, yet there are incidents enough to show the special guiding of Providence in their lives.

Sister Teresa's autobiography is a mine of mystic theology—none the less deep on account of its apparent simplicity. She quotes largely both from the Old and the New Testament, giving the texts a vividness of meaning and a depth of interpretation which makes the book the delight of the learned as well as the unlearned. From this point of view Sister Elizabeth is also truly remarkable. She based her spirituality on what she learnt from the Epistles of St. Paul, whose spirit and teaching she had absorbed to a degree rarely to be found outside the ranks of professed

theologians. Her piety, as well as that of Sister Teresa, was essentially *scriptural,* and in this again they strike a modern note. As their interior life became more intense, we can see the gradual abandoning of all helps to devotion excepting the Holy Scriptures and the Divine Liturgy. As they advanced along the road of perfection, these virile souls seemed to stand more and more detached from every earthly succor, so that at last their whole life was one long prayer of "loving regard;" nourished as they were upon the whole truth, living hour by hour in closest communion with the Sacred Humanity, no wonder their faith and love grew to the extreme limit possible in human existence. But a love and faith of this calibre implies much suffering in attaining, and still greater suffering in retaining. Neither was spared her full share of the cross.

It was an early desire of both to resemble the Divine Model in everything; they did not think of suffering as a necessary affliction to be borne with resignation, or for the sake of gaining merit, but as the most enviable favor the Master could bestow. This insatiable longing for suffering has been the characteristic of many saints, and "predestinated to be conformed to Christ," they knew Him through the "fellowship of His sufferings." Spiritual trials, and finally physical pain in its acutest form, was the lot of "The Little Flower" and "Praise of Glory." Both suffered serenely and courageously; without temerity and confiding in God's love, they advanced rapidly towards the goal. The story of the last few months of the earthly exile of these victims of love is amongst the most wonderful testimonies of the power of the soul over suffering, of mind over matter, of grace over nature. Sister Teresa had said a few days before her death, "the death of love which I desire is that of Jesus upon the cross;" and when the cup of suffering was full to overflowing, and so intense that it seemed impossible to suffer more, she exclaimed, "I can only explain it by my extreme desire to save souls;" and then, "Yes, all that I have written about my thirst for suffering is really true! I do not regret having surrendered myself to love." Her last words were: "I do not wish to suffer less," then, looking at her crucifix, "Oh, I love Him! My God, I love Thee!"

When Sister Elizabeth confided her desire of suffering to a Dominican Father whose influence had helped to shape her soul in the way of interior recollection, he told her not to limit herself to that, but to yield herself in all simplicity to God, leaving Him free to act in any way He chose. This was the signal for a

still swifter ascension of her whole being towards God. She was enduring a terrible physical agony, and was yet able to say, "I feel love standing beside me as though it were a living being! It says to me: 'I wish to love in thy companionship; therefore I desire thee to suffer without thinking that thou art suffering, submitting thyself to my action upon thee,'" and when her tortures increased, "God is a consuming fire, He is acting upon me." Her soul seemed completely master of her physical state, and the few words she was still able to utter gave abundant evidence of her deep interior concentration on God. Those who surrounded her were reminded of the choice she had made of dying in the abandonment of Calvary rather than in an ecstasy—"not on account of its merit, but that I might glorify and resemble Him.....I depart in pure faith, and prefer it, for I resemble my Master more closely, and it is more real." Such were her sentiments on the eve of death. Just before entering the great silence, the foretaste of which she had so loved in Carmel, she murmured the words "I am going to light, to love, to life!" With a radiant expression of ecstasy rather than agony, the little "Praise of Glory" left this earth. She had said, "I shall hardly have reached the threshold of Paradise when I shall rush there like a little rocket, for a 'Praise of Glory' can have no other place to all eternity." There was no sorrow round the graves of these innocent victims; the pain of sacrifice gave way to a feeling of great hope and divine peace.

Their mission had barely begun—both had spoken prophetically of what would be their vocation in heaven. Sister Teresa had concluded her autobiography with the following prayer: "I entreat Thee to let Thy Divine Eyes rest upon a vast uumber of little souls; I entreat Thee to choose, in this world, a legion of little victims of Thy love." Her work would be to teach her *little way* to *little souls,* and when asked what that way was, she answered, "It is the way of trust and of absolute self-surrender." Sister Elizabeth writes to one of her friends that the special grace of her little sister of Lisieux is "to dilate souls, to inspire them with love, confidence, and self-surrender." That she is exerting this secret power is well known to those who are *au courant* of the numberless miracles and graces she has obtained from God for those who invoke her. She is indeed true to her promise, "I will spend my heaven in doing good on earth," and "the shower of roses" which she said she would let fall upon the earth is fast becoming a mighty torrent of flowers strewn over the whole earth.

The Process for her Beatification has begun, and the cause is likely to make rapid progress towards Canonization.

The "Little Flower" died in 1897, and "Praise of Glory" in 1906. She too has already given ample proof of the mission she declared she would fulfill from heaven. "I believe that in heaven my mission will be to draw souls to interior recollection by helping them to go out of self, and to adhere to God by a simple and loving impulse; to keep them in that profound inner silence which allows God to imprint Himself upon souls, and to transform them into Himself." This is the vocation of her who said, "I have found heaven on earth, since heaven is God, and God is in my soul." From all parts of the world we hear of many exterior signs confirming her work in souls. Her glory already shines with a clear steady lustre, and many owe their divine awakening to her influence. By the light shed by this little lamp many have found the "gift of God," and found also the grace of initiation into a deeper interior life of communion with her "Three," her "Almighty Counsellor" as she called the Three Divine Persons. This power over souls, this leading from self and all that is human to the life that "makes all things new," to the life of adoration in spirit and in truth, is indeed a mark revealing great sanctity. Many already kneel secretly beside her tomb, begging her to win for them some of those great blessings she herself received in her lifetime.

Thus do these two chosen souls bear witness to the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in us; to the divine life in the creature; to the reality of the spiritual regeneration of humanity. The exquisite simplicity and sincerity of the Little Flower, her "sure way" of trust and complete abandonment to love, her bright nature and admirable intelligence, would seem to have been raised up by God as a special example in these modern days of complicated culture and dispersed energies, to warn us away from the worldly spirit of the century, and to show us what supernatural as well as natural marvels God works in the soul wholly surrendered to His inspiration. The influence too of modern civilization is one of disintegration, both moral and physical. There is little stability of character or steady motive; souls evaporate in superficial piety, and mood takes too frequently the place of reason. Sister Elizabeth runs counter to this spirit; from her earliest years she makes a bold stand against the first movements of nature, and stamps out with all the energy of her ardent temperament the sensibility inseparable from a delicate organization like her own. Her spirituality, like

that of Sister Teresa, was entirely based upon the Holy Scriptures, and has been aptly described as "doctrinal." They share, too, a common veneration and love for the Divine Office, so that Sister Elizabeth could say that she did not think it possible for anyone to have prepared themselves with greater care for its recital than she did. The strength of her intellect, as well as the depth and intensity of her spiritual life, is marvelously revealed in the notes of her last retreat, in which she explains what she understood by her office of "Praise of Glory." This was the one idea of her life—to live already on this earth the life of praise of God's glory as we shall do in heaven. For her, heaven on earth meant "heaven in faith, with suffering and self-immolation" for Him she loved. She believed that "we should give immense joy to the Heart of God by imitating, in the heaven of our soul, this occupation of the blessed, adhering to Him by the simple contemplation which resembles the state of innocence in which man was created." And then she asks, "How can I imitate, within the heaven of my soul, the ceaseless work of the blessed in the heaven of glory? How can I maintain this constant praise, this uninterrupted adoration?" She finds the answer given by St. Paul, "the father of her soul," as she termed him, "That the Father.....would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened.....unto the inward man. That Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts; that being rooted and founded in charity....." "To be rooted and founded in charity," she exclaims, is the necessary condition of worthily fulfilling the office of a "Praise of Glory." The soul that enters into, that dwells in "the deep things of God," that consequently does all "by Him, with Him, and in Him," with the purity of intention that gives it a certain resemblance to the one, simple Being—this soul by its every aspiration, every action, every movement, however commonplace, becomes more deeply rooted in Him it loves. Everything within it renders homage to the thrice-holy God; it may be called a perpetual *Sanctus,* a perpetual "Praise of Glory."

Such were these daughters of Saint Teresa, worthy indeed of their Seraphic Mother! From her they inherited their burning zeal and devotion to Holy Church; from her, too, their ardent love and apostolate of prayer. They are teaching the modern world those lessons of which it stands most in need, and are bringing back countless souls to the paths of simplicity, faith, and pure love of God.

THE IMAGE OF OUR LADY.

BY JANE HALL.

NEIL BURKE stood outside a bookshop in Royal Street, New Orleans, and he had money in his pocket, and this he counted a singular coincidence. Thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets, he rattled the silver to assure himself of its enduring reality, and tossed a quarter to a negro boy who was grinding out "Trovatore" on a hurdy-gurdy. Then he turned to his bookshop window.

In Neil's opinion there was but one other place in the world that presented so compelling an appeal to one's pocket book, and that was the Quai Malaquais in Paris. On the Quai Malaquais and in Royal Street, the exchange of money involved in a transfer of ownership had always seemed to Neil a trivial farce maintained by callous shopkeepers in the illusion that they profited thereby. The idea that money could give adequate return for the possession of rare old books and genuine antiques was, in itself, an evidence of the callousness that had overgrown their souls.

Not since the days of Paris had Neil looked into such a window, and having acquired some proficiency in estimating the character of shopkeepers by their window displays, he registered the impression that this shopkeeper knew his books and loved them. Were this the case he foresaw impending difficulties. He had met such shopkeepers before, and usually their hair was white, and they appeared from the back of the shop when you entered, always with a book, the thumb marking the page at which you interrupted, and they waited on you with a manner of patient interest that they did not feel. If you selected a book that was not thumb marked, well and good; the shopkeeper gave it into your possession unfeelingly, and accepted the equivalent of your next three dinners with equal concern. But should you hit upon an old worn volume, whose ragged edges and soiled leaves betokened an affection of many years, your accumulated savings from a month of fasting could not buy it. That book had become a part of him. It had bound itself to him by a life-long friendship, and, notwithstanding your disappointment, you came away refreshed with the memory of this fine, white-haired, old gentleman, who placed so high a value on friends.

Reflecting upon the problematical disposition of this shopkeeper, Neil's mind had wandered from the bookshop window, but now returned. His eye centred on the shelf of fiction, and he felt the silver in his pocket leap. Monsieur, the shopkeeper, understood well the hunger of men's minds, and had, besides, the honesty to give full measure for the want. The works of George Meredith occupied the shelf of fiction; and so it was that Neil knew the keeper of the shop.

Had there been one book less, he reflected in after years, it might never have happened, and the incorrigible burden of life then! For it was in considering a volume of Meredith that Neil's eyes wandered into a corner as yet unexplored, and fell upon a dusty little image of the Virgin. It was no ordinary image such as one may see in any shop of church supplies, but a group of figures composed of Adam, Eve, the Virgin, and two angels bearing tapers. And to Neil, who usually saw in things what no one else saw, there was a beautiful significance in the arrangement of this little group. It was an intimation of the gift divine, he said, that had placed the Mother of God midway between the originators of sin and the angels.

Neil recognized the image as a replica of the central group above the high altar in Notre Dame, and he knew these replicas were rare; he had seen but one other like it. Again it was the Quai Malaquais and in a bookshop window. It was not a perfect image either, he remembered; there had been a crack in the hem of the Virgin's robe. He had tried to buy it, but the shopkeeper was one of those fine, white-haired, old gentlemen to whom money makes no appeal. He had wanted it merely because its oddness appealed to him, and there was idle money in his pocket. He could not possibly have foreseen the day, then, when he should come to value it above everything.

"Surely," he thought, "it is by some favor of the Blessed Virgin that I am standing now before this bookshop window." Then he glanced at Meredith and smiled.

Neil entered the shop, and turned the pages of a magazine while he waited the appearance of the shopkeeper. There was time to read two complete articles before he came.

His hair was not white; it was of that particular color of gray that denotes the swift passing of middle age. But in all other respects Neil had estimated the man.

Neil said he wanted Meredith, but of the four novels still unread he had, as yet, made no choice. He fingered them all

reflectively. Choosing was the supreme joy in the act of book buying, and Neil was not in the humor to be deprived of it, but the man who waited had his thumb in a book.

"Monsieur, I advise you to take *Beauchamp's Career.*"

"As well that as anything," Neil replied.

"And would there be anything else?"

"I should like to look at that little image of the Virgin you have in the window."

"Certainly, monsieur, but the image is not for sale."

"Then why do you display it in your window?"

"*Dieu sait,* perhaps it is to attract customers like yourself."

While he was speaking the shopkeeper removed the image from the window, blew the dust from it, and handed it to Neil. And Neil, accepting it, wondered if his trembling hands betrayed his eagerness. But when he had examined it, his wonderment surpassed the adequacy of his native tongue.

"Monsieur, it is you," he began excitedly. "It is you who have lived on the Quai Malaquais."

"May I ask how monsieur knows that?" The old man, for so we may call him with his hair verging on white, and the years heavy upon his shoulders, spoke slowly. His voice was steady and even; it was the sudden brightness of his eyes that belied his tone.

"It is by this image that I know," Neil answered him. "See, here is the crack in the hem of the Virgin's robe. It is not possible that there are two images with two such cracks. This image was once in a shop window on the Quai Malaquais, perhaps for the same reason that it is here—to attract customers like myself, but certain it is that I could not buy it. That was ten years ago. It was a mere whim that made me want it then, but now—now, God hear me, it is the thing I value most in this world, and I must have it. I will give for it what I have, but I must have it. You understand? I must have this image and no other."

"That is impossible, monsieur."

"You can talk of impossibilities when it is the Blessed Lady herself who has brought me here, who has put this image in my hands. Is it you who know the ways of God?"

"Neither the ways of God nor the ways of men, monsieur. It is yourself who eludes my understanding. You come into my shop to buy Meredith, and suddenly you become mad about a piece of colored plaster. It is—"

"What matters your understanding?" Neil interrupted him. "What matters anything except that I have searched seven years

out of ten for the image of Our Lady, and that now I have it in my hands. It is my whole happiness, this little image, and what is it to you—a piece of colored plaster: you have said it. Is it not enough that I will give for it all I have?"

"Monsieur, all that you have could not buy it," the shopkeeper answered. "It is my heritage, that little piece of plaster. It is that one must respect the wishes of the dead."

"Is the image not the same, then, that I saw on the Quai Malaquais?"

"It is the same, though it was not in my shop window that you saw it, but my father's. I was out in the world then, tasting of its pleasures. I was not young, but I had remained always at home, and I had still the great illusion that losing one's head and flinging away one's money constituted life. For those years I lost my heritage. The shop that you saw was to have been mine. It is mine still by the law of the heart: to love is to possess, monsieur, is it not so? I loved that little shop as a man loves his mistress. I knew every book, every jewel, every antique, every piece of bronze and ivory; they were my friends from childhood. Often at night I would call to mind the loveliness of some design, and with the memory of its beauty I slept, so that it was my first thought on wakening.

"The heart has many claims, monsieur, but there comes to each life but one great passion. For some it is a woman, for others a work, for me it was my shop. Then to lose it! *Dieu,* it is much to have paid for mistaken pleasure. It is again the tragedy of unreason. My father did not remember my years of faithful service; in his anger he willed the shop to my brother's son. I could not believe it. I said, 'At the last he will see clearly, and he will repent of his anger.' Monsieur, I had the great faith of love.

"But no, it was not so. Faith had betrayed my reason. To me, his son, my father left the image of Our Lady. It is rare, as monsieur knows. There are, perhaps, not three others like it in the world. But it is not for that I cherish it. It is because I am growing old and my life is broken, and that little image speaks to me of the thing I loved. I yield my thoughts to it, and I find relief from the deep silence. Monsieur knows; he has the great gift of understanding. I cannot part from that little image. *Mon Dieu!* I cannot. It is my soul!"

The old man turned from Neil abruptly. The schooling of the years had taught him the suppression of emotion. He stood quietly looking into the street.

Neil, captive of an impulse, stepped quickly to his side and touched his arm. "Monsieur," he said, unconsciously adopting the old man's manner of speech, "will you shake hands with me? I shall remember it happily when I am old."

"I do not understand."

"No? Then it is this: For the end of life I shall have courage. I shall say: 'Now am I certain about God, for once I met a man who would not barter his soul.' It is because of that," Neil continued, "that you must hear my story. You must know, monsieur, that I do not ask a man that thing which is his soul without a reason. 'There is but one great passion that comes to every life,' yourself has said it. For you, monsieur, it is your shop, but for me it is a woman. Her name is Renée. She is of your country, and she has the soul that seeks always the unattainable. She is my wife, monsieur. We have had our great joy, we have had our dream, but now the shadow is upon us. Renée is a cripple. For seven years she has not walked. There is no cure for her, the doctors say, because they cannot name her illness. Her injury came of a fall, and because of the great pain she lost her courage. Since that time she has never walked. Now the muscles are weak through long disuse, and she has no will to try. If you could see her, monsieur, so white, so frail, with her dark restless eyes moving from beauty to beauty, 'A soul that has lost its body,' you would say. Yes, that is Renée.

"But life is never without hope, monsieur, and there is one thing in which we both have great faith: it is the image of Our Lady. For you are to know that it is the Blessed Mother who has sent all good things into our lives. Before her shrine in Notre Dame I found Renée, and immediately came the commission to paint my first mural: so the Blessed Mother arranged it that we should marry. Is it, then, a thing to wonder about that Renée should say: 'Find me an image of Our Lady and I shall walk?'

"You say, monsieur, that you do not understand how a man may read Meredith and put his faith in images. And I answer you, neither do I understand, but one may believe though he does not understand. Is it not so? Faith is a thing ever apart from the intellect, and this I know: it is faith that occasions miracles, never miracles that give our faith.

"Monsieur, I know what I am asking—yourself has said it: it is your soul. Well, then, I say to you: Give your soul that you may find it again! In the name of God I am asking of you Renée's life."

For a long time there was silence between them. They stood,

both of them, staring into the busy street, and trying to determine there the question of faith and souls. But when at last Neil turned to the man beside him, no word was required to tell him his happiness was won; the light that shone on the shopkeeper's face was one of peace.

"Take it, my son," he said, "and may you find that faith has not deceived your intellect. But do not let us speak of money. I will lend you the image of Our Lady, and when the miracle is accomplished, you will return it to me so that I may find my soul again." He smiled; even in sacrifice humor has its place.

"Monsieur, I have not words to thank you," Neil began.

"Do not; gratitude is essentially a thing of the heart."

When Monsieur Girard turned the key in the door of his shop the day following, his eyes instinctively sought the window where every morning for years he had looked upon the image of Our Lady. Why had he placed it in the window? To gather dust and attract the curious? Counterfeit reasons, he knew. He must look upon it first in the morning and last at night; as a man looks into the eyes of a loved woman to find his soul there, so Monsieur Girard looked upon his image. He looked and said to himself that he was a fool for all his fifty years, and yet he understood the wisdom of such folly.

But now the window was empty and life was empty. Yielding to an impulse, he had parted with the thing he loved, and his intellect condemned his action. Did he know anything of the boy except the light in his eyes and the gentleness of his Irish voice? Was reason never to be identified with age? He had no more head at fifty than he had had at thirty; life would always require of him to play the fool.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he finished, "but I argue poorly. If the boy puts his faith in images, I'll put my faith in the boy. *Dieu!* How many years since I have believed in anything!"

Three days passed, and on the morning of the fourth Monsieur Girard received a telegram. He opened the envelope deliberately. What need was there of haste? The great news was already in the air. Observing that the telegram had been sent from New York, Monsieur Girard smiled; he had forgotten to take Neil's address.

"The old intellect had some reason to grumble," he thought, "but what does it matter now?" He unfolded the yellow paper, and the great joy that is the end of sacrifice was in his heart.

"Renée walks," he read. "May the Mother of God reward you."

With the coming of every morning thereafter, Monsieur Girard looked for the return of the image of Our Lady, and at the end of every day, when it had not come, he felt his disappointment growing heavier. He dared not consider what might have happened to it, if it were lost or broken, or if the boy meant not to return it. He dared not consider these things because his faith stood in the way. His intellect whispered misgivings; he would not listen. "The harvest of the years," he said, " what is it if it is not faith in men? "

But when a week had passed and the image had not been returned, neither had any other word come from Neil, Monsieur Girard knew that his faith was on trial. So he waited and fought. If one day brought him hope, the next returned to him his disbelief.

Thus the days moved slowly, with difficulty, and the face of Monsieur Girard became whiter, and his smile a grimace that betrayed the terrible struggle within. A month passed, and the shopkeeper, unable to endure the silence longer, told his story to an old acquaintance.

" What you need is a change," his friend said. " You've let this thing weigh upon your mind until you've come to exaggerate its importance. What if the boy does abscond with your image? What shall you have lost but an inartistic piece of plaster? "

" What shall I have lost? " the old man cried impatiently. " How is it that you can ask? It is my faith I shall have lost, my faith in men which was returned to me after many unbelieving years. Do you count that a little thing? My friend, it is I who pity you. But no," he continued, " I have not lost it. I will believe. Hear me, monsieur, it is you who shall witness my belief. Some day the image of Our Lady will return to me. At this moment I know that for a certainty. I have come to the end of the struggle. Now I shall have peace."

So it was that Monsieur Girard kept his faith. The days did not move more quickly now, but they were more endurable because of the tranquillity that marked their progress. And in the strengthening of his faith from day to day, Monsieur Girard felt a new vitality possess his body. Something of that vigor of will passed into his muscles and his brain. He straightened his shoulders. He held his head a little higher. He believed in his own efforts as he had never believed in them before. Life was renewed to him in his faith.

The day that ended his patient waiting brought the sun's

warmth to his heart, and Monsieur Girard, flinging off the years like old garments, put on his youth again and danced. A letter had come to him in an unfamiliar handwriting, which he knew must be Neil's; a French stamp and a Paris postmark were dumb apologies for its tardiness. "Paris," he sighed as he broke the seal.

MY DEAR MONSIEUR GIRARD:

I do not begin with apologies for my silence, though I should. The story of the miracle is waiting to be told.

"Not so fast, young man," I hear you say. "We no longer live in the age of miracles. Nowadays things happen because we will them to or because we are lucky, or are sent a gift from the gods."

As you will, monsieur, but hear my story; then let your intellect seek the answer. If you received my message, you must know that Renée walks. To hold the image of Our Lady in her hands, that was to confirm her faith. And there, monsieur, is the reason for the symbol of one's belief: truth is never so much truth as when the eye beholds it; "seeing is believing" we are told. And such was the influence of that little piece of plaster on Renée's mind that once she had walked, she believed she could not walk without it.

"Why did you not buy the image, Neil?" she said. "Do you not see that now I cannot do without it?"

"But, Renée, I have told you. Monsieur Girard would not sell. And I have given him my word that the image will be returned to him."

"But not now—please not now," Renée pleaded. "Surely Monsieur Girard will not mind if I keep it until I am strong again. Write and explain it to him. Tell him that just to look upon the face of Our Lady is to feel my strength returning. Tell him, Neil, that there is sunlight on the hills again."

And it was even after I had begun the letter, monsieur, that the wonderful commission came. I must explain that six months before, I had entered a competition for the murals of a new theatre, and I do not know how it happened, but I won. So I had won the competition, and Renée had her health, and these things had come to us through our believing. Monsieur, you will understand how dear to us the reminder of our faith had become.

My work had to be done in Paris, and a year is but a little time. It was necessary that I should go at once. But what to do with the image of Our Lady? If I write to Monsieur Girard, I reasoned, he will never consent to let me take it, and

leave it I cannot, as long as Renée needs it. Monsieur, before you condemn my act, I ask you to remember the seven years of our suffering.

"Let the sin be upon me," I said. "I will steal the image until the time when Renée has no longer any need of it; then I myself will return it to Monsieur Girard."

We packed the little image with great care, and carried it in our satchel lest it should be injured. "If anything happens to Our Lady," I said, "it is the end of both of us."

Imagine, then, the panic of my mind when I opened the satchel in Paris and found the image in two pieces. Monsieur, there are not words to describe the sickness I felt. It seemed that life, which had been so fair, had suddenly the darkness of sorrow. For what but sorrow could come of a broken thing that was the joy of so many lives. I called for Renée, and when she saw it the tears started down her cheeks.

"It was the porter at Cherbourg," she consoled me. "I saw him put the satchel in the rack."

You see, monsieur, the crack, which was visible only in the hem of the Virgin's robe, really extended clear through the image, and the jar occasioned by a careless porter broke it exactly in the place where it had been broken before. The dust of many years must have lodged in the crack to have covered it so completely.

And now we have arrived at that happening which seems to me a miracle. For you must know that the image was hollow, and contained a little sack of silk. And the significance of the little sack of silk? Monsieur, there was in it the second will of your father. *Grace à Dieu* you have again that which is your soul. *Monsieur Sceptique,* your intellect's answer?

We have established ourselves in the Rue Léopold-Robert. You know it well; it is in that part of Paris which is a part of yourself. And in our *petite maison* there is one room that awaits an occupant. It has character, that little room. An open fire greets you. The chairs, though French, solicit your repose. The books are friendly, and the pictures beckon the mind to the infinite spaces. The mantel is of a design that will stir your memories; it is worthy the image of Our Lady, which rests upon it.

Do not trouble to sell your stock, monsieur. Time spent apart from that which one loves is time misspent. But bring the books you cannot leave, turn the key in your door and come.

Your children,

RENÉE AND NEIL.

New Books.

HISTORY OF ROME AND THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Translated by Luigi Cappadelta. Vol. III. St. Louis: B. Herder. $4.50.

This third volume of Father Grisar's critical *History of Rome and the Popes* brings us to the sixth century, or, as he calls it, the Close of the Ancient World. It begins with a brief sketch of Western monasticism and its relations with the Holy See. He speaks of the two abuses of the fifth and sixth centuries, the *Monachi Gyrovagi,* worldly, self-willed monks who kept traveling from monastery to monastery, and the *Sarabaitæ,* who lived in small groups of two or three without any ecclesiastical superior. He brings out clearly the successful efforts of St. Benedict to re-establish Western monasticism upon firmer ground by means of a mild and wise rule, which left a great deal to the free will of the individual. The whole constitution of the Order in fact was an outcome of the spirit of Christian Rome. The Popes, therefore, from Gregory the Great onwards gave it the preference.

In discussing the relations of Pope Vigilius with the Emperor Justinian, Father Grisar shows, against many non-Catholic controversialists, that there was no question of making any compromise with heresy. Both could condemn the Three Chapters without any deviation from the faith. The Emperor's Edict, which was the cause of the whole dispute, in no way impaired the Church's doctrine, but was really issued from an excess of zeal in favor of the faith. The one question that caused such bitterness at the time was this: "Was the Edict useful, or was it not rather injudicious, as actually tending to foment division, and even schism?"

Father Grisar devotes the major part of his work to describing the churches, the Imperial Forums, the pagan columns and obelisks, and the Christian cemeteries and catacombs of Rome. He has some very interesting chapters on the language and art of declining Rome, the education of the clergy, clerical celibacy, ordinations, the Christian counterparts of pagan festivals, the Ember Days, the Lenten Stations, and the reception of converts into the Church.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the volume is his critical estimate of the Biblical apocrypha, the *Symmachian For-*

geries, the legends of the martyrs, and the *Liber Pontificalis.* He shows how zealous Catholic scholars have been in late years to clear the ground of history from the legends which have encumbered it. He writes:

> Certainty is after all only to be attained at the price of sacrificing falsehood to criticism. The sources which have supplied us with material for our *History of Rome and the Popes* are very different from that fictitious literature which falsely claims the right to rank among the sources of history. Even when we have been compelled to have recourse to works in which truth is mingled with error, we have at least endeavored to sift conscientiously what is trustworthy from that which is not. All we have hitherto said has invariably been based on the real sources of historical knowledge—on official and contemporary documents of the Popes, on monuments which are still before our eyes, and on the statements of the best informed and most veracious chroniclers. In the future we shall not allow either fear or favor to deter us from telling the truth in its entirety. It has been rightly said that now, if ever, the history of the Popes requires that the truth should be told, and nothing but the truth. Cassiodorus points out that everything stated by the historian of the Church is useful for instruction and edification, and allows us to see the hand of Providence guiding the course of human affairs. Surely this thought should encourage us to tell the truth under all circumstances, even when by doing so we may seem disrespectful to persons or institutions which we rightly hold in veneration.

Chapters V. and VI. deal with the Roman Primacy in the sixth century, and the Roman See and the Franks. Thanks to the Popes, the Church had brilliantly demonstrated that she could stand alone, though the Roman Empire upon which she had once reckoned for support was fast sinking into ruin. And not only did this mighty body preserve its footing, but, with the help of the spirit of unity infused into it from Rome, at the downfall of the ancient polity and civilization, it was able to save for futurity the best elements of the past. The Popes persistently maintained the Church's unity in spite of every attack. Arianism was met and overcome by Julius I. and Damasus; Pelagianism by Innocent and Celestine; Nestorianism by Celestine and Xystus III., and Eutychianism by Leo the Great and his successors.

The volume is well bound and well printed, and the excellent illustrations add much to its interest. No priest can afford to be without this scholarly history.

THE BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF ST. TERESA OF JESUS. Written by Herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. New and Revised Edition, with Introduction by Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, Discalced Carmelite. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.25 net.

It speaks well for the influence of St. Teresa in our age and country, that a new edition of her *Book of Foundations* follows closely upon the publication by The Columbus Press of her *Autobiography* and the *Foundations* in one splendid volume. She draws the more meditative spirits irresistibly; and David Lewis' English versions of her writings must ever possess unchallenged preëminence. Father Zimmerman's Introduction is of much value, especially for ascertaining dates and grouping persons.

Our readers must get and read these books if they would understand how God acts through women for His highest purposes: for it would be idle for us to try to impart even a little of their marvelous instruction by a summary of events or a sketch of character. The *Book of Foundations* brings us down to St. Teresa's last months, almost to her last days. It tells how she worked to the end with the miraculous fortitude with which she began years before. Her final foundation of the Carmel of Burgos was made in the first half of 1852, the year she died. Returning from this work, towards Avila, she met death at Alba de Tormes, October 4th, having been foully treated by the Prioresses of two of her former foundations, turned out of doors at both monasteries, hungry and desolate, and forbidden to go to Avila. But the doors of Paradise soon swung open for her noble soul, so humble and so aggressive, so peaceful and so warlike.

Let the reader be content to read on with patience before criticizing St. Teresa's desultory style of writing. She is apt to wander from the straight line of her topic, a fault in most cases, but in the case of a great teacher it may become a virtue of style and method of the highest order. "We have," says Father Coleridge, "everywhere in her writings a number of most valuable digressions, and to anyone who would try her by the strict rules of literary composition, she may seem to wander about. But the digressions of St. Teresa are worth more than the direct and formal reasons and discourse of others, and there is, besides, always a clear connection in what she says with her main subject" (*Life of St. Teresa,* vol. i., ch. xi.).

The rule of life observed and enforced by St. Teresa during her many long and wearisome journeys, was to make her little caravan

a traveling monastery. Nothing was omitted from her monastic rule that was compatible with getting over the road towards the new foundations. The nuns with her were always well-tried religious, and were, with rare exceptions, volunteers; and she treated them as being under serious obligation to them for coming with her. Before beginning any journey, all received Holy Communion. The vehicles were *palanquins*—portable chairs or litters—and coaches; but in both the inmates were always strictly curtained off from wayside gazers. St. Teresa learned the need of this by once suffering some rudeness for lack of it. She was always accompanied by a chaplain, usually Don Julian of Avila, a secular priest of great piety and discretion. Sometimes there were other priests with her, either because of their interest in her work, or because they represented the ecclesiastical authorities.

Once the start on the road was made, the Saint and her nuns behaved as if they were in their convent. The monastic silence was enforced rigidly, not only on the Sisters, but on the priests and seculars, including the servants. These latter were very glad when so unusual, and for them so irksome, an observance as absolute silence was over. She rewarded them, dear thoughtful and generous soul, with some special dishes at their meal at the night's halt.

Each litter or carriage containing nuns had its superior, appointed both for the sake of good order, and as a trial of how those the Saint had chosen could exercise authority.

It sometimes happened that the journeys, or considerable parts of them, were made mounted on donkeys, with pack mules to carry the baggage. This gave scant opportunity for conventual observance, but abundant opportunity for the high virtue of patience. The sisters always kept their veils down, and practised as best they might the recollection of their state of life. Another serious addition to the hardship of these holy expeditions, was that in the summer time the cavalcade often traveled by night to avoid the sweltering heat of the Spanish dog days. This gave rise to many little and some few perilous adventures, terrifying at the time, but highly amusing when afterwards recalled.

To a highly developed contemplative no conditions could be hindrances to almost constant recollection, and our Saint was specially gifted with a realization of the Divine Presence. Her journeys were often, indeed usually, times of extraordinary consolations. But sweet as must have been these communings with heaven, St. Teresa talked in proper season with her nuns with unaffected gaiety, filling them with religious peace and gladness.

The happenings of these slow, jolting, often interrupted travels, were by her turned pleasantly to account, every hour of wayfaring leading remotely or directly to some spiritual advantage. She was master of all the arts, natural and acquired, of a perfect conversationalist, and traveling in her company must have had some such charm as the younger Tobias enjoyed in his long journey with the Archangel Raphael. Her gentle sway was also felt by the rough muleteers and litter bearers. Swearing and blaspheming and lewd talking, common to their class, were banished totally from that cavalcade, and these rude men said that the best time they ever had in their lives was when the holy Mother Teresa spoke to them from behind her veil of the things of God.

Of the installation of the nuns, when all was done with high festivity, our Saint gives a fine description in her account of the foundation at Palencia:

> At last when the house was fully prepared for the nuns, the Bishop would have them go there with great solemnity; and accordingly it was done one day within the Octave of Corpus Christi. He came himself from Valladolid, and was attended by the Chapter, the religious orders, and almost the whole population of the place, to the sound of music. We went from the house in which we were staying, all of us in procession, in our white mantles, with veiled faces, to the parish church close to the house of our Lady. Her image had come for us, and we took the Most Holy Sacrament thence and carried it into our church in great pomp and array, which stirred up much devotion. There were more nuns, for those who were going to make the foundation in Soria were there; and we all had candles in our hands. I believe our Lord was greatly honored that day in that place. May He grant that it may be always so of all creatures! Amen.

With this tumult of religious joy the Catholics of a Spanish city in that age enclosed their sisters in sanctuaries of perpetual silence and solitude, penance and prayer.

MYSTICAL CONTEMPLATION, OR THE PRINCIPLES OF MYSTICAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. Father E. Lamballe, Eudist. Translated by W. H. Mitchell. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

Father Lamballe in his Introduction tells us that, in the present volume, he is setting forth the results of a long and conscientious

study of St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Thomas, and St. Francis de Sales. He answers the four following questions: What is contemplation? Who is called thereto? How are contemplatives to be dealt with? Through what stages may they be expected to pass?

From the seventeenth century many spiritual writers have confused contemplation with graces *gratis datæ*. St. Thomas in the *Summa* held that contemplation is a result of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Some recent writers teach that in contemplation occur acts which are specifically different from those we are able to achieve by means of ordinary graces. Father Lamballe endeavors to prove, against Father Poulain, that contemplation is not extraordinary in itself. St. John of the Cross teaches clearly that perfect mystical union, to which he desired to direct the soul, consists in the total losing of one's will in God by love, and that to attain this love there is a way, and one way only, which leads on to the very end, and *that is the way of faith.* While we must not expect to find in St. Teresa's writings philosophical explanations of the same precision as in St. John of the Cross, her description of spiritual phenomena is as exact and as living. We find her constantly opposing mystical knowledge to vision. "Contemplation," says St. Francis de Sales, "is nothing but an attention of mind to things divine, directed thereto with loving simplicity and constancy." In his second chapter our author finds fault with those who maintain that contemplation is only for a few privileged souls, and that meditation is the most sure way to holiness.

These men as directors are, he declares, an obstacle to grace; they strongly bind to earth those who desire to fly to heaven. The author's views on the point are well expressed in the words of St. Francis de Sales: "The desire to obtain love makes us meditate, but love once obtained makes us contemplate." Contemplation, therefore, is the normal goal of the spiritual life: souls who are eager for perfection have a right to try to secure it, and their spiritual directors should prepare them for it.

Chapter III. deals with the general direction of contemplatives, and the final chapter with the various phases of contemplation.

This is a good book for all priests who are directors of souls. It will also prove useful to mother-superiors and novice-mistresses. Father Lamballe is a whit dogmatic at times in his controversies with other Catholic writers, but he may be pardoned his excess of zeal in so good a cause. He seems to forget that his opponents have the same guides as himself.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL. By Wilfrid Ward. Re-issue with a new Preface. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

The great interest taken by the public in the recently-published *Life of Cardinal Newman,* makes the present reprint most opportune, for as Wilfrid Ward says in his Preface: "The events it relates belong to the same period as that covered by Newman's life, but the view of the theological problems and ecclesiastical politics of the time, which it presents most fully, is the opposite one to Newman's. It contains also a full account of Newman's personal relations with my father."

There is no need to praise the fairness, breadth of view, and accurate scholarship that characterizes this master of biography. Some think him too honest by far; others of the ultra-conservative school look upon him with the utmost suspicion. We are glad to record ourselves in perfect sympathy with his biographical method.

FIVE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY. From Chaucer to de Vere. By Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In his very practical and readable Introduction, Father O'Neill, Professor of English at University College, Dublin, offers his *apologia* for what—given the variety of taste and the immensity of the subject—scarcely calls for apology: namely, a new anthology of English verse. His desire has been to gather poetic specimens useful mainly to literary students in "a year's work" on the English poets, and there can be no question of the breadth, variety, and substantial worth of his choice.

With the details of any such anthology, it is always possible and often useful to disagree. For instance, we would seriously question the wisdom of preserving *The Weeper,* one of Crashaw's least inspired and most excessive poems, where *Music's Duel* or the really great hymns to "St. Teresa" or to "The Name above Every Name" might have been substituted with greater justice to poet and student alike. Father O'Neill's avoidance of the lyric is at times so marked that one half suspects some psychological basis or prepossession for his evasions. It is easy to welcome four cantos of the piquant artificiality of Pope's *Rape of the Lock;* but most readers will see no very obvious reason to substitute the *Twa Dogs* for Burns' heart-shaking little love songs, nor thirty pages

of *Hellas* in lieu of the briefer Shelleyian song bursts. The scant two pages devoted, on the other hand, to Shakespeare's lyrics—where entire scenes from the plays would have seemed in order—are comprehensible on the supposition (doubtless existing in the editor's mind) of an outside course in the king dramatist.

In spite of these reservations, it is welcome to find a one-volume anthology which does not neglect Southwell or Donne, which finds room for Blake's curious raptures, and which includes—beside the inevitable names—fragments from such radically dissimilar poets as Mangan, Arthur Hugh Clough, and Aubrey de Vere. Had the Catholic strain been traced a few decades further, we might have been offering thanksgivings for a few pages of Patmore, or perchance the *Hound of Heaven!*

A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE. The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.00.

American scholarship may well be proud of Furness' edition of the plays of Shakespeare. Even an Englishman will admit that it is the best and most complete edition for student and actor that we possess. Now that the father is dead, the son who assisted him for many years, and contributed two volumes to the series, will continue the work as originally planned. The earliest text of Julius Cæsar is that of the first folio. It is markedly free from corruptions, and we might almost say that in but one or two instances would an earlier quarto text be required to render any doubtful readings more sure. By several of the older editors Julius Cæsar is considered as one of Shakespeare's later plays; but the range of dates of composition stretches from 1599 as the earliest, down to and including 1608. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch* for the plot of his tragedy, and for countless details, has been universally admitted. His use of the lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antonius makes us realize Shakespeare's marvelous ingenuity in dramatic construction. For purposes of comparison, the editor prints in the Appendix a transcript from Leo's facsimile of those portions of North's *Plutarch* (ed. 1595), on which the incidents of the tragedy are based, but throughout the commentary references are made to the passages in Skeat's *Plutarch,* which gives us the text of the edition of 1603. It is very improbable that Shakespeare consulted either Suetonius' *Lives of the Cæsars,* or Dion Cassius' *Annals of*

the Roman People, but Furness is of the opinion that certain points in Antony's oration over Cæsar were taken from Appian's *Civil Wars.*

Strangely enough, the Cæsar of *Plutarch*—the intrepid warrior, the astute statesman, and the sagacious governor—becomes in Shakespeare's hands "a braggart, inflated with the idea of his own importance, and speaking of his decrees as those of a god."

> The themes of the action [as the editor points out in his Preface] are the conflict in the mind of Brutus between two opposing interests—love of country and love of Cæsar as friend and benefactor; his decision to sacrifice that friend upon the altar of his country; and his tragic suicide in ignorance of his complete failure as a patriot. It would seem as though Brutus were rightly the titular hero. The bodily presence of Cæsar, it is true, disappears from the scene at the beginning of the third act, yet thereafter his spiritual presence is omnipresent, and brings about the final catastrophe.

The editor gives throughout every reading of the text, explains every peculiar grammatical construction, and records all the different commentaries on difficult passages. At the close of the volume, he gives sketches of the various characters in the play by English and Continental scholars, criticisms of the play, its stage history, the different dramatic versions, and a very complete bibliography.

LACORDAIRE. By Count D'Haussonville. Translated by A. W. Evans. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

In his Preface, the author gives three reasons why the life of Lacordaire should be of interest. First, that he was the greatest pulpit orator France ever produced with the exception of Bossuet; then the ideal character of the man himself, and finally as one of the precursors and authors of that Catholic renaissance of which our contemporaries to-day are the surprised witnesses. Indeed, among all the questions that engage and divide us to-day, it would be difficult to name one that was not anticipated and debated by Lacordaire.

Those who have read the Abbé Chocarne's *Inner Life of Lacordaire,* or Foisset's biography, will discover little new in the present volume. We have a brief sketch of Lacordaire's childhood and youth; his seminary days; the story of the *Avenir* and his rupture

with Lamennais; the Stanislas lectures and the Sermons at Notre Dame; the restoration of the Order of St. Dominic in France, etc.

Lacordaire was an indefatigable correspondent, as the eight volumes of his published letters testify. He unburdens himself with quite a filial confidence to that illustrious convert, Madame Swetchine; he speaks of the things of God to his penitent, the Baroness de Prailly; he writes vigorous letters to the Bishop of Paris, Monsignor de Quelen, to prove the hollowness of the complaints that had been made against his preaching; he writes most touching letters to Lamennais, and to Montalembert at the time of the *Avenir* difficulty, letters which show an almost incredible ardor; indeed they are among the finest and most touching that the love of souls has ever inspired.

The success of his Lenten course at Lyons in 1845 outstripped anything he had obtained before. The enthusiasm rose to a delirium. One evening he did not appear at dinner. Someone went to look for him, and found him pale and in tears at the foot of a crucifix. "What is the matter, Father?" he was asked. "I am afraid," was the answer. "Afraid of what?" "Of success," he replied. Many a time he prepared for his sermon by scourging himself in the privacy of his cell.

Harsh to himself, he was always gentle to others. He knew how to show to weak souls the consideration they needed, and to lead them along easy paths. Still direction, properly so-called, did not hold the principal place in his life, which was rather militant and aggressive. Some of his enemies have said that he never converted anybody, but we know on the contrary that he influenced countless souls for God, both clerical and lay. It was Lacordaire's winning personality that won Father Jandel to the Dominican Order, and led, therefore, indirectly to its great reform and revival in the nineteenth century.

As a pulpit orator, Lacordaire was an improvisator. Not that he ever dared to enter the pulpit of Notre Dame without having prepared his discourse, but his preparation was the fruit of his meditation of the evening before, or of that very morning. From these meditations nothing written ever resulted, except a very short sketch. The one sermon he wrote out word for word was almost a perfect failure. His plan alone was determined beforehand, and only in its broad outlines, never in detail. He trusted to the inspiration of the moment for the literary form. He was often a bit rhetorical, his metaphors were occasionally incoherent, and he

took pleasure in using doubtful and dangerous arguments. Still withal no one appealed as he did to the people of Paris; no one ever seemed to dive down so deeply into the hearts of his hearers. We can never judge him by the written records of his sermons, which are not in the slightest degree remarkable. The translation of this life is very well done.

THE DOMINICAN REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Father Raymund Devas, O.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the religious Orders everywhere were lacking in zeal and devotion. Strict discipline and regular observance were conspicuous by their absence. The Dominicans were no exception to the rule. The Order had declined and sickened, and in many countries pessimists were not wanting who thought the malady was mortal. In July, 1846, Cardinal Newman asked, in a letter to Dalgairns, whether the Dominican Order was "a great idea extinct." In 1804 Pius VII. had freed all the religious Orders in Spain from the Roman jurisdiction, a ruling which applied to South America and the Philippine Islands. In England the outlook was so black in 1810 that some of the Fathers at the Hinckley Chapter thought of disbanding the Province. In France the men who followed Lacordaire into the Order in 1840, with a view to its restoration, soon saw for themselves to what practices, contradictions, and actual decadence even the best-intentioned men can be led when they throw off the noble yoke of the Constitutions of their Order.

Pius IX., fully aware of these conditions, chose Father Alexander Vincent Jandel in 1850 to restore the Order to its primitive purity. No better selection could have been made. Father Jandel understood perfectly well that only one means or method could enable the Order to fulfill satisfactorily its sacred and salutary mission, and that was an avowed return to the original idea incarnate in St. Dominic and his first companions. Father Jandel's plan was to endeavor to have in every Province at least one house of strict observance, where novices might be trained, and where the Fathers zealous for reform might live for a time. The first house of observance aroused a great storm of criticism, dissension, and active opposition. The General had insisted upon the night office, and the abstinence in the refectory, but otherwise he was lenient enough. Still he was nicknamed by his opponents the "Great

Tiger." This did not worry him in the least. In 1852, to appease the malcontents, the hour for Matins was left to the discretion of the local Superiors, although the midnight office was to continue at St. Sabina's.

One of the chief methods adopted by the General was frequent visitation of the Provinces. His visits were primarily visits of inspection, and his influence consisted chiefly in the example that he gave of poverty, kindness, charity, and the spirit of prayer.

In 1855 the Pope appointed Father Jandel Master-General for six years, and at the end of this term he was elected by the votes of the Order. At the General Chapter of 1871 a new edition of the Constitutions was published, and in 1872 the Pope annulled the decree of Pius VII., and restored the Order to unity. Father Jandel could now chant his *Nunc Dimittis* without reserve. He died in Rome on December 11, 1872.

THE APOSTLE OF CEYLON—FATHER JOSEPH VAZ, 1651 TO 1711. Translated from the French by Ambrose Cator. New York: Benziger Brothers. 60 cents net.

This life of Father Vaz, the St. Francis Xavier of Ceylon, is an abridgment of a life published in Lisbon in 1745 by Father Sebastian Régo, an Oratorian of Goa. Father Vaz, like his biographer, was a Concani Indian of the Brahmin caste. From the earliest days of his priesthood at Goa, he felt a divine call to labor among the abandoned Christians and pagans of Ceylon. The Dutch had captured Colombo in 1656 and Jaffna in 1658, and once in possession of Portuguese territory, had inaugurated a most bitter persecution against the Church. Catholics were compelled to attend Protestant services, their churches were closed, and their priests banished. Some few descendants of the Portuguese settlers and some of the Singalese converts from Buddhism continued to meet privately in their homes to recite the rosary, but the majority either left Ceylon altogether, or fled to the neighboring territory of the King of Kandy.

Father Vaz entered Jaffna in disguise in 1687, and for five years said Mass, administered the sacraments, and baptized many converts despite the Dutch penal laws. In 1692 he extended his missionary labors to Kandy, and gained the favor of the Buddhist king, Vimala-Dharma, although he was bitterly opposed by the intolerant bonzes. He established missions all over the island, and won the love of the natives by his care for the sick and poor,

his devotedness during the plague, and his heroic life of unceasing labor and self-denial. If all the miracles recorded by his biographer can one day be verified, we may look forward confidently to his Canonization. The book unfortunately is poorly written.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION IN THE LIGHT OF FACTS. By Karl Frank, S.J. With a chapter on Ant Guests and Termite Guests by Erich Wasmann, S.J. Translated from the German by C. T. Druery. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. $1.50.

"The object of the present work," says the author in his Preface, "is to throw some light on the theory of descent. Among many of the students of nature of the present day, we perceive that greater and greater contradictions arise between the actual results of their technical work, and that which they put forth as 'postulates' of the theory of evolution. Our object is to deal with this. The *certain* or the *probable* should be separated from the pure *postulates,* and the actual area of elucidation of the hypotheses of Evolution be thereby clearly defined."

Part I. discusses the results of palæontological research. Father Frank shows clearly that the fossil remains of plants and animals say nothing conclusive for or against evolution. According to the present position of science, there is no unlimited transformation in the animal world, and palæolithic botany affords no proof of any one group, family, or class having been developed from lower forms.

His method of study is twofold in view of a true, scientific hypothesis. "In the first place we have to inquire, by observation of, and experiment with, the organisms of to-day, whether they are generally capable of transformation, what causes are thereby involved, and of what kind are the changes ascertained." Then we are to "imagine the same causes as effective in the past, alone or in connection with other influences of similar kind, and then to compare the chronologically successive organisms of ascertainable form and structural conditions with those still subject to observation."

Our author then proceeds to prove the following theses:

1. We are not justified in regarding the origin of organisms on our earth as the result of an evolutionary process.

2. Between organisms and inorganic material there is an essential difference, so that the inorganic material cannot develop itself into an organism.

3. The attempts to demonstrate as possible a genetic connection between vivified and non-vivified matter, must be regarded as perfectly vain.

4. No organization, which is regarded only as a peculiar chemico-physical quality or structure of inorganic matter, explains life.

5. The attempts to express the process of evolution in concrete form, demonstrate the impossibility of spontaneous generation.

6. We are not justified in bringing animals and plants into genetic connection.

Part III. deals with the theories of Lamarck and Darwin, and makes some suggestions for reliable hypotheses of evolution. "Theories of evolution," concludes Father Frank, "will remain, since everything points to the fact that there was and is an evolution of the organic world. This evolution, however, does not express itself in quite impossible spontaneous leaps from the inorganic to the organic, or from plants to animals, and also not in objectless hither-and-thither variation, but in a constant maintenance of the harmony between construction and function and the external conditions of life, and in the constant development of the bases, since bases must exist, as the result is always in one direction, viz., the purposeful, the vitally capable.

The translator is the possessor of the Victoria gold medal of honor in horticulture, but he certainly does not deserve a medal for his translation of Father Frank's scholarly volume.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY. By R. Barry O'Brien, with an Introduction by John E. Redmond, M.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents net.

This story of the hundred years (1800-1900) was originally delivered as a lecture before the Irish Literary Society of London. It is a judicial arraignment of the ignorance and ineptitude which have in every generation characterized English misrule in Ireland. We recommend it as wholesome reading to those English opponents of Home Rule who are comforting themselves with the reflection that they are righteous men and just, though their ancestors did govern Ireland infamously in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century.

This interesting summary shows clearly why all English attempts to reconcile the Irish people to English rule have utterly failed. It is a tale of bad faith, broken promises, inane and even criminal legislation. England never granted any con-

cession, except under the stress of mortal fear. An Irishman once said very aptly: "That the only chance you had of making an impression on an English minister was by coming to him with the head of a landlord in one hand, and the tail of a cow in the other." Fenianism brought on Church disestablishment in Ireland, and begot the Land Act of 1870.

Barry O'Brien describes in brief the Tithe War of 1830-1835, that perfect illustration of what Mr. Redmond styles "the policy of Hell and Bedlam combined;" the Repeal Movement of 1841-1846, which rooted the idea of an Irish Parliament in the heart of the Irish nation; the iniquitous land system which kept Irishmen on the verge of pauperism, and sent millions of peasants to foreign lands; the Young Ireland movement and the Rising of '48; the beginnings of the Home Rule agitation, etc.

At the end of the volume, the author thanks the Irish of the United States "who have so generously helped the Irish at home, financially and politically." Despite Erin's sorrowful past, he does not take a gloomy view of the future. He writes: "I have faith in my race. I believe that the qualities which have preserved the Irish Celt, under oppression and persecutions scarcely paralleled in the history of any other civilized country, will preserve him to the end."

A PRIMER OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Monsignor Parkinson, D.D., Ph.D., Rector of Oscott College, Birmingham. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.00 net.

In a generation now passing away, social science was often called a dismal science—and not undeservedly. What science could be more dismal than one which declared in effect that business was business; that morality was morality, and that these two things should be kept apart in the life of every sensible man. Thank God we are coming out of the dismal atmosphere! "You cannot humbug all the people all the time." In Monsignor Parkinson's valuable little book, we have a perfectly simple statement of the moral principles which should guide the daily conduct of every business man. These principles are neither new nor peculiar, for they have always been taught by the Church, and they have always been practised by good Catholics. But it is urgently necessary that they should be set forth again and again, in season and out of season, as well for the benefit of those within the Church as for the benefit of those without. Many who are not Catholics

may have heard them partially or not at all; while we who *are* Catholics are not a little in danger of forgetting them under the constant assault of so much contrary opinion and practice.

Having clearly set forth these first great spiritual principles, Monsignor Parkinson proceeds to review our modern social conditions, and to test them by these principles. His work is characterized by brevity and conciseness; it is the work of a sound economic student and of an authoritative theologian. Every English-speaking layman should read it.

THE ROMAN CURIA. By Michael Martin, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

Father Martin, Professor of Canon Law at the St. Louis University, has written a full and accurate account of the Roman Curia as it exists to-day. The work first appeared as a series of articles in the *American Ecclesiastical Review,* soon after Pope Pius X. had reorganized the Curia by the Constitution, *Sapienti consilio,* June 29, 1908.

The author treats of the eleven Sacred Congregations, the three Tribunals, and the five Offices of the Curia, setting forth the province assigned to each department, and the method of procedure in the management of ecclesiastical business. In the appendices he publishes the full text of the *Sapienti consilio,* and the latest decrees referring thereunto. He also adds some practical hints upon the method of communicating with the various departments of the Roman Curia, and also some formulas of petitions.

It is a book that every Catholic should read, for under the new canon law every Catholic is free to have recourse to any department of the Curia whenever he wishes.

THE firm name of Robert Appleton Company, publishers of the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* has been changed to The Encyclopedia Press. The name of Robert Appleton caused confusion with the older house of D. Appleton & Company. The new name will remove the possibility of such confusion; and the title Encyclopedia Press well fits the character of the great publication already completed, and is suitable also for other similar publications.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

A VOLUME on *Bossuet* by Ferdinand Brunetière, published by Hachette et Cie, Paris, is a compilation of all of the famous critic's articles, reviews, and conferences on this subject, including the famous series of lec-

tures delivered at the Sorbonne in 1894. The Preface is by Victor Giraud.——*Islam,* by Maurice Landrieux (Paris: P. Lethielleux), is a volume written to refute the false and inaccurate accounts of the Turk and his religion, which were published in France apropos of the Balkan war by African colonial officials and literary men like Pierre Loti. Maurice Landrieux, who spent many years among the Mohammedans of Asia, Africa, and Europe, declares their vaunted piety merely external, their moral tone grossly sensual, and their tolerance a mere pretense due to their lack of power. There are about one thousand converts to Catholicism among the Kabyles, who have borne persecution of every kind with the utmost fortitude.——Father Pierling, the well-known author of *Russia and the Holy See,* discusses in a most entertaining brochure the question, *Did the Emperor Alexander I. Die a Catholic?* Whether the Emperor died a Catholic will ever remain a mystery. But that at various times in his life he showed Catholic tendencies is beyond question. The brochure is published by Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris.——Bloud of Paris has published a *Manual of Christian Epigraphy,* by René Aigrain, which contains over four hundred Christian inscriptions of the first five centuries, accompanied by an accurate French translation and excellent critical notes. The author has written chiefly for those students of antiquity who are unacquainted with the complete collections of De Rossi and Le Blant.——The same house also publishes an excellent essay of Paul Lemaire on *Francis Bacon.* He defends him against the strictures of Liebig and de Maistre, but shows clearly that he was not the inventor of the inductive method, nor a savant of the calibre of either da Vinci or Galileo.——Another publication of Bloud consists of two volumes of their series entitled, *Famous Foreign Writers*—Carlyle by Louis Cazamian, and Henri Heine by Pierre-Gauthiez. They are carefully-written treatises, both from the standpoint of biography and of literary criticism. A little anti-Jewish prejudice is noticeable in the sketch of Heine. The study of Carlyle is more objective and philosophical, as becomes a professor of the Sorbonne.——Pierre Téqui of Paris has brought out a popular little manual of Biblical difficulties by the Abbé Duplessy, entitled *Matutinaud Reads the Bible.* It has no critical value whatever, but gives a brief answer to questions about the deluge, the age of the patriarchs, Josue and the stopping of the sun, Jonas and the whale, etc. ——The Abbé Broussolle's course of religious instruction on *The Theory of the Mass,* delivered last year to his pupils at the lycée Michelet in Paris, is another publication by Téqui. Each chapter closes with a good bibliography, and a number of questions that bring out admirably the lessons learned. There are fifty illustrations, drawn from Christian antiquity, and the masters of the Middle Ages.——Téqui also publishes two scholarly volumes by the Abbé Paul Renaudin. The first is on *The Doctrine of the Assumption,* considered from the viewpoint of its definability. The second, on *Theological and Canonical Questions,* treats of the Eucharist in the Middle Ages; the Heresy of Berenger; the Ascetic Formation of St. Thomas Aquinas; the Religious Orders; the Nomination to Ecclesiastical Benefices, and the Indult of the Parliament of Paris.——The same firm publishes *The Catholic Church in the First Centuries,* by the Abbé Viellard-Lacharme, a series of conferences delivered in the Church of Saint-Louis-des-Français in Rome during the Lent of 1912. They are popular, rather than critical in tone.——Perrin & Co. of Paris reprints Ernest Hello's *Man,* a well-known work of the eminent French critic and littérateur. It first saw the light in 1871. The essays are divided into three parts, Life, Science, and Art.

Foreign Periodicals.

Our Relations with the Nonconformists. By the Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Nonconformists is the name given Protestants in England who are not members of the Established Church. From them we are separated by an abyss which "cannot be called love." The cause of this is ignorance. Hence it is our duty to understand them and their history. Catholics have much in common with the Nonconformists, and to the Nonconformists is due much of our present liberty in England and the United States. They consistently fought for a "Free Church," a church not dominated by the State, and, in the time of the Stuarts, succeeded in banishing "the last hope of any effective royal administration of an Established Church." Whilst thus engaged they "insisted largely on making their religion enter into their politics." It is "altogether in the praise of the Nonconformist ideal of informing political life with standards of conscience." In the spiritual life Wesley subordinated organization to the interior life, and this was not without its effect on many Catholics who had adjusted their lives "to the ecclesiastical machinery in the interests of getting on."

The membership of Nonconformist bodies is decreasing. A large number of those falling away are drifting into agnosticism or indifferentism. In spite of this we can hope to win many of these souls to the True Church. Their worship of Jesus as Savior draws them to consider Him as Founder of the Church; their apologetics resting on the doctrine of the Bible only, throws their minds back upon the writer; some find that subjectivism will not do in religion, and they seek objectivism in an organized authoritative Church; others find that the organization of anti-Christian forces necessitates an organized Christian force, and for such there must be a head; and finally the mystical element finds that it must be guided by the masters of mysticism. Quotations from writings and statements of several Nonconformists of high standing plainly indicate the trend of the religious-minded among them.—*The Tablet,* July 19.

Married Clerks, by Father Thurston, S.J., considers assertions in the *Guardian,* the *Ministry of Grace* (1901, by Dr. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, Anglican), and volumes two and three of the *History of the English Church,* edited by Dr.

Hunt, to the effect that prior to the Reformation celibacy was not strictly enforced upon the secular priesthood. These assertions are inferences based on records proving the existence, especially in the twelfth century, of persons described as sons and daughters of priests, and some few references to priests' wives. The inferences do not follow: for the records refer to wives of clerics. In the Middle Ages many clerics never were ordained priests, and those who were ordained, if they had been married between the receiving of tonsure which made them clerics and ordination to the priesthood, separated from their wives at the time of ordination to the sub-diaconate. Their wives were nevertheless entitled to be known as such; the children of the union were in every sense of the word legitimate. Many references supporting this position are given. Incidentally a few arguments are adduced from facts to indicate that the truth is, that celibacy was required among seculars at a very early date.—*The Tablet,* July 26.

The Catholic Press Abroad. By Irene Hernaman. In France the " Bonne Presse " publishes upwards of twenty-five papers and magazines, the most important of which is *La Croix,* with the fourth largest circulation in the country. Other societies doing an immense work are " The Popular Action Society " and the " Catholic Women's League of France." The German Volksverein is a model of press organizations. It edits eight periodicals, and publishes millions of pamphlets yearly. There are about two hundred and fifty Catholic dailies in Germany. In Austria the Piusverein does practically the same work, though on a much smaller scale. Belgian Catholic journals far outnumber Socialist and anticlerical ones. Thanks to the initiative of the famous Abbé Schaepereau, there are in Holland thirteen Catholic dailies and one hundred and fifty periodicals.

The many professional and workingmen's syndicates, each with its own magazine, form a special feature of Catholic life in Holland. In Italy and Spain the press propaganda lacks that enthusiastic support of the people so characteristic of the countries just mentioned. The first Catholic daily in Switzerland was started in 1871 against enormous obstacles, but the press flourishes there now. In Canada and the United States there are periodicals, but no dailies for English-speaking Catholics. In the States a Catholic Press Association was founded two years ago. In all countries (except Belgium and Switzerland where one exists), a central information bureau is badly needed. Without this, and an

International News Agency, Catholic Press endeavors are sadly handicapped.—*The Month,* August.

Popular Education in Britain, France, and Germany. By Rev. T. Hannan. The superiority of the Continental system of education over the English has been overestimated. Practically the same spirit of rivalry and imitation prevails in educational matters as in national defence. In France the Minister of Public Instruction controls the whole system from the university to the smallest primary school. Between the ages of six and thirteen, education is compulsory, but the law is difficult to enforce. La Morale is the modern religion of the schools, and holds the first place in the programmes. The system in France is bad for religion and for France.

In Germany the educational system may be divided into three grades: the Folk schools, which are elementary, correspond to the English Board schools; the Real schools have their counterpart in the British Secondary schools; but the Continuation schools are a special and admirable product of Germany. They originated in the sixteenth century as Sunday schools, with secular branches included. Now classes are held on week days in the afternoon; attendance is compulsory between the ages of fourteen and seventeen for at least two hours a week. In this regard German education is superior to that in other European countries. Religious instruction is insisted upon in the lowest schools, and is imparted by the Lutheran minister and the parish priest to their respective parishioners; in Cologne the Catholics and the Lutherans have separate schools, both supported by the government.—*Church Quarterly Review,* July.

Is the Confessional an Institution of the Middle Ages? By J. Tixeront. M. C. Lea, an American, has claimed that confession, as we have it to-day, owes its establishment to the scholastics and especially to St. Thomas. His three-volumed work, *History of Auricular Confession and of Indulgences in the Latin Church,* appeared in 1896. Harnack, who is more familiar with ancient documents than M. Lea, has expressed practically the same opinion. And in a recent article in *The Review of History and Religious Literature,* entitled *Did Pope Saint Gregory Know of Confession?* M. André Lagardi also tries to prove Mr. Lea's thesis. But what is the testimony of the past? If we look back a bit we find at the very end of the eighth century Theodolphus, the friend of Charle-

magne, and Bishop of Orleans, describing the mode of confessions just as we have it to-day. So, too, in the earlier part of the same century do St. Boniface of Mayence (755) and St. Chrodegand, Bishop of Metz (742). The venerable Bede, five hundred years before St. Thomas, also openly speaks of the confessional just as we have it to-day. It is, therefore, evident that it was not unknown in the eighth century. St. Isidore of Seville, who died in 636, wrote on confession in his *Etymologies* and his *Ecclesiastical Offices.* So we may go back through each century and collect evidence from Victor of Cortenna, St. Leo, St. John Climacus, Origen, Tertullian, St. Irenæus, and a host of others, to prove that, far from arising in the Middle Ages, the confessional dates directly to Jesus Christ and Apostolic times.—*Revue du Clergé Français,* July.

The Tablet (July 12): *The Plymouth Congress:* The report of the proceedings of the National Catholic Congress gives the inaugural address of Cardinal Bourne on *Religious Indifference,* a sermon preached by Abbot Gasquet on the sufferings of Catholics in the west of England, and papers on *Christianity in Modern England,* and *Catholic Schools,* by Father Martindale, S.J., and Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew (John Ayscough), respectively.

(July 19): *Seminaries in Rome:* The Apostolic Constitution consolidating the small seminaries scattered about Rome into one central seminary, known as the Lateran, is published. The seminary is to serve as a *grande seminaire* for Rome and Italy. A *petite seminaire* is also established at the present Vatican seminary.—— The Roman Correspondent comments briefly on the above-mentioned constitution. He calls attention to the civil funeral of Socialist Councillor Montemartini as furnishing a good example of the influence of Socialists over the Italians of Rome, even if they be Catholics. Eighty-five Socialist and allied societies were represented at this funeral, and everyone of these will at election time "go against the Church." "The procession showed the extent to which labor has been organized. The political opinions of their societies are, no doubt, in innumerable cases, in direct opposition to the conscientious opinions of individual members. But when the time comes they vote, if at all, as the society directs."—— In *Literary Notes,* W. H. K. considers the extremely high praise given in the *Times* Literary Supplement to the first instalment of the *Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures,* to wit, the Epistles to the Thessalonians, translated by Father Lattey, S.J. The *Times* reviewer writes: "It is a pleasure to notice that they

(Father Lattey's notes) are marked by a desire to arrive at the immediate purpose of St. Paul, and are free from polemical bias. They give evidence of sound scholarship, allied with a frank acceptance of modern critical results," etc. Attention is then directed to the Rheims-Douay version, "which has its faults and limitations," but which has been the subject of much censure that is ignorant and criticism that is unintelligent. The reviewer recognizes that the necessity of following an official version, *i. e.,* the Vulgate, had some advantages in point of critical accuracy, since the Vulgate, "in not a few places, provided a better text than they would have found in the Hebrew and Greek manuscripts at their disposals." The Douay Version has also a literary value of its own, according to Professor J. S. Phillimore, writing in the present *Dublin Review.* It represents the excellent English style of pre-Elizabethan days, which Elizabeth's government attempted to destroy, and succeeded in marring to some extent.

(August 2): *Mr. Pease's Little Bill:* The new educational bill introduced by the Liberal Minister provides for a small building grant, and a smaller grant for medical inspection and treatment. Previously a Parliamentary building grant was illegal. The grants are destined for the Council Schools in which no dogmatic religious instruction is given, and indirectly discriminates against denominational schools, which theoretically are supposed to be on the same footing. The latter class must still provide their own building fund. The suspicion is voiced that the ultimate purpose of the Liberals is to foster the decline of the denominational school.——*The Philosophy of Hans,* by Claude Harrison, shows that the fairy tales of Hans Andersen "contain a philosophy, the main thesis of which" is "that the secret of happiness lies in the pleasures of affection and a moderate sufficiency of worldly goods." By his own route Andersen reached St. Augustine's conclusion: "Our heart is restless, O Lord, till it rest in Thee." Passages from Andersen's works are quoted bearing on the subject of this paper.——*Catholic Missions in China:* A paper read at the Plymouth Congress by Father Wolferstan, S.J., recounts the difficulties, and some results of the missionary's life, and the outlook of Catholic missions in China.

The Month (August): A full account of *The Plymouth Congress* is given by Rev. Sydney F. Smith. Although still behind the great dioceses of the Midlands and the North, the success of the recent National Congress in Plymouth argues well for its re-

ligious future. The prominence of the Catholic Social Guild and their timely and practical discussions, and along the lines of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical, receives special mention. Other Societies and Unions were also ably represented at the Congress, covering the field of social and religious work incumbent upon Catholics.

The Dublin Review (July): Francis McCullogh shows that *The Belgian Strike,* in failing to obtain the abolition of plural voting, has recorded a defeat for the workers, a fact acknowledged by the less diplomatic of the Socialists. The leading periodicals of Europe have approved the attitude of the Premier in refusing to yield to force and grant the demands of the Socialists. Belgium, although the headquarters of international Socialism, is to some extent, also, the headquarters of international clericalism. Theoretically Belgian Socialists are not anticlerical; practically they are, yet the immediate prospects of Catholicism in Belgium are universally admitted to be bright.——*Some Oxford Essays,* by Wilfrid Ward, treats of *Foundations: A Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Modern Thought,* composed by seven Oxford men. Mr. Ward enumerates the difficulties proposed by science to theology, and explains that theology is not stultified by a gradual transformation in inaccurate or undefined ideas. But he then passes from *Foundations* to Monsignor Benson's work: *Confessions of a Convert,* to show that "the Catholic Church in things that practically and directly affect souls, not only knows her mind, but is constantly declaring it."——Rev. J. G. Vaud, D.D., in *Science and Philosophy at Louvain,* traces the changes since the days of the Renaissance in the relations of philosophy to science, considers outstanding problems in contemporary thought, and estimates how far changes in method and angle of vision may be due to the success of the natural sciences. This brief criticism of current methods and tendencies leads up to an appreciation of the philosophical ideal of the Louvain School, which follows the principles of St. Thomas.——In *Blessed Thomas More and the Arrest of Humanism in England,* J. S. Phillimore claims that the humanist movement in England was arrested in the middle of the sixteenth century, and did not mature till more than a century later; that the movement was typically personified in More, and that his death was the blow which paralyzed it. The writer defines humanism as "an æsthetic movement towards finer forms of expression, an intellectual movement of expatiating curiosity, and a stirring of moral restlessness."——*The Napoleon of San Domingo,* by Harry Graham, gives an

interesting sketch of that remarkable negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who, through sheer force of character, rose from slavery to the dictatorship of his people. L'Ouverture won freedom for his people, only to die in captivity at Joux in 1803.

Irish Theological Quarterly (July): Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., calls attention to *A Neglected Factor in the Study of the Synoptic Problem.* A recent volume of Oxford Studies assumes as demonstrated that the resemblances in the Synoptic Gospels are due to the use of common documents; that a complete Gospel practically identical with our Mark was used by Matthew and Luke; and that there was a collection (mainly of discourses) possibly known to Mark, and certainly furnishing the groundwork of common matter in Matthew and Luke. The theory is not baseless, but the differences between the latter two and Mark are not to be neglected as has been done hitherto.——Rev. James MacCaffrey presents a study of *The Catholic School System* in the United States, based on Father Burns' work on this subject.——In *The Testimony of St. Irenæus in Favour of the Roman Primacy,* the Rev. Bruno Walkley, O.P., gives a translation and interpretation of the disputed text from the Saint's work, *Against All Heresies,* Book III., chapter iii.——Rev. Thomas Gogarty gives an account of *The Dawn of the Reformation* in Ireland (1534-1547) under George Browne. ——Rev. M. J. O'Donnell has an article on Post-Lateran developments as to *The Seal of Confession.*

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (August): *The Greek Fathers and Original Sin,* by Rev. B. V. Miller, S.T.D. The doctrine of original sin was not so fully developed in the Greek Church during the first four centuries as it was among the Latins, but the value of Greek witness to this dogma is often minimized.——Dr. Miller examines the testimony of Origen, Athanasius, Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Basil, and St. Cyril of Jerusalem. There has been much controversy over the belief of St. Chrysostom on original sin, but from quotations by St. Augustine from lost writings it is evident that he held substantially the Catholic teaching. The main difference between the early East and West is one of phraseology.—— *Alcoholism,* by Rev. W. J. Mulcahy, P.P., gives the startling statistics which speak so loudly of the far-reaching effects on society resulting from alcohol. He suggests as the principal remedy for alcoholism, a well-grounded education on the science of the subject, together with the aids of religion.

Le Correspondant (July 10): An anonymous writer presents a dark picture of the consequences of the Balkan war to Catholic and French interests. Ludovic Naudeau describes the initial manœuvre of the Bulgarians, and their present conflict with the Servians. And Jean Leune gives a detailed account of the surrender of Salonika.

Revue du Clergé Français (July 1): Ch. Calippe tells of *The Circles for Sacerdotal Studies,* which have sprung up in France in amazing numbers, to give French priests the "equivalents for common and religious life" now denied to them. The aim of these circles is not purely theoretical; above all it is practical. As Canon Paulot has said: "At this time of separation, one separation above all is to be feared, that of priest from priest." To obviate this possibility, this new social movement has been born, under the patronage of the highest ecclesiastical authority. There is no doubt but it will contribute efficaciously to the work of religious and social regeneration now going on.——Monsignor Herscher gives a study of *The Politics Behind the "Kulturkampf,"* based on new and interesting lights thrown on Bismarck, the man and the statesman, by Georges Goyau, in his four-volume work. This deeper study of Bismarck's point of view explains much of his untiring activity against religious orders and the hierarchy. To his mind Catholicism was a barrier to his one idea—German unity, hence the May Laws and his political cruelty. By God's grace, however, the Church, aided by the Centre Party under Windthorst triumphed; triumphed because the faithful were united to their bishops and the Holy See, and in unswerving resistance to the Church's opponents.

(July 15): In *Literature That Remains,* Eugene Evrard speaks of our recent works which are likely to stand the test of time, viz., Henry Bordeaux's beautiful romance, *The House;* M. Romain Roland's three dramas now republished, *Saint Louis, Aërt,* and *The Triumph of Reason;* M. Henri Blaudin's new light on that favorite topic in France, *Huysmans,* and *The True Mystery of the Passion,* by Arnold Greban, a book published in 1452, and now happily adopted by Ch. Gailly de Taurines and L. de La Tournasse. The original, as well as the adaptation, is in verse, and was seen on the stage in the fifteenth century. It has recently been put on at the Odéon. It is to be hoped that its field will be still more widened. ——A. Boudinhon gives a list of *Prohibited Books and Periodicals*

from 1901-1913, thus adding a three years' complete appendix to the new *Index* published in 1910.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (July 15): *The Struggle Against Alcoholism and Immorality,* by E. Beaupin, in a report read before the Congress of the Works of Diocesan Missions in Paris, names as the three chief weapons to use against these two great evils, sermons, confessions, and the confessional.——*The Moral Value of our Federations,* by A. Beaulieu, claims that Federation, besides organizations for the moral, religious, and social formation of the young man, ought to include provision for his intellectual, physical, artistic, and even professional formation. Young men must be taken as they are; they must be interested, but care must be taken to keep these things in their proper place. The Catholic Church alone can give the ideals and the power to organization which will enable it to fulfill its work.

Études (July 5): Louis Chervaillot gives a sketch of *Giacomo Leopardi,* as a pious and laborious youth; devoting his first literary efforts to the defence of Christianity, who later, under the influence of Giordani, the free-thinker, lost his faith, and became the poet of pessimism. He died in 1837.

(July 20): *Charles Chesnelong* (René Moreau), the great French Catholic parliamentarian, was born in 1820 in the small commune of Lagor. Deeply pious, he reared a large family in the sound principles of Christianity. One son became Archbishop of Sens, and a daughter a Sister of Charity in the Foreign Missions. Chesnelong was a "passionate and disinterested servant of the Church and of France." True patriotism led him into politics, where he was an intrepid defender of the Temporal Power. In 1876 he was elected irremovable Senator. He was active in all the big Catholic movements in France from this time till his death in 1894.——*Saint Irenæus,* by Paul Galthier. St. Irenæus was one of the founders of Catholic theology; for a long time his work was the classic on original sin, the Real Presence, and ecclesiastical penance; he anticipated the dogma of the Incarnation as formulated by the Church against Nestorius. "He has proclaimed the rule of Apostolic faith," says Harnack. His work is still the model of those writers who undertake the defence of the traditional faith against novelties. He is truly a Doctor of the Church besides being Bishop and Martyr.

Recent Events.

France.

So great was the opposition encountered by the Three Years' Service Bill that it took ten weeks for it to pass through the Chamber of Deputies, after which it has gone to the Senate, where it has had a smoother course. The Socialists and the Socialist-Radicals, under the leadership of M. Caillaux, did everything in their power to change the character of the bill, and in fact many important amendments were accepted. The chief changes it makes in the military law of France are as follows: It lays down the effective strength below which no unit of the army is to be allowed to drop. Length of service with the active army in increased from two years to three. Physically selected conscripts will be incorporated in the army at twenty years of age instead of as hitherto at twenty-one, adding thereby to the existing strength one hundred and forty-four thousand men. The total period of military liability is extended from twenty-five to twenty-eight years. This provision will enable France to call out an additional four hundred and fifty thousand men in times of grave peril. The minimum number of effectives provided for by the bill amount to seven hundred and twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-nine men. On account of the leaves of absence which have been granted, the three years of service will in practice be reduced to two years and nine months. This modified three years' service will not have its full effect until 1916.

The reason for which so strenuous an opposition was offered to the bill by Socialists and many Radicals, was their view that it involved the renouncement of the idea of a nation in arms, to which the nation had been tending on the line of Republican evolution, and which had found its expression to a large extent in the law of 1905. They look upon the present proposal as the work of reactionaries. By accepting the assistance of the Right, the government had for the first time in the history of the Republic caused a division in the Republican parties on the question of defence.

The bill will involve a large increase of expenditure. Upon whose shoulders the cost will be placed, will be a matter of keen

controversy between the *bourgeoisie* and the Socialists, the latter insisting that the burden should be borne by the rich. To this M. Barthou and his colleagues are said to have agreed, and it is expected that they will bring in fresh income-tax proposals, and even a tax on capital somewhat similar in character to the levy recently adopted by Germany. But there are those who anticipate that the government will not live long enough to make these proposals.

Even apart from this fresh military expenditure, the financial state of France is serious; so serious, indeed, that national bankruptcy is sometimes said to be imminent. The budget statements are so obscure that it is hard to discover the real state of the finances. Good authorities, however, say that while the official budget of this year shows a surplus of ten thousand dollars, the deficit is in reality more than two hundred millions. This seems incredible, and is in fact disputed. But all are agreed in recognizing the necessity for financial reform, and it is as to the nature of this reform that the chief conflicts between French parties will take place. The state of the finances will stand in the way of the carrying into effect of the many costly measures of social legislation that have been proposed.

A distinguishing feature of this year's celebration of the fourteenth of July, the national Fête Day of Republican France, was the presence at the review at Longchamp of detachments of troops from the numerous French colonies. These came from Senegal, the Gaboon, Morocco, Algeria, Madagascar, Tonkin, and Annam. The Senegal sharpshooters attracted particular attention. Some of the troops had a record of almost unbroken service for ten years. Their presence has led to the consideration of the possibility of making fuller use of the valuable military material to be found in France's African colonies. The attempt made by the Socialists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists on the occasion of the review to arouse popular indignation against the Three Years' Service Bill was a distinct failure.

The foreign relations of France have undergone no change. The passing through Paris of the King of Spain on his way to England, gave an occasion for the manifestation of the satisfaction felt at the restoration of perfectly cordial relations between the two countries. The visit of the President to England showed clearly that no change has taken place in the *entente cordiale,* except it be that the friendship is striking deeper roots. The Con-

ferences which took place between the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of France and England, proved that on all matters concerning the maintenance of peace, and upon all political questions in general, the two Powers were in absolute and complete agreement. French satisfaction found expression in the declaration of M. Ribot: "I have always considered that close friendship between France and England was absolutely necessary, not merely from the French point of view, but also for the progress of civilization."

Germany.

The army bill having been passed, the Reichstag has adjourned to the twentieth of November. The bill was carried, against the votes of the Socialists and the Poles, substantially in the form proposed by the government. It increases the peace strength of the army by four thousand officers, fifteen thousand non-commissioned officers, one hundred and seventeen thousand men, and twenty-seven thousand horses. About ninety per cent of the addition will be made by October of this year. As a result of these changes, the German army will eventually reach eight hundred and sixty-six thousand men of all ranks. The spirit by which the increase is animated is well indicated by the words of the War Minister: "The best parry is the lunge; the best covering force is the offensive." To be a neighbor of Germany is no pleasant position.

The additional expense involved in the increase, so far as regards the non-recurring expenditure, was raised by an extraordinary levy on property. This was carried against the votes of the Poles and Alsatians; the Socialists voting for it, as they looked upon the proposal as a valuable precedent for themselves. For the same reason they supported the tax on the increment of fortunes. This is a tax upon every increment to the extent of not more than two thousand five hundred dollars of a fortune which is not less than five thousand dollars, and is considered by many to be a strange and hazardous proceeding. A possibly more important feature of the new measures of taxation is that a start has been made on the path of direct imperial taxation. This involves, according to the Conservative view, a violation of the Constitution. The Socialists, on the other hand, are jubilant, looking upon the result as a triumph of their principles. In the country the strength of this party seems to be growing, for at a recent by-election they have beaten the Conservatives. The latter have lost two seats within a few days.

The trial of the military officials who are charged with imparting government information to the head of Krupp's office in Berlin, resulted in the conviction of the accused. Nothing treasonable was revealed, nor was there anything approaching to a "Panama" scandal. Coöperation with the Krupps in the desire of the latter to underbid their competitors for government contracts was the utmost extent of their wrong-doing. The Socialists, who brought the matter to light, are said to have been animated by hatred of the Krupp firm, because they can make no headway amongst their workmen. Further light, perhaps, may be thrown upon the matter by a civil trial which is to come on. Nothing was disclosed as to the attempt alleged to have been made to excite, by articles in newspapers, warlike feeling in France so as to facilitate the demand for an increase of armaments in Germany.

Austria-Hungary. The resignation of Herr von Cuvaj as Royal Commissioner of Croatia, and the appointment of a successor, are taken as indications that the Hungarian government is prepared for the restitution of the constitutional government of which for so long a time it has arbitrarily deprived the Croatians. But no sooner is the normal state of things re-established in one part of the Austro-Hungarian dominions, than it is destroyed in another. By Imperial Letters Patent the Bohemian Diet has been dissolved, and in place of the ordinary executive body a Commission of Administration has been appointed to perform its duties. This amounts to a suspension of Bohemian autonomy, and is due to racial quarrels between the Germans and Czechs, and to the obstruction of the proceedings of the Diet, which for a long time has been practised by both. This had resulted in a financial deadlock. The treasury had become almost empty, and the officials had no salaries.

The newly-appointed Commission is not satisfactory to the Germans, for out of the eight members of which it consists five are Czechs. The Constitution gives the Crown a right to intervene in this way in case of emergency, but it is said in this instance to have overstepped its rights, inasmuch as it has not at once proceeded to hold an election for a new Diet. The measure is declared to be merely provisionary, but has met with a storm of protest among the Czechs. It is condemned as a breach of the Constitution, as a blow aimed at the kingdom of Bohemia and the

Czech nation, and as a measure of absolutism. This constant intervention of the monarch makes the equilibrium unstable in countries in which so great a degree of power is left in the hands of the ruler.

The Dual Monarchy is proceeding further on the same road as France and Germany. It is announced that in consequence of the changes in the strategical conditions of Southeastern Europe, the strength of the Austro-Hungarian army will be considerably increased. The standing army is to have thirty thousand more men and the militia twenty thousand.

Russia.

Constitutional government, within the limits conceded by the "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," has become so well established an institution that, it is said, no English Minister could have held more correct and respectful language towards the House of Commons than did M. Kokovtzoff, the Russian Prime Minister, when he explained his budget to the Duma. The Chamber and the government, after an experience of seven years, have become accustomed to work calmly together with feelings of mutual respect, and sometimes of full confidence. Especially in financial matters, on which in other countries conflicts between governments and Parliaments have been most frequent, a friendly spirit has existed, and amicable coöperation has been the rule. The members of the Duma have made such progress in their political education, that they have found that the best way to secure for the Chamber a fair share in the control of finance, is to coöperate with the government, so far as this is possible, rather than to offer systematic opposition. This course doubtless has been facilitated by the fact that the country has been prosperous, especially in that which is still the mainstay of Russia's prosperity—agriculture. There has been a series of good harvests, and as a consequence a succession of surpluses, and hence no reason for new taxation—that frequent bone of contention. The healthy control which the Duma has succeeded in obtaining over the finances of the Empire, justifies the hope that it will establish a strong claim for the gradual extension of its influence to other spheres of political activity.

The harmonious relations which exist between the government and the Duma on financial matters do not, however, extend so completely to every branch of the administration. During the revolutionary period, Russia was placed under exceptional laws, which gave to the authorities far larger powers of arrest and

imprisonment than those given by the ordinary law. This period came to an end in 1907, and yet these exceptional laws still remain in force. By a resolution recently passed by the Duma, the Minister of the Interior was condemned for illegally prolonging this period, and thereby destroying the respect due to the ordinary law, and unduly increasing its own power, and thereby exciting discontent. The resolution went on to accuse the administration of delaying the reforms admitted to be necessary in the Imperial Manifesto of October, 1905. As an instance of what a Russian government is still capable of doing, it may be mentioned that for a fortnight before the Tsar's visit all goods' traffic was forbidden on the Volga—a procedure which inflicted great loss and hardship to multitudes.

The Minister of Public Instruction has also fallen under the condemnation of the Duma. It has passed a resolution by which it affirmed that there existed an urgent need of radical educational reforms, in order to give the pupils a practical preparation for life; the present methods of intellectual instruction and physical training, it declared, were unsatisfactory; the whole system was characterized as dry and formal. The Ministry in fact had shown itself insensible to the needs of the country. Of these two resolutions the government took no notice, and, therefore, they are not likely to have any practical effect. They show, however, that the Duma is not in any respect subservient to the government, as well as that the harmony between the two is not quite perfect. That the Cabinet itself is moving in a more liberal direction, is made clear by the fact that it has rejected a new reactionary press law which had been drawn up by the Minister of the Interior, and has required that it should be remodelled before its introduction to the Duma.

A spectacle unique in our times—the use of soldiers for the suppression of heresy—has been seen, not exactly in Russian territory, but in territory subject in some respects to Russian jurisdiction. Certain monks of Mount Athos fell into what the Holy Synod declared to be heresy, and all efforts on the part of the Orthodox Church to bring about a retractation having failed, soldiers were landed from a Russian vessel, and the heretics were carried off to Russia. What was done to them on their arrival is not yet known.

While between the government and the Duma the relations may be looked upon as fairly satisfactory, there is a wider divergence between it and the mass of the Russian people. If the latter

had had their way, it is almost certain that Russia would have been drawn into the Balkan war in support of the brother Slavs of the Russian people in opposition to the action of Austria-Hungary. Feeling ran very high, and force had to be used to suppress popular demonstrations. But the government stood firm, being resolved to maintain the European concert, and in this way it appears to have been wiser than the people. In entering into war with each other, the Balkan States inflicted a severe rebuff on the Tsar and his advisers, for he warned them solemnly that he would look with disfavor on the nation responsible for beginning the war. As it progressed, something like a common course of action was adopted by Russia and Austria-Hungary; hence it may be hoped that the relations between the two countries may improve.

The Balkan War. By a treaty made at Bukarest, the war between the former Allies has been brought to an end—at least for a time. This war was carried on with a ferocity worthy of savages, in which all the mitigations which have of late been adopted by civilized nations were disregarded. Not only did the actual combatants suffer, but thousands of non-combatants, old men, women, and children were massacred, mutilated, and outraged. Bulgarian soldiers were found with the hands of little children suspended round their necks as a charm. The King of Greece, in a public proclamation, called his former allies monsters of cruelty, treacherous, without any sense of honor. But if the accounts are true which have been given of the Greeks especially, and of the Servians in a less degree, there is little to choose between the combatant States. All have acted with the greatest cruelty.

So far as the facts are known, it was Bulgarian ambition that brought on the war. She wished to secure the hegemony in the Balkan region, or, as we should say in this country, to be the boss, and to get possession of the lion's share of the spoils. In this she had some justification, for she had made the greatest sacrifices, and had won the most important victories over the common foe. This led to undue elation, and to the confident expectation that she could defeat the Servians and the Greeks as easily as she had done the Turks. There is good evidence that she acted with deliberate treachery, that while discussing terms of settlement, she was at the same moment carrying on warlike operations. Never, however, did conduct of this time meet with so swift a nemesis. Within

a few weeks Bulgaria became a mere geographical expression. The Turks were in the south, the Greeks and Servians to the west, while the Rumanians were within a short distance of the capital. So weak had Bulgaria become, that to the advance of the latter not the smallest opposition had been offered.

That peace has been concluded is chiefly due to Rumania, with Russia and the Powers in the background. The terms of the treaty impose great sacrifices upon Bulgaria, and deprive her of the objects which she was most desirous of obtaining. The possession of a seaport on the Ægean has been denied to her, Kavala having been given to Greece. The coast line which has been conceded contains no place suitable for a port. The large number of Bulgarians who dwell in Macedonia, for whose sake the war with Turkey began, are placed by the new treaty under the rule of Servia. Rumania has obtained a slice of Bulgaria—the strategic frontier she desired. The boundaries of Greece and Servia have been made conterminous—a thing to which Bulgaria had offered the strongest opposition. Thrace is left to her, but on what terms the Turks will be forced to evacuate Adrianople is not yet settled, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that this district, the chief of Bulgaria's acquisitions, may be made into an autonomous State. Under these conditions, it is no wonder that the submission of Bulgaria is merely that rendered to *force majeure,* and that it is fully expected that when, if ever, she should be strong enough to make the attempt, she will take steps to free herself. For this reason the new treaty is not looked upon as a permanent settlement. In fact, claims are being made by some of the Powers that they have the right to subject it to revision.

The populations of the States and their gains in territory are as follows: Rumania, with a population of 7,600,000, stands at the head, although her territorial gain is no greater than that of Montenegro—4,200 square miles. Bulgaria comes next with 5,000,000 inhabitants, and a gain of 19,800 square miles. Servia will have a population of 4,000,000, and gains 19,200 square miles. Greece has the largest accession of territory, 27,000 square miles, and her population is now 4,500,000. The boundaries of the new State of Albania have not yet been definitely settled, but its population is estimated at 2,000,000. Montenegro is still the smallest of the States, with a population of 500,000, and a gain of territory of 4,200 square miles. Such hegemony as exists must be conceded to Rumania.

The Turks have been called upon, by an identic note of the Powers, presented at Constantinople, and couched in the most categorical terms, to show respect to the Treaty of London, and to evacuate Adrianople. So far they have not complied. No measures to enforce compliance have yet been taken. The Turks are becoming their own worst enemy. A more impudent document than that presented to the Powers in justification of their re-entering Adrianople, was never composed. They made the claim that they were not, by so doing, breaking the Treaty of London. This had, indeed, settled the boundary line as extending from Enos to Midia, the boundary they said would still be from Enos to Midia, but it would go round by Adrianople, that is to say, it would go round the two sides of a triangle and not along its base. The existence of Turkey, even in Asia, depends not merely upon the forbearance of the Powers, but even upon their being united in exercising forbearance; and also upon there being willing to grant financial assistance. Turkey's action in seizing upon Adrianople has been the thing best calculated to alienate them.

Portugal.

The public attention directed by Adeline Duchess of Bedford to the treatment of the Royalist prisoners in Portugal, has not been altogether without effect. Some relief has been granted them, but the amnesty so long expected has not yet come. Senhor Affonso Costa still holds the Premiership. He has been in office for more than six months—a long time for a Portuguese minister under the Republican *régime*. His hold upon the government is said to have steadily increased, although he is popular nowhere, and it is largely by means of a secret police that he maintains his power. To a certain extent he has come to be looked upon as an indispensable man. Under his administration the state of the finances has improved. The rich individuals and powerful corporations who used formerly to avoid payment, by means of bribery, of their due share of the taxes have been forced to obey the law, and, as a consequence, the treasury has been better filled, and the immense floating debt, which for so long has been a drain on the country, has notably decreased. Laws have been passed imposing new taxes to relieve the tenant at the expense of the landlord, and the poor at the expense of the rich. So promising is the prospect that a substantial surplus is expected this year.

But in other respects the outlook is gloomy. The cost of

living has increased, and this has led to grave discontent among the proletariat of Lisbon, who expected that the Republic would bring the millenium. Stern methods of repression have been taken, and these have inflamed large numbers. Nor have the moderate elements become reconciled to the new ideas, the Separation Law having proved a great obstacle. There are also monarchists, who still hope for the restoration of the royal family, and are said to be conspiring for this end. But the most active enemy at the present time are the extremists of Senhor Costa's own party. So dissatisfied are they that they have adopted the methods of Continental Syndicalism. By outrages and violence they have been making repeated efforts to overthrow the government. In each case officers of the army and navy have been included among the conspirators. The fact that an almost inexhaustible supply of bombs has been at their disposal, seems to show that the movement is widespread. The government has not hesitated to take as drastic measures against these its former friends as were formerly dealt out to the rebellious monarchists. In one day thirty conspirators were shipped off to the Azores, there to be summarily tried and confined to prison.

So little capacity for the civilized government of their own country is being shown by those now in power that the question is being raised, both in Great Britain and elsewhere, as to their methods of government of the large tracts of territory which are possessed by Portugal in Africa. It is said that not only slave holding exists on the mainland and in the islands which belong to Portugal, but also that slave trading is carried on. The Republic on its advent promised to suppress these evils, and has made some efforts to keep its promises, but with so little success that every one acquainted with the state of things recognizes that the conditions of labor under which the natives are working is in effect bondage. The attention which has been called to the matter will, it is to be hoped, lead to as satisfactory a result as that attained by the Congo agitation. So far, however, it has only had the effect of exciting the indignation of the Carbonarios of Portugal, and has led them to threaten an extension to London of the methods of control which they have so long practised in Lisbon.

It is left to the future to disclose whether the marriage, which is announced as about to take place, of the ex-King Manoel with a Princess of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns, will ever have any effect on the course of events in Portugal. It will not,

of course, be the first time that German blood has been introduced into the Portuguese royal family, for to go no farther back, his great-grandmother, Maria da Gloria, married Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

Persia.

Little has been heard lately of the course of events in Persia. It is not, however, because it is in the happy position of those countries that have no history. On the contrary, things have been going from bad to worse; so much that an opportunity is presented to the students of history of witnessing what looks like the deathbed of an ancient kingdom. A bluebook has been recently published by the British government, which shows that southern Persia is in the throes of dissolution, given up to rapine and brigandage; trade is at a standstill; armed bands roam about the country doing as they please. The central government is impotent, and the local government ignored. It is not so much misrule, but the absolute disappearance of all ordered and coherent rule. Not only is the authority of the government dissolved, but also that of the tribes within themselves; they are split up into warring factions, and only unite from time to time when an opportunity presents itself of despoiling caravans or of stripping chance travelers.

The only part in which there is even the semblance of order is northern Persia, and this because it is occupied by the Russian forces. Promises have been made that these would be withdrawn, or at least reduced in number. So far, however, is this from having been done, that an increase has taken place from three thousand in December, 1911, to seventeen thousand five hundred at the present time. Possibly the Persian government, so far as there is one, is not unwilling that order should be kept even by such means. The Cabinet, it is said, resigns once a week; the Regent has been an absentee in Europe for more than a year; the Shah is a boy about fifteen years of age; the ex-Shah is lying in wait to pounce upon the throne; his brother, Salar-ed-Dowleh, has been taking active steps to secure it for himself; while the treasury is empty. Such are some of the signs of Persia's decay.

Some little satisfaction may be derived from the remembrance that had our countryman, Mr. Shuster, not been interfered with by Russia and Great Britain, the country would have been put in a fair way to recovery. The prospect now is that it will be partitioned between Russia and Great Britain. It will be with great

reluctance that the latter will be drawn into such a course of action; and only in the event of Russia seizing upon northern Persia. She is in fact making every effort to avoid such a contingency. Swedish officers are at the head of a *gendarmerie* which is the only force making for order in the country, and small loans are being made from time to time to keep it in existence. Within the last few weeks it has been announced that the Regent is on the way back to Teheran, and that a Mejliss is again to be elected. It remains to be seen whether or no this will be only the prolongation of the agony. Of the development of the country's resources, better prospects exist. A concession for a railway has been granted to Russia in the north, and an option to a British syndicate in the south. The project for a railway through Persia to connect the Russian and the Indian systems, seems to be in the way of being realized, although it is meeting with powerful opposition in Great Britain, where it is looked upon as likely to endanger the peaceful possession of India.

China.

In the course of last year, when Dr. Sun Yat-sen offered sacrifice at the shrine of the founder of the Ming Dynasty, he declared: "Everywhere a beautiful repose doth reign." This was just after the resignation of the Emperor, and the accession to the Provisional Presidency of the Republic of Yuan Shih-kai. To this "beautiful repose" Sun Yat-sen had contributed by his magnanimous resignation of the Presidency, to which he had been elected by the Revolutionaries who had brought about the fall of the Manchu Dynasty. The repose has soon come to an end, and a conflict has arisen between Yuan Shih-kai and the one who made way for him. For this there are several reasons. There is between the Northern and the Southern Provinces of China a chronic rivalry and jealousy, which has been inflamed by what is said to have been the unfair distribution of the spoils of office by the government. The methods adopted by Yuan Shih-kai form another reason. They by no means conform with the constitutional methods which are the ideal of the young Chinese, of whom Sun Yat-sen is a leader.

A glaring instance of this is the way in which the recent loan with the Five Powers was contracted. Although the first Parliament was just upon the point of opening its session, the Provisional President did not seek to obtain its sanction for the loan. This is but one instance out of many of arbitrary proceedings on his part.

Moreover, Yuan Shih-kai is thought not to be loyal to the Republic. In fact, for a long time he opposed its establishment, and only accepted it as the less of two evils. It is even said that he would not be sorry to see the restoration of absolute rule. Yet he is thought—so great is the demoralization of the Empire—the only man among the Chinese millions who is able to preserve even a semblance of order. The desire of money is predominant and all-absorbing: there is no one who has not his price—there is no countervailing consideration.

The expectation that Yuan Shih-kai will succeed in the conflict, is based mainly on the fact that he is its possessor: in fact that this might be the case is the reason for his anxiety to conclude the loan. Up to the present the course of events has been in his favor; the attempt of the rebels appears to be failing. Whatever the result may be, the mass of the Chinese will not be affected, at least directly. In their eyes all who have rule over them are hopelessly corrupt. Their only hope is to escape from their depredations in the easiest possible way. The politicians on both sides are equally rapacious. The only piece of constructive legislation of the new Senate so far has been the voting to each of their number the sum of three thousand dollars a year. It is to be hoped for the sake of the much-suffering Chinese masses, that a settlement of one kind or another will be made before long. Residents in China assert that the accounts disseminated by journalists of the peaceful establishment of the Republic are a fiction. On the contrary, no one outside China can have more than a faint conception of the sufferings which have been endured by the defenceless peasantry since the revolution of October, 1911, let loose upon them bands of rabble soldiery, pirates, and brigands.

The way in which the cultivation of the poppy has recently been suppressed casts a light upon Chinese methods, even when the regular soldiers are employed. These were sent to scour the country in search of the growing crops, and as they went they beheaded the cultivators right and left. The fights between the villagers and the destroyers of the condemned crops were numberless. Executions, sentences to beating, violation of women, and pillage were of constant occurrence. The crops were ruthlessly destroyed, and this entailed starvation in large numbers. There is no one who will not rejoice at the suppression of the opium trade, but all will deplore the means by which it has been effected.

With Our Readers.

READERS of Charlotte Brontë's novel *Villette* will recall "Monsieur Paul Emanuel," who in real life was Professor Héger, at whose school in Brussels Charlotte Brontë was a pupil. The relations between teacher and pupil have always been a matter of romantic interest, and to some of unpleasant gossip. There was never the least evidence that those relations were in any way sinful. The London *Times* lately printed four lost letters from Charlotte Brontë to M. Héger. They are given to the public by M. Héger's son Paul, who wishes to end all dispute and speculation. The letters show that Charlotte Brontë had idealized Monsieur Paul Emanuel, and wished to be well thought of and remembered by him.

* * * *

THE following extract shows how the sensitive and introspective soul of Charlotte Brontë yearned in the alien solitude of Brussels, and its own greater interior loneliness, for even a touch of human affection.

"MONSIEUR: The poor have no need for much to sustain them. They ask only for the crumbs that have fallen from rich men's tables. If they are refused the crumbs they will die of hunger. Nor do I need much affection from those I love. I should not know what to do with a friendship entire and complete. I am not used to it, but you showed me of yore a little interest when I was your pupil in Brussels, and I hold on maintenance that little interest—hold on to it as I would hold on to life."

* * * *

THE appearance of these letters reminds us that *Villette* is the work in which Charlotte Brontë has some good words to say of the Catholic Church. She said such words seldom. She was carefully nurtured in severe Protestant prejudice, but her experience in Brussels widened her outlook, and added much to her literary ability, because through it she learned a more sympathetic touch with human kind.

At the time of which she writes, she has been left alone in the school for the long vacation.

"One evening—and I was not delirious: I was in my sane mind, I got up—I dressed myself, weak and shaking. The solitude and the stillness of the long dormitory could not be borne any longer. That evening more firmly than ever fastened into my soul the conviction that Fate was of stone, and Hope a false idol—blind, bloodless, and of granite core. I felt, too, that the trial God had appointed me was gaining its climax, and must now be turned by my own hands, hot, feeble, trembling as they were. Covered with a cloak (I could not be delirious, for I had sense and recollection to put on warm clothing), forth I set. The bells of a church arrested me in passing; they seemed to call me in to the *salut*, and I went in. I knelt down with others on the stone pavement.

"Few worshippers were assembled, and, the *salut* over, half of them

departed. I discovered soon that those left remained to confess. I did not stir. After a space, breathless and spent in prayer, a penitent approached the confessional. I watched. She whispered her avowal; her shrift was whispered back; she returned consoled. Another went, and another. A pale lady, kneeling near me, said in a low, kind voice:

"'Go you now, I am not quite prepared.'

"Mechanically obedient, I rose and went. I knew what I was about; my mind had run over the intent with lightning-speed. To take this step could not make me more wretched than I was; it might soothe me.

"The priest within the confessional never turned his eyes to regard me; he only quietly inclined his ear to my lips. I said: 'Mon père, je suis Protestante.' He inquired, not unkindly, why, being a Protestant, I came to him?

"I said I was perishing for a word of advice or an accent of comfort. I had been living for some weeks quite alone; I had been ill; I had a pressure of affliction on my mind of which it would hardly any longer endure the weight.

"'Was it a sin, a crime?' he inquired, somewhat startled.

"I reassured him on this point, and, as well as I could, I showed him the mere outline of my experience.

"He looked thoughtful, surprised, puzzled. 'You take me unawares,' said he. 'I am hardly furnished with counsel fitting the circumstances.'

"Of course, I had not expected he would be; but the mere relief of communication in an ear which was human and sentient, yet consecrated—the mere pouring out of some portion of long accumulating, long pent-up pain into a vessel whence it could not be again diffused—had done me good. I was already solaced.

"'Must I go, Father?' I asked of him as he sat silent.

"'My daughter,' he said kindly—and I am sure he was a kind man: he had a compassionate eye—'for the present you had better go: but I assure you your words have struck me. Confession, like other things, is apt to become formal and trivial with habit. You have come and poured your heart out; a thing seldom done. I would fain think your case over, and take it with me to my oratory. Were you of our faith I should know what to say—a mind so tossed can find repose but in the bosom of retreat, and the punctual practice of piety. The world, it is well known, has no satisfaction for that class of natures. Holy men have bidden penitents like you to hasten their path upward by penance, self-denial, and difficult good works. Tears are given them here for meat and drink—bread of affliction and waters of affliction—their recompense comes hereafter. It is my own conviction that these impressions under which you are smarting are messengers from God to bring you back to the True Church. You were made for our faith: depend upon it our faith alone could heal and help you—Protestantism is altogether too dry, cold, prosaic for you. The further I look into this matter, the more plainly I see it is entirely out of the common order of things. On no account would I lose sight of you. Go, my daughter, for the present; but return to me again.'

"I rose and thanked him. I was withdrawing when he signed me to return.

"'You must not come to this church,' said he: 'I see you are ill, and this church is too cold; you must come to my house; I live ———' (and he gave me his address). 'Be there to-morrow morning at ten.'

"In reply to this appointment, I only bowed; and pulling down my veil, and gathering round me my cloak, I glided away."

And then Charlotte Brontë fears that perhaps she has gone too far, that the smug and bigoted ones of the public for whom she wrote might begin to believe she had "Roman" tendencies—and not read

her books. She hastens to reassure the Protestant reader that she was wise enough; that he need not fear for her safety. "Did I, do you suppose, dear reader, contemplate venturing again within that worthy priest's reach? As soon should I have thought of walking into a Babylonish furnace." Nevertheless she must record that the priest "was kind when I needed kindness: he did me good. May Heaven bless him."

And Charlotte Brontë realizes, at times, that Protestantism was too dry, cold, and prosaic for her? If she had hastened her steps to the priest's house, would she not also have hastened her path upward; and would not English literature have been still further enriched because Charlotte Brontë was made happier and had seen the cloud lifted?

THE tendency towards prurient discussions recently manifested and furthered in many of our magazines, receives a fitting rebuke in the columns of the New York *Sun* and of the New York *Times*. Catholic morality, as voiced in Catholic journals, has often and vigorously called attention to the danger resultant upon the public discussion of sex questions, and upon the purveying of loose morality in articles and works of fiction. The secular press is being aroused to this danger. This fact serves, indeed, but to reveal the proportions which the evil has assumed; but it likewise gives us hope that the healthier sense of morality will prevail.

Under the caption *Flinging Slime in the Public's Face,* the New York *Sun* has this to say:

"The persons who have complained to the Postmaster-General of the treatment of sexual matters in certain magazines and weeklies, have attacked a grave and disgusting evil of this time.

"Starting under the specious pretext of giving needed instruction to the young, an instruction that should not and need not be public, the virtuous exploiters of popular credulity and ignorance have come to be poisoners of the public imagination, inspirers of loathsome ideas and images, utterers of foulness, degraders and destroyers of innocence. By the side of the money they make—and they would not stick to this hypocritical-licentious branch of literature if they didn't make money out of it—Henry Fielding's 'dirtiest money in the world' earned by a Bow Street magistrate is angel gold, and even the wages of a Broadway bully look almost respectable.

"It is the shameful fact that some abhorrent article or picture is likely to leap at the eye from almost any page of certain periodicals. In the name, usually, of virtue and progress, the young are being dishonored; girls and women ought to be safe, and are not, from this contamination. It looks at them from every news stand. The civilization of Pompeii ought not to be, and is, inculcated in the mellifluent accents of Mr. Chadband. Babylon is become a nest of every unclean bird.

"Mr. Burleson's services are not needed for the suppression of these 'improving' obscenities, these labors, whether of the bigot or the sensualist, to make a United States in which is no heart without the full knowledge

of evil, no eye without some unhealthy gleam. Punish the venders of impurity by not reading them. In addition, if necessary, lug them before the courts. The remedy for this spreading disease is in the hands of the public whom it infects."

* * * *

THIS protest is strong, but none too strong. The magazine "seekers after gold," not long since with surface sanctimoniousness, made a speciality of revealing and decrying "graft" in all its phases. As a money-getter this pursuit no longer brings results. Now, with hardly even a pretense of public need or public good, these same magazines, through their pages, are begetting a race of sensualists and hypocrites that will prove more degrading to society than all the "grafters" on the globe. One sad feature connected with their unseemly work is that they can command the services of authors who have proved that they possess higher instincts, but who, for the sake of the penny, become ministers to indecency. Every protest possible, through the spoken and the written word, through the invoking of the law, and through any other means available, should be made against the continuance of the vile food that many magazines—especially those that pretend to decency but have it not—set before the public.

PLYMOUTH was the scene of the Fourth Catholic National Congress of England. The Congress itself was an instance of that characteristic which was most prominent in the papers presented, namely, Catholic vitality. This vitality showed itself first in a recognition of the obstacles that oppose themselves to the advance of our religion. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne said, in the course of a searching address: "It is one purpose of these National Catholic Congresses to focus attention upon some points of more urgent interest and to see how actual difficulties can be met." The recognition of difficulties and defects to be overcome, did not deprive the Congress of its inspiriting tone.

The topics discussed plainly showed the power of Catholic Faith, not only in its intimate relation to the individual, but also to the social body. *The Church and the Living Wage, Temperance Societies, Catholic Insurance Societies, Our Conception of Catholic Federation,* a very clear exposition by Very Rev. Canon Sharrock, are some of the subjects calculated to awaken or sustain the interest of Catholics in movements towards the improvement of social conditions.

* * * *

OTHER papers and addresses, such as the Cardinal's inaugural address on *Religious Indifference,* Abbot Gasquet's sermon on *The Tragedy of the Reformation,* and Father McNabb's unusual presentation of the relations between Catholics and Nonconformists, deal

more directly with purely religious matters. An address of most hopeful outlook for Christianity in England was given by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. After dwelling upon the evil results of the process of destructive criticism, so noticeable in recent years, he tells of the revival of interest in religious matters throughout England. In doing so he draws an interesting illustration from improved conditions in France.

The world-wide effect of such a Congress, in spite of the present force of irreligion, is to awaken and sustain Catholic zeal, and to increase hopefulness in the Catholic heart.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part III. Vol. I. Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $2.00 net. *Flowers of the Cloister.* By Sister Mary Wilfrid La Motte. $1.25. *Christ's Cadets.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. 35 cents net. *The Maid of Spinges.* By Mrs. Edward Wayne. 85 cents net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The New Testament. The Epistle to the Thessalonians. By Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. Paper, 20 cents net; boards, 40 cents net. *Gracechurch.* By John Ayscough. $1.75 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:
Standard Catholic Readers. By Mary E. Doyle. First Year, 20 cents; second Year, 30 cents. Third Year to Eighth Year, 35 cents each. *Political Economy for Catholic Colleges, High Schools, and Academies.* By E. J. Burke, S.J. $1.40.

H. W. GRAY Co., New York:
Twenty-Two Hymns. (Music.) By Franklin Hopkins. 50 cents.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Dominican Order and Convocation. By Ernest Barker, M.A. 3 *s.* net.

H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:
Ronald's Mission. By Henriette E. Delamare. 60 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Woman Thou Gavest Me. By Hall Caine. $1.35 net.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:
Lessons in English Literature. By J. O'Kane Murray, M.A.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The New France. By W. S. Lilly. $2.25 net.

W. B. CONKEY, Hammond, Indiana:
Religious Orders of Women in the United States. By E. T. Dehey. $3.00 net.

G. LYALL, London:
Homely Thoughts on the Method of Spiritual Science Explained and Applied to the Gospel According to Saint John. By John Coutts. 2 *d.*

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:
Sister Mary of St. Francis, S.N.D. Edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. 5 *s.* net.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Church. By Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P. *Spiritualism and Christianity.* By Rev. P. J. Manly. Pamphlets. 1 penny.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Le Déplacement Administratif Des Curés. Par l'Abbé A. Villien. 3 *frs.* 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
"Hors de l'Eglise, pas de Salut." Par J.-V. Bainvel. 0 *fr.* 75.

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